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EVENTS OF A MILITARY LIFE:

BEING RECOLLECTIONS AFTER SERVICE IN THE PENINSULAR WAR, INVASION OF FRANCE, THE EAST INDIES, ST. HELENA, CANADA, AND ELSEWHERE.

VOL. I

BY WALTER HENRY, ESQ.

SURGEON TO THE FORCES, FIRST CLASS.

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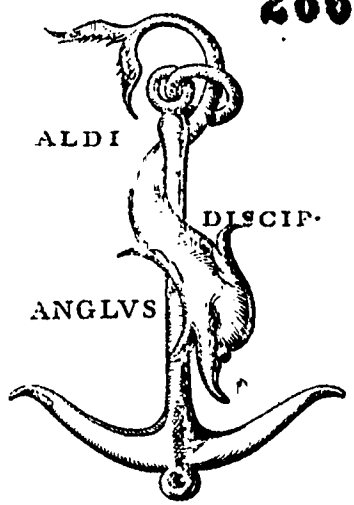

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PREFACE.

THE first Edition of this little Work was published anonymously in Quebec; but the Quarterly Review, in the notice it took of the Book, having with some freedom though much courtesy drawn aside the veil of privacy, it would be only affectation for the Author again to assume it.

The chief incidents are taken from a Journal kept with fidelity during a long series of years.

The Book has been entirely re-written, with some omissions and alterations, and much new matter.

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RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.—RIVER ESKE, OR EASK, IN THE COUNTY DONEGAL. O'DONNELL'S CASTLE.—CAPTURE OF MY FIRST SALMON. SIMON STYLITES.—HABITS OF SALMON.—AN ENTOMOLOGICAL CAT.

. . . . . Such
The Eske o'erhung with woods;—
. . . . . Hail, native flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain."
ARMSTRONG.

NESTLED in a sheltering circle of the mountains of Donegal, whose heathery summits are often distinctly reflected from its calm bosom, lies a small lake, of oval form, and dotted with some half a dozen green and wooded islets. This remote and secluded loch possesses scarcely any other fame, than that of producing the shy and delicate char; which, "when George the Third was King," were often potted, and sent to Windsor for the Royal table. Into its pretty rural basin pours many a torrent from the mountainous margin; and out of the western extremity issues the clear, quiet, and sinuous river Eske, which

runs a short course of five miles to the sea. The valley of the Eske is well cultivated, and the river flows, for the most part, round the bases of those small globular hills, shaped like inverted basins—so common in the north of Ireland; with a fringe of alder at the bottom, small clumps of ash and white thorn, and a sycamore or two up the sides, and a farm house and garden crowning the top. Forty years ago this vale was inhabited by a moral, hardy, good looking, and industrious population, chiefly of Scotch and English origin; and I hope another generation of the same stamp flourishes there still.

The river of which I write, is a stream of considerable beauty, though small pretensions; and is the least known of the two or three Eskes of the British Islands. It has the merit of extreme clearness and purity; and its crystal waters meet the tide as pellucid as when they gushed from the parent lake, for no defiling manufactory has been established on the banks. Nature, too, has given the river's course so slight an inclination, that it is untortured by rapids or cataracts, and moves along at a calm and philosophic pace; never losing its temper, or getting into a burst of fluvial passion, ending in froth and folly. No sound, save the murmur of a gentle current, is heard along our quiet river; and if, in times of yore, it had been ornamented by an attendant suite of demi-deities, like the Grecian streams, a naiad might have invited a mountain hamadryade to breakfast, and thereafter, both might have reclined on the flowery bank, in amicable colloquy, without a ripple on the placid stream big enough to wet their garters.

Yet, though the Eske has for a long time glided thus peaceably and "at its own sweet will" into the Atlantic, the stream has not always run with such

quiet purity; sounds of war and tumult have, whilom, awakened the echoes of its banks; and in the days of Elizabeth, and again at the Great Rebellion, sad scenes of violence and cruelty were enacted in the neighbourhood. The turbulent Shane O'Nihal, who frightened the Maids of Honour of that great Queen from their propriety, by appearing at Court, attended by a band of hairy and half naked Kernes—not unfrequently tinged the waters of the Eske with human blood. Barbarous and bloody scenes, too, were witnessed in and about the massive walls of a fine old castle, which yet stands on a rocky bank, near the mouth of the river. Long did the O'Donnells, its owners, there contend against the ascendancy of the English arms, after subduing all the neighbouring rival chieftains.

This castle is now surrounded by the small, but pretty town of Donegal. The whole enceinte of the external wall is in a state of good preservation; and being deemed a fine specimen of the architecture of the early Tudor æra, it is kept from farther decay, as much as may be, by the Earl of Arran, the proprietor of the town. The north front of the castle rises boldly from a scarped rock, the base of which is washed by the river, and is richly mantled with ivy. Within a stone's throw of this castle I first saw the light.

The umbrageous cover of the ivy harboured, in my boyish days, a legion of jackdaws and sparrows; but the only known denizens of the interior were two large owls, silver white with age and wisdom. When this worthy pair, at dusk in the evening, were about to awake from their long *siesta*, they were wont to get up such a strange snoring duet, as tried the nerves of all the little boys passing along the river side, close to the castle; and I can remember my own unwillingness to traverse the narrow footpath behind the

ivied front. No young owls were ever seen, for the old couple were unfortunate in their progeny. Whether it was, that the female was a bad mother—as a philosophic lady may sometimes chance to be—and did not attend to their food, bringing them old mice which were too tough for infantile mastication, or, that the neighbourhood of the river, and the thick walls of the old castle, were two cold and damp for the owlets, I know not. But the fact was considered certain, that no chick attained mature owl-hood; and the parent birds were left with no other occupation than to snore away their time in the apoplectic way already mentioned.

Most boys have the organ of destructiveness soon developed. My piscatorial bumplet—or that particular nodule of cranium charged with the death of fishes—spouted early, in the course of my juvenile ramblings along the river banks. The Eske abounded in trout and salmon; and when there was a flood, the stream used to form a pretty cascade over the salmon-weir, behind the castle; up which these active fish then jumped briskly; not caring a fig for the proprietor of the fishery, nor the wooden trap he had set to catch them.

You will probably, my dear reader, hear a good deal of the "gentle craft" of angling in the course of this book; but in its most manly and fascinating kind—salmon fishing. To begin with the beginning then, I am now tempted to give you, thus early, an account of my first boyish exploit in this way; and confess that I do it, not so much from any merit or novelty in the adventure itself, as from the "amor fandi," or story-telling propensities of a middle aged gentleman; and the pleasure which, after the long interval, the recollection of my success evokes. I pro-

mise ample breathing time, after this short story, before again resuming the subject.

KILLING THE FIRST SALMON.

One beautiful morning in June, whilst yet in early boyhood, I strolled up the valley of the Eske, as far as the lake; purposing to return by the opposite bank. The day was delightful, the air balmy, and not too hot; being tempered by a gentle south-west wind, or that mild favonian breeze, so grateful to the senses, along the western shores of Europe, and so dear to anglers.

> " A day with not too bright a beam,
> A warm, but not a scorching sun;
> A southern gale to curl the stream,
> And, master, half our work is done."

The sky was hung with luxuriant festoons of white fleecy clouds; the shadows of which would darken the water momentarily, and disguise the artificial appendages of the fly—then glide across the valley and ascend the uplands. The bushes on the river banks were musical with goldfinches and thrushes, the trees in the first freshness of their vernal honours, and the whole face of nature was covered with one radiant smile.

At this time I was only a trout fisher, and yet innocent of salmocide. But I felt that morning such an exuberance of high spirits and "lusty life," as could only be in the presages of approaching good fortune. When I reached a favourite place, where I had frequently caught some fine trout, I heard a sudden splash in the water, and on looking a little down the stream, there, without doubt, were the large

expanding circles on the surface, caused by the rise of a salmon. I had only a small trout rod and slender silk line, but they were good of their kind, and I determined to dare the contest. Approaching the place then, with some such feeling as the harpooner experiences when poising his weapon for a plunge into a whale, or the Spanish matador, when preparing to transfix the neck of a bull, I threw my flies lightly over the spot where the fish had risen, whilst my heart palpitated violently, and my whole frame trembled with emotion. Up he darted at the fly, but I struck too soon and missed him; and a second time I was equally unsuccessful. After giving him a little leisure to compose himself, I again placed the tempting object within his reach; and once more he dashed at it, but carelessly and contemptuously, as if he purposed by a stroke of his tail to wet the nimble wings that had eluded him before. This last and lucky time I hooked the fish by the edge of the tail; a most untoward place, —for thus hooked, a salmon has tenfold strength on the line and chances of escape.

When I found him fast, I felt something akin to the sensation of being in the clutch of a tiger. Whizz! whizz! whizz! sounded the reel, and away darted the fish. Fortunately the bank of the river was the edge of an extensive meadow, without trees or other obstructions; so that when my line was run out I could run too. I soon gained on the chase perceptibly, and began to wind up; when he would again start away, pitching himself five or six feet out of the water, and making his tail and fins whirr in the rarer element like the rise of a covey of partridges. After an arduous struggle of two hours, between his muscles and mine, Mr. Salmo was at length fairly tired out, and landed on a shelving sandy bank. He was a fine fish

of twelve pounds, fresh from the sea, with a marine insect still adhering to his skin; and as I stood over him in triumph, whilst floundering on the greensward, I felt very proud of my exploit. A school boy, with Homer in his head, might be pardoned for comparing the sensations then experienced to those of Achilles bestriding the corpse of Hector.

All the world knows that the great Molière was accustomed to read his comedies to his old woman before producing them on the stage, and to judge by the effect on her, what he might expect from the audience. So, to compare small things with great, I never mounted a new fly without making it pass an ordeal, but of a very different nature. My old woman was a venerable cat.

This tabby was rather peculiar in her tastes respecting food. She loved milk and fish as well as ordinary cats, and often regaled herself with a tender mouse when she could; but she differed from her race in being fond of eating flies. It is true, she had no inclination for the larger kinds, and would turn up her nose at a blue-bottle—still she appeared to relish extremely the lighter and more delicate genera; enjoying a neuropterous ephemera, such as a green or grey drake, as much as we should a snipe or a woodcock. When I found the light favourable, and grimalkin opening her eyes, after a doze on the hearth rug, I used to suspend the fly to be examined opposite a small crack in the window pane, through which the slight current of air agitated it sufficiently, to give the appearance of life. If it was destined to be a killing fly, the old lady looked greedy, twirled her long mustaches, struck the rug with her tail, made a feline point, and a dash at the window; and sometimes

seized it in her mouth before I could snatch it away. If the simulated insect was but a clumsy imitation of life—which, I regret to say, many of my early performances were—she disdained any notice of it, and resumed her nod. I will not aver that, under the sanction of her approval, I proceeded to my sport with all the confidence of a Roman going to battle, to whom the augur had promised victory; but I usually felt pretty certain that the fish would confirm the opinion of the cat.

The salmon is, par excellence, a gentlemanly fish: in fact, we can scarcely conceive any thing ichthyous of more perfect physical and moral character. He is moulded in accordance with our notions of great muscular strength, combined with lightness of outline; and every quality of the animal corresponds with his appearance. His tunic of rich silver tissue is in the chastest taste—"simplex munditiis:" his movements in his own element are peculiarly easy and graceful; he is fastidious in his food, as a fish of such high blood ought to be; but he can on emergency bear hunger well, and even total abstinence for weeks, without injury. His spirit is ardent, adventurous, and persevering, for he is a famous traveller; and his speed is great.

A good deal of attention having been directed of late years to the habits of salmon in the fresh water, in consequence of the curious experiments of Mr. Shaw, in some Sutherlandshire rivers; and having seen and known certain facts bearing on the subject, in the course of my boyish explorations of my native river, I may be permitted shortly to mention what I saw going on under my own eyes. My position was a favourable one; for I have been concealed in a thicket of the bank, on, I think, twenty-one occasions,

in different seasons, whilst the proceedings of pairs of breeding fish were distinctly visible, from four to ten yards distant from my high place of concealment.

When the place for the gravelly bed, or nest of the ova is chosen, both fish set to work to scoop out the sand and gravel; and on those occasions in which the whole steps of the operation were witnessed from the beginning, the female commenced the work. She can be easily known by her matronly size; whilst the male is generally distinguishable by the curious hooked spur projecting upwards from the lower jaw. The female, then, in singular analogy with the hen bird, commences digging into, and excavating the gravel, with her belly and tail; occasionally poking a refractory pebble out of the way with her nose. The male, all the time, keeps watch in the immediate neighbourhood of his wife; and although nature has denied him the power of serenading her with a song, after the fashion of the cock bird, he does not the less tenderly guard the privacy of his spouse, but swims round her in a protecting circle, to keep off interlopers. When the lady-fish has worked long enough, which may be about half an hour, she rests for a little, and the attentive husband takes her place, and goes on with the digging; whilst the female circles round, and watches over him in turn. Indeed, there is no little moral interest excited by these proceedings; and I may add, that the reciprocal courtesy and affection with which this labour of parental providence is carried on by the silent pair, is worthy of all imitation by more exalted husbands and wives.

With admirable instinct, these creatures never select a part of the stream that is likely to dry up. It is essential, I believe, that the bed for the ova should be at the bottom of running water, of moderate depth;

not in too strong a current, which during floods would be likely to carry off and destroy the deposit; nor in a stagnant part of the river, where a mud sediment, and the want of water sufficiently aerated, might choke the embryo brood.

The bed for the ova is a small trench, four or five feet long, and a foot and a half, or thereabouts, in breadth and depth. Soon after the roe and milt are deposited by the parent fish, they commence simultaneously covering them up with the gravel they had previously excavated with so much toil; and this appeared to be a comparatively easy operation. I noticed that both fish remained in the vicinity of the nest all the day, but were not visible next morning, nor during the next day.

I had an uncle in my native town, a physician, and a man of ability and learning, who had lost his only son at St. Domingo, an officer in a Man of War. Finding me somewhat docile and studious, he took a fancy to me, which gradually ripened into affection; and I found myself, in process of time, established in the vacuum which the bereavement of his promising son had left. One beloved daughter remained, to console and cheer her widowed parent. Her mother was dead.

Catharine ——— was my playmate and confidant from infancy; she was a graceful and clever girl, and of a very sweet and generous disposition. She was frequently permitted to be my companion on my fishing rambles, when the weather was fine; and then she would trip along the bank like a fairy, caroling her light song, making bouquets, or chasing butterflies with her little silk-haired lapdog Cato, who appeared to enjoy the sport as much as his mistress.

My cousin, who died in the West Indies, had caught and tamed a large grey Sea-gull, which he called Simon. Birds of this class are rarely made pets of, being disliked for their ferocity and voracious disposition, and generally considered stupid and indocile. But our friend Simon was a bright exception; he soon acquired the habits of civilized life, became domesticated, and on the best terms with the poultry; and would answer to his name, and come to be fed, even more quickly than the rest; for a certain spice of early greediness still stuck to him, despite his acquired good breeding. If an unfortunate mouse was caught and thrown into the yard, the gull, from a quicker eye and former habits, would be sure to distance his competitors in a race for the prize, and gobble it up first. One of his wings was kept clipped, but notwithstanding, he generally managed, after his meals, to take up a position on one of the high pillars of the gate, whence he would reconnoitre the poultry yard and garden; being, I suppose, unwilling to forego altogether his habit of aerial exploration. From this circumstance my uncle, who was a bit of a humourist, called him Simon Stylites; who, as the learned reader knows, was an ancient Egyptian hermit, that lived thirty years on the top of an obelisk.

There was a large fish-pond in the garden, which was fed by a small rivulet. After my cousin's death, this, as well as other parts of the establishment, suffered from the long apathy of grief which affected the head of the house, and became choked with grass and weeds. One day, when my uncle, his daughter, and myself, were walking in the garden, I directed his attention to the neglected state of the pond, and requested that it might be cleared out; promising, in that case, to stock it with trout, which might be tamed

and taught to come for crumbs from the hand of Catharine. The old gentleman adopted the suggestion, and gave orders accordingly; whilst his fair daughter's eyes sparkled at the idea of feeding the finny pets—

> "Qui nôrunt dominam, manumque lambunt
> Illam" . . .

When the pond was ready, I put in it several dozens of trout, that had been caught without injury, and took measures for feeding them regularly. Some days after my uncle and Catharine went to inspect the condition of their new subjects, but were both much surprised to find they had all disappeared. As my uncle always acted on the generous principle of supposing innocence, without proof of guilt, no suspicion fell on Simon, who still marched about the yard at the head of his turkeys with all gravity and propriety; but I had my own private opinion on the subject. In a week a second batch of trout was procured, and a watch was set on the fish-pond. Alas for honest appearances! My poor uncle had been *gulled*, like many other sensible people who trust in a grave face; for the next morning Simon Stylites was caught in the very act of gormandizing a trout; and slunk away to herd among his feathered cronies, with all the marks of conscious guilt.

The bird was a favourite, and a kind of legacy of his deceased master, so punishing his offence as a capital felony was out of the question. The matter was debated with due consideration between Catharine and myself; and at last we devised a plan to punish the offender, and cure him of the vices of gluttony and thieving at the same time; which, according to the most orthodox jurisconsults, would be

accomplishing the two grand objects of criminal justice.

Next morning, before the fowl house where the sea-gull lived was open, I fastened two small trouts on unbarbed hooks, and threw them into the pond near the end of one of the garden walks, with lines attached to them; then hiding behind a lilac on the bank, with the lines in my hand, I awaited the result. I had no occasion to wait long; for as soon as the poultry were let out, Master Simon darted through the garden gate, which had been purposely left open, strutted down the walk to the edge of the fish pond, and proceeded to reconnoitre with all due precision. Having soon discovered the decoy fish which were kept in motion near the surface, he pounced on them instantly, with all the rapacity of his early days, not a bit modified by his civilized education. When I saw that he was fairly caught, I started up, pulled the lines, and soon had my friend Simon floundering about in the water, in a state of no small astonishment. Now although advice in such cases is generally thrown away, and many an asthmatic judge might save the valuable breath he thus wastes on criminals, this was by no means the case with my reprimand. On the contrary, the summary punishment, and the accompanying good advice, appeared to produce the most salutary effect on the morals of the sea-gull; the fish flourished, and the reformed Simon Stylites troubled them no more during the rest of his life.

CHAPTER II.

ADOLESCENCE.—ENTRANCE INTO THE ARMY.—JOURNEY TO PORTSMOUTH.—HOT SOUP.—VOYAGE TO LISBON.

"And now, farewell. Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done;
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again."
COWPER.

"The Lord hath created medicines, and he that is wise will not despise them." ECCLESIASTICUS.

I HAD now received a respectable country education, was decently instructed in my mother tongue, and had made a tolerable progress in the classics. I had followed the Grecian army to Troy; could enumerate all the general officers of corps and divisions, and detail the strength and characteristics of their respective quotas; was familiarly acquainted with the names of the two Inspectors General of the Argive Hospitals—Drs. Podalirius and Machaon, though I could never make out much of their practice, except by inference from Homer's remark, which would lead to the belief that it was very successful. When the city fell, I could track Ulysses and Æneas in their devious wanderings through the Mediterranean; and what I was no less proud of, follow the clergyman on a Sunday, through the Gospel and Epistle in the original Greek. I was thus as well prepared, as boys usually are, for the University; and it was determined in a family conclave, that I should repair to Edinburgh, study medicine at that prolific "Officina Medicorum," gra-

duate, and in process of time, establish myself as my uncle's successor.

But short-sighted man can only propose—a higher and a wiser power disposes. The cherished object of our hopes and expectations was frustrated in the most cruel manner. An untimely death carried off my cousin in the bloom of her youth; and my poor uncle soon followed her to the grave, the victim of a grief that would admit of no alleviation, nor comfort. A successor soon established himself; and the feet of strangers were heard in the familiar chambers, and amidst those flowery walks, that were hallowed by so many recollections.

Time, and the natural elasticity of youth, produced at length their usual soothing effects. Wounds, both of mind and body, will heal more quickly in early, than advanced life, although attended with greater pain. The idea of home practice was given up. I entered Trinity College, Dublin, prosecuted medical and other study there; and finally repaired to London, where I became a pupil of Sir E—— H——, I cannot say with truth, that I derived either much instruction from the lessons of a man so distinguished in his day, or much improvement, in any sense, from witnessing his private or public practice. I owe Sir E. H. little, but I owe a cleverer man, at that time young in fame, much. Even then, some two and thirty years ago, green and inexperienced as I was, I had a presentiment that Sir Benjamin Brodie would attain the distinguished eminence which he has since reached.

After a year's residence in London, having obtained from the chirurgical wisdom of the great conclave in Lincoln's Inn Fields their authority to cut up scientifically the King's lieges, and my future disposal being

left to myself, I resolved to enter the medical department of the army. Joining the army in the Peninsular, was, at this time, a great object of my ambition; Lord Wellington was waiting "in grim repose" behind the lines of Torres Vedras, in hopes of a false move on the part of the "Child of Victory." It is true, the Whig quidnuncs of that day had doomed the English army to destruction, or embarkation, at the least; and gave me, or any body else, small hope of joining it on Portuguese terra firma; indeed the best promise they could afford, was of meeting its discomfited relics in the Bay of Biscay. But notwithstanding their gloomy and craven croakings, I persisted in my determination. My young fancy had been mightily captivated by the achievements of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and his dashing chivalry on the field of Assaye, seemed worthy of the great Macedonian himself.

There was little difficulty in those days for any medical youth, duly qualified, to obtain a commission in the army; for Talavera, and other bloody fields—and camps or cantonments on the unhealthy banks of sluggish rivers,—had caused a great demand for doctors; moreover, they were far less numerous then than now. With my credentials from Surgeons' Hall in my hand, I went to the Horse Guards, and from thence was referred to a tribunal, sitting at No. 4, Berkeley Street, Berkeley Square. The wise men on the medical bench there, having examined me, and reported that I could feel a pulse and physic, as well as bleed, I was in due course gazetted "Hospital Mate for general service to His Majesty's forces."

In times of yore, and not very remote either, young men of respectable families, good conduct, and fair classical education, when entering the army or navy

as medical officers, were not looked upon as gentlemen, but considered as so many hospital drudges, scarcely ranking with the ward masters or serjeants. They were despised by every raw ensign, far their inferior in every estimable quality. The treatment they then received from government, including the above appellation, partly accounted for their false position; for words are things, and often things of weight too. The term "Hospital Mate" grated on my ear at first, and sounded odious and cacophonous to the last degree; but one gets accustomed to disagreeable sounds. It has sunk since beneath the growing intelligence of the age, as the last relic of the times of barber-surgeons; having been first softened into Hospital Assistant, and then changed into "Assistant Staff Surgeon."

Next day I went to an army tailor to order my uniform. The awful black feather in my cocked hat was calculated to raise unpleasant ideas; and I considered it scarcely fair for the Commander in Chief to put me in mourning so early for any accidents amongst my patients.

About a week after my appointment I was ordered to Portsmouth, to embark for Lisbon. I travelled in the same coach with a facetious brother hospital mate, bound to Cadiz, named M—d—le. At the inn where we stopped to dine, my companion electrified the passengers by emptying his snuff-box into his soup, mixing the compound well, and swallowing it with much gusto and delectation. I stared, in common with the rest, not being then initiated, but he let me into the secret afterwards; though I could never see much to admire in the queer taste of burning one's mouth and throat, for the sake of exciting a little momentary wonder. It was a common trick, it seemed, to astonish strangers; and was managed by

sleight of hand between two similar boxes, one containing snuff and the other pepper.

After waiting several days at Portsmouth for a fair wind, I sailed in the transport Mary, John Hogg master, with four officers of the army, bound to Lisbon. I record Mr. Hogg's name for two reasons—first, he quarrelled with me one day after dinner, and challenged me to box, for telling him, in the course of a conversation on heraldry, when he wished to know what his crest was, that it must be a boar's head; and, secondly, because the said Hogg and his name formed a happy example of perfect identity of appellation, appearance, and character.

One beautiful morning, early in May 1811, we proceeded from Spithead, through the Needles, with a fleet of three hundred sail, escorted by the Phæton Frigate. The passage of such a large fleet through a narrow channel, with the Isle of Wight on one side and the smiling coast of Hampshire on the other—then the opening sea to the west, and the gradual development of canvass before a breeze as fair as it could blow—formed altogether a very splendid picture; but to an inexperienced eye like mine it was magic.

We bore down channel gallantly all the day, and in the evening had the pleasure of witnessing a pretty little chase. An American merchant brig, that had obtained permission to profit by the convoy, finding that some of the fleet were heavy sailers, and that the easterly breeze was freshening, and promised to continue, took it into her head to cut our acquaintance. No doubt she thought she might leave us when she pleased, and that our frigate would hesitate at quitting her fleet in pursuit, particularly as it was near night, and there were some Dunkirk luggers cruizing

in the neighbourhood. But it would never do to let Jonathan move off, and tell all the world in what latitude and longitude our large convoy was to be found; so, as soon as the Phæton saw the brig's manœuvre, she fired a gun, and a little after, a second, but without effect. Upon this she shook out her reefs, hoisted more sail, and stretched away beautifully in pursuit. After half an hour's trial of speed, Jonathan lay to, finding he had no chance of getting off; and I presume he was made to pay the full value of the powder, besides getting a well deserved lecture for his ungenerous behaviour, gratis.

When an unfortunate landsman first goes to sea, and his evil star conducts him at once "in medias res," namely, the Bay of Biscay, during, or after, a gale from the westward, bad as he may be, there is this consolation, that he is in about as ugly a sea as he ever can meet with afterwards. We had a boisterous passage across this stormy bay; but we were treated with several amusing scenes in the cabin, which we could enjoy after the first deadening depression of the sea sickness was over.

One morning at breakfast, when I got up from my chair to manufacture some egg-cream, and had a large tea-kettle full of boiling water in one hand, and a glass with the egg in another, the ship gave a fearful roll, sending me and my kettle to the other side of the cabin. I there endeavoured to anchor on one of the standing births; but both hands being engaged, I could only use my elbows, which, not being provided with hooks, like the bat family, would not hold; consequently, back in a second I was sent by the recoil of the vessel, and a third time launched, nolens volens, on this perilous navigation. All this time my four fellow passengers were clinging to the

breakfast table, oscillating with the motion of the ship, throwing up their feet, to keep out of the apprehended scalding deluge, and screaming with hysteric laughter, in which fear was a principal ingredient. After two or three more turns across the cabin with my dangerous companion, the vessel righted, and I fortunately made good a landing on my chair, without spilling a drop either of the water or the cream.

Our dinners, of course, were generally enlivened by similar little interludes between the acts. Often our soup-tureen, impelled by some extraordinary ground swell, would start from its moorings, smash half a dozen decanters and tumblers in its passage, and then unrelentingly pour its contents into the lap of Lieut. Hooper, the Vice President. Then Captain Maunsell, of the 39th, would exclaim, "Any *more* soup, Hooper?" "Ogh, no, bad luck to you, don't you perceive I have just got my *ne* plus ultra."

On the 16th of May we made the rock of Lisbon, were soon after boarded by a Portuguese pilot, and after passing the imposing array of forts at its mouth, we entered the Tagus with a fine breeze, proceeded up the beautiful river, and anchored off Belem steps.

CHAPTER III.

LISBON.—EMBARRASSMENT WITH MY FIRST HOST.—TRAGIC INCIDENT AT THE HOUSE OF THE PRINCIPAL MEDICAL OFFICER.—EMBARKATION FOR FIGUERAZ AND COIMBRA.

"Quem não visto Lisboa
Não tem visto cousa boa."
PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

"What beauties does Lisboa first unfold."

"But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace shew like filthily,
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague—unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt."
CHILDE HAROLD.

THIS celebrated and scenic capital does certainly display many beauties to a stranger, as his vessel drops anchor in the broad stream at its feet. There, however, I advise him to stay, satisfied with distant admiration; for though all is majestic and magnificent without, all is indescribable filth and stench within.

For the first week after landing, the smell of the thousand unsavoury odours every where, of every description, and in various stages of concentration, by day and by night, without abatement or cessation, made me often wish it had been possible to leave my nose behind me in England: for, without a doubt, the sense of smell is a misfortune in Lisbon.

At the period of my arrival, our worthy allies, the Portuguese, had cooled not a little, from the first fervour of their hospitality and civility to their English friends, as was but natural; for what good nature could bear up so long with a succession of strangers, forced into their domestic privacy, draining their resources, harmonizing little with their customs, of a different religion, and who sometimes requited kindness and politeness with rudeness or disdain? My first business was to look out for a lodging: accordingly, having reported myself at the proper places, I repaired to the town major's office for a billet; and having procured one, proceeded to establish myself in my quarters—a matter then represented in Lisbon as analogous to taking possession of a post in an enemy's country.

Previous to leaving England I had obtained a Portuguese Grammar and Dictionary, with the intention of studying hard on the voyage. But a transport, during a gale in the Bay of Biscay, is somewhat different from a bench in the groves of Academus; consequently my progress was not great. On reaching my patroné's door, as they quaintly but kindly call one's host in Portugal, I found, on mustering my acquirements, that the sum total was half a dozen words and one sentence—the Portuguese for bread, and wine, and water, and meat, and fish, and grapes—and "how do you do?" Moreover my vocabulary, though commendably brief, had a chance of being quite unintelligible when reduced to practice, for it was unenriched by that nasal elegance so classic in Lisbon.

Thus moderately accomplished, I arrived in front of a good looking house in the Rua dos Plaçeres, in Buenos Ayres, the best part of Lisbon. I was ad-

mitted with politeness by a well dressed servant, and shewn into an anti-chamber, where sat a gentlemanly-looking Fidalgo, with the Maltese cross on his breast. These were favourable circumstances; and those first indications of respectability were not belied by the subsequent deportment of my worthy host. After the introductory bow to each other, we were both not a little puzzled to find that our literary acquirements had not furnished a mutual channel of communication. He knew about as much English as I did Portuguese, and was unacquainted with French. It is true, the excellent Fidalgo had picked up a few oaths from the English soldiers; but these were not well calculated to make our ideas mutually intelligible, nor to keep up a good understanding between us. In this dilemma we again had recourse to the eloquence of courtesy and the countenance-bows,

" ——— and smiles and sparkles of the speaking eye;"

till, his Knightly cross having haply suggested to me that he might understand Latin, I accosted him as well as I could in that language. Fortunately I had been taught to pronounce it in the broad, continental manner, so he understood me at once; and a "medius terminus" being thus established between us, we chatted away as classically as we might, on the events of the day, the "bellum internecinum adversus Gallos"—the great "Dux Wellington"—the "exercitus Britannicus"—the "Rex Georgius"—the "spes Lusitaniæ,"—and so forth, for half an hour, until we became cordial cronies, and the good old gentleman finished by inviting me to dinner.

We dined tête à tête, and I enjoyed my kind patroné's multiform and manifold dishes with considerable gusto, notwithstanding rather too strong a

savour of the "alho;" but the calm that had followed the perturbations in the Bay of Biscay was accompanied with an accommodating appetite. Although we spoke in the Roman language, we did not carry our imitation of those stern ancients to the extent of reclining gracefully—

—— "ab ovo usque ad mala,"

nor would they, probably, if they had possessed Don Manoel's well-stuffed and comfortable arm chairs. A roast duck happened to be one of the dishes; the "ala" and the "crus" were easily recollected, but "alliatum intritum" was not, I fear, the term Apicius would have used for the stuffing.

By the assistance of my good host, I acquired in the course of a week as much Portuguese as relieved the Latin occasionally, and sometimes superseded it altogether. He was besides very useful to me in other respects; acting as my guide in pointing out the lions of the Lusitanian metropolis, and introducing me to several of his friends, after our acquaintance had ripened into intimacy. He was, I believe, a true patriot, loved his country, was cordial to the English, deprecated the convention of Cintra, and abominated Junôt and the French for many reasons; not the least of which was, that they had personally insulted him, and stolen his plate and pictures. In fact, I felt then, and afterwards, and still feel, under the greatest obligations to this warm-hearted gentleman, Don Manoel Joze Mascarenhas.

When I first landed, I had called on Dr. B——, the principal medical officer, but he was not at home; next morning I was more fortunate, and found this gentleman, an old schoolfellow of my father, who received me graciously. After a short conversation,

in the course of which he directed me to call the next day for farther instructions, and when I had risen preparatory to taking leave, we were both startled by a violent and prolonged female shriek, from the upper part of the house. Dr. B——— turned pale, and, exclaiming, "By G—, she has killed herself!" rushed out of the room, and ran up stairs. Another loud scream met his ear almost immediately, and perceptibly accelerated his steps; whilst I was left, hat in hand, deliberating whether it behoved me to disappear, or wait for the dénouement of what promised to turn out sufficiently tragic.

I was not left long in suspense, for in two minutes a frightened maid-servant came running down stairs, and requested me to hurry up without delay. On entering a bedchamber, I found the Doctor supporting and soothing a very handsome young lady, who was pale and faint, and bleeding freely from a wound in the left breast. As the chief "medico" was so dreadfully agitated that he could be of no use, he requested me to examine the wound, and take the proper measures for dressing it, and staunching the bleeding. I found that the fair suicide had stabbed herself with a stiletto; fortunately the point had struck against a rib, and glanced off, producing a deep flesh wound, but not penetrating the chest. She had in this attempt on her life—and it was a pity—spoiled the beauty of a very white and well formed bosom, and the blood was running down her side in a considerable stream. I soon succeeded in stopping its flow: the lady was then undressed, after the usual restoratives, and put to bed. She was obstinately silent in answer to the reiterated questions of the doctor; but it appeared to me, that when I told her the wound was not mortal, she did not receive the

announcement in the mood to be expected from one who had so recently made such a desperate attempt upon her own life, but quite the contrary.

The history of the case was this, and it may not be without its moral. Dr. B——, although old enough to know better, had had this extremely pretty Portuguese danseuse living under his protection for a considerable period; but, on making preparations to embark for England, he wished to cut the connection. The overture he made to this effect was very unpalateable to his mistress, who desired to accompany him, and either had some hopes of being one day made his wife, or as a "pis aller" of picking up some English guineas on the boards of the London theatres. It appeared that, on the morning of my visit, there had been a recent and violent altercation between the parties. He swore she should not embark with him, and she said and swore she would. The ungallant Æsculapius then flew into a passion, called her a fury and a fiend, and as many bad names as he could put into Portuguese; and the lady retaliated with interest. Finally, the scene closed with the figurante on her knees, asking pardon of the "Virgem purissima," and her patron saint "Francisca dos dolores," for the solemn vow she made to destroy herself and the babe within her bosom. The above catastrophe was the result. But the babe was only a "rhetorical artifice."

I attended the fair lady for a week. She soon recovered, and I am evil-minded enough to suspect, that, previous to stabbing herself, she had carefully studied the anatomy of the friendly rib that had saved her life, and had skilfully directed her poinard's point upon it. The selection of the beautiful breast for such a cruel wound appeared also to have been

made purposely, and as a " coup de theatre," to melt the hard heart of the Medico into former affection. At any rate, I am happy to record that she failed in her object, the Doctor pensioned and discarded her, and the Senhorita Serafina returned to the Opera.

About this period there was great lack of medical assistance, both with the main allied army in the north of Portugal and in Marshal Beresford's corps in Spanish Estramadura. The battles of Fuentes d'Onore, the loss in the unsuccessful attacks on St. Cristoval, and the bloody combat on the ridge of Albuera, had filled the hospitals at Elvas and Coimbra with wounded, and there were many sick. There chanced at this time to be a large detachment of the 11th Foot at Lisbon, which had lately arrived, and were preparing to join the head quarters in the north. They were without a regimental medical officer, and it was arranged that I should embark with them for Figueras, a small town at the mouth of the Mondego, and accompany them up the river to Coimbra ; where I was directed to report myself, and await farther orders.

CHAPTER IV.

COIMBRA.—INEZ DE CASTRO.—TURNING UP A SERVANT.—FIRST DINNER ON MY RATIONS.—REJOICINGS OF THE FROGS.—FINE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN OF THE SANTA CRUZ CONVENT.

Doces e claras agoas do Mondego."
CAMOENS.

" De noite em doces sonhos que mentiam—
De dia em pensamentos que voavam;
E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via,
Eram tudo memorias de alegria."
IDEM.

THE weather was fine when we embarked at Belem, in the beginning of June, 1811. After a pleasant voyage of two days, we reached the outside of the bar at Figueras, and anchored until the tide turned. When we again anchored off the town, the tide flowed so strong, that our old transport caught fire, from the velocity with which the cable ran out of a hawse hole which had lost its iron sheathing. We had many hands on board, and it was soon put out. Here the detachment was put in flat-bottomed boats, and we proceeded up the rich and vine-banked Mondego to Coimbra.

Coimbra, pronounced Quimbra, the most classical city, and the seat of the only University in the Kingdom, is built on a fine hill, rising boldly from the broad and clear river. There is a long bridge, and on the opposite height are beautifully situated the Convent of St. Francisco, half way up, and of Santa

Clara at the top. In fact, every hill in the environs of this ancient and celebrated city has its convent picturesquely crowning the summit; embosomed in groves of pine, oak, chesnut, cypress, myrtle, olive, and orange trees. Indeed the friars of the olden time shewed excellent judgment in the selection of good sites for their domiciles; and though they affected such utter seclusion from the world, and indifference to its vanities, they generally managed to perch themselves in a position affording a bird's eye view of every thing going on in it.

Having reported my arrival to Dr. T——t, then at the head of the Medical Staff at Coimbra, I was directed to cross to the other side of the Mondego, and take charge of a ward of about a hundred poor wounded men, lately brought from Celorico, and now in the Franciscan Convent, which had been turned into a large hospital. I was also, for greater convenience, ordered to get a billet in a hamlet near the Convent.

The second morning after I had established myself, in passing under some fine chesnut trees, covering the avenue from the external gate of the Convent, I saw a very good looking Portuguese lad lying on his back in the shade, taking a comfortable sesta. It immediately occurred to me that I wanted a servant, and that here was the very criado I required, dosing away his time for want of a master; accordingly, by way of introduction, I touched him gently in the side with the toe of my boot. He started up, collected a frown on his handsome brow, at the freedom I had taken; but strangled it instantly, and put a smile in its place, when he saw my red coat and cocked hat. We then entered into friendly conversation, and I asked after his name and acquirements. Antonio

could neither make spatterdashes, nor play upon the fiddle, like Sterne's La Fleur; but he said he could cook, and brush my clothes, and polish my boots, and groom a horse. He had no certificates, for he had never been in service; but he had an honest as well as a comely face; and trusting to an ingenuous manner, and this natural recommendation, I hired him at once, appointed him Master of the Horse, Major Domo, and Factotum, and directed him to look after my rations.

My morning hospital duties generally occupied about three hours, and were performed with all the natural enthusiasm of youth; luxuriating for the first time amidst those chosen professional scenes, in which he had long desired to participate. The arrangements in the hospitals appeared to me at the time excellent—the long corridors of the convents were occupied by a double row of beds, containing the sick and wounded, classed into wards according to the nature of the cases; with a medical officer, ward master, and sufficient number of orderlies to each—a common kitchen for the whole—a purveyor to provide supplies, and an apothecary to prepare medicines. Often have I stopped on entering, to admire the picturesque perspective of the long corridors, in which the lazy and obese monks had so long listlessly sauntered about; but which were now appropriated to the solace of pain, the preservation of life, and the best duties of humanity and benevolence.

One day after the morning visit to the Convent, I strolled up the river side, to the "Quinta das Lagrimas" or Garden of Tears, and thence to the "Fonte dos Amores" the Fountain of Loves; so called, I think, with much poetic beauty, from having been the residence and death-scene of the celebrated Ines de

Castro. The fountain, running over variegated marble, full of red spots—still believed by the neighbouring peasantry to be the marks left by her blood—is surrounded by some lofty cypresses; a tree peculiarly umbrageous and beautiful in Portugal.

The story of Ines de Castro is one of those historical facts, that are stranger, more affecting, and more appalling than fiction. The disinterment of the murdered lady—the attiring of the corpse in royal robes—the coronation—the homage of the nobility, and the pomp of the final sepulture of Alcobaça, are incidents strangely sublime—the proofs and the triumphs of a love stronger than death!

The theme appears to have overpowered the Muse of Camoens, though his verses on the subject possess great beauty. Every where in Portugal I found the Lusiad, and the most intelligent persons have long passages by heart; indeed Camoens is cherished as the Shakespeare of Portugal.

It is not very usual to jump the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but it is common enough to descend from this elevation to the occupations and amusements of ordinary life. Thus, after the contemplation of the sad story of Ines, and fresh from the scene of her cruel death, my eye was attracted in returning along the bank of the Mondego, by some lively fish glancing and playing in the water. Instantly my sentimentalities took wing—the old angling predilections resumed their ascendancy. I hastened home, put in order my cane-rod—repaired to the river's side—began to fish—and in an hour succeeded in persuading a dozen good sized dace to give me the pleasure of their company at dinner.

I found that my valet had not overrated his culinary qualifications. He had made some tolerable soup

out of the tough ration beef, and fried the fish nicely with the azeite fresh drawn from the olives of the neighbouring hill. A bullock's heart also was very correctly roasted; and when the cloth was removed, I sipped my ration wine philosophically, over a dessert of delicious grapes and oranges; with a full view of the city, the college, the gushing river, and the Serra de Busaco from my window. Thinks I to myself, this is mighty pleasant campaigning.

Next day I visited the University, where I was much disappointed; as from the dispersion of the professors and students by the recent French invasion, every thing appeared to be going to decay. The apparatus of natural philosophy, chemical apparatus, library, &c. seemed in a deplorable condition; but some of the professors had returned, and there were about a hundred students present. These were said to support themselves by manufacturing tooth-picks: hence in the Coimbra squabbles between "Town" and "Gown" they were nicknamed "Palitos."

The observatory appeared to be in better order than any other department, and there were several good French instruments, which perhaps the invaders had spared from patriotism. The view from the western side is very grand and extensive. It embraces a long reach of the Mondego, above and below the town, with the bridge in the immediate fore-ground—the Quinta das Lagrimas and rich bank adjoining, the Santa Clara and St. Francisco on the glorious hill opposite the city, besides fifteen or sixteen other white convents; with Busaco in the back-ground to the west, and the Serra da Estrella, the "Mons Herminius" of antiquity, to the north and east.

A part only of the Santa Clara Convent had been given up for the use of the sick and wounded, but

the remainder was still occupied by the Nuns. I frequently attended the chapel to hear the singing of these sisters, which was admirable; but so many heretics being in the neighbourhood, this was all we could see or hear of them, for they appeared to be preserved with more than ordinary care, from all possibility of the most harmless intercourse with the English officers. Even the usual grille and turning box were blocked up. However, to console us for this privation, report said they were mostly old ladies, and that the few young ones were not handsome; but they had one young beauty of undisputed charms amongst them, who, crossed in her passion for a Portuguese officer, that had turned traitor to his country, had thrown herself into the Convent. Such is the witchery of a fair face, even an ideal one, over all the senses, that in listening to the choir in the chapel, I always associated Donna Theodora with one voice pre-eminently sweet; although, for aught I knew to the contrary, the said beautiful lady might have had a note like a pea-hen.

At this time there was a fine fountain in the garden of the Santa Cruz convent, belonging to the Augustine Friars, within the city, which all our officers greatly admired; and to such of them as were convalescents, it was a very cool and pleasant retreat from the great heat of the town. The fountain was a circular sheet of water, as clear as crystal, some thirty yards in diameter, surrounded by a verdant wall of clipped cypress, forty or fifty feet high; and having a little circular island in the middle, on which grew an orange tree worthy of the garden of the Hesperides. There was a comfortable circular bench at the bottom of the verdant enclosure, for the refreshment of the Padres; and to do the whole Santa Cruz establishment but justice,

they threw open their gates, and placed the garden, fruit, and fountain most handsomely at the disposal of the English. They permitted us to bathe in the fountain, into which I believe none of themselves ever ventured, for the good reason that they could not swim; and our common practice was to swim round the tiny island until we were tired, then land, and return loaded with as many oranges as we could bring away in our teeth.

The country around Coimbra, on both sides of the Mondego, is very rich and beautiful; and is probably unsurpassed by any district in the Peninsular—certainly by none that I have seen. The slopes from the river rise into hills softly and gracefully, with the acclivities richly covered with Indian corn, vineyards, and olive grounds, mingled with groves and clumps of tall forest trees, and the crowning Quinta, or Convent, embowered in its deep mass of foliage at the top.

But the valley of the Mondego, so lovely to the eye, and so rich in soil and natural products, has yet its drawbacks; and they are neither few nor unimportant. During the winter the most frightful floods, bearing with them stones and rocks from the mountains, ravage the banks, and lay all the low country under water. In fact there is an extensive inundation every winter, followed by malaria and sickness, when the wet surface dries under a hot sun in spring.

Coimbra, like all Portuguese towns, is dirty, even to the taste of the least fastidious of the race of swine. These animals had been shot without remorse by the French, when they found them wallowing in the streets; both to fill their own cooking kettles, and as a hint to the Portuguese to improve their municipal police. For a time the pigs that were left stayed at home; but when I was in Coimbra they had reco-

vered their natural liberties, and in the choice pasture the city then afforded promised to be soon as flourishing as ever.

Few rivers can produce frogs in greater abundance than the Mondego; the yearly inundation affording this noisy fraternity great facilities of reproduction in the breeding season. In the quiet hamlet where I resided, I was screened by its situation, and the shade of the fine trees, from the great heat and dust of the town, but I was in the very focus of the frogs. When I awoke half a dozen times in a night, disturbed and stunned by the terrific croak of some billions of these reptiles, I was sometimes tempted to believe, that all this tremendous uproar could not be an occurrence of ordinary seasons, but a kind of national jubilee this year, at the expulsion from the Kingdom of their natural enemies the ranavorous French.

Coimbra, at this time, contained nearly a thousand British sick and wounded, besides Portuguese, so that there was a fine field for practice. We had many bad surgical cases, and not a few happy recoveries after terrible round shot wounds. Amongst these was a patient of mine, a grenadier of the 77th Regiment, who had been wounded by a ricochetting cannon ball that was nearly spent. It struck him on the back, and his knapsack and the tin vessel over it had turned the shot downwards, where it ploughed its way through the soft parts, carrying the lid of the tin before it, which cut every thing down to the bone sheer off like a carving knife. There was great bleeding at the time, but he fainted, and the nearest surgeon tied up the large arteries. He was soon after sent down to Coimbra.

The cure was happily completed, and nature kindly furnished him with new skin over the enormous wound,

about as extensive as the hide of a calf. Her vis medicatrix must have also supplied new glutæi, for, when I left Coimbra, he was beginning to move about on crutches, to the extent of four or five steps; but of course was still very lame and ricketty, from the great loss of muscle. At parting he expressed much gratitude for my attentions, and in return, I wished he might get a good pension and a soft-bottomed chair for the remainder of his life.

In the latter end of July, apprehensions being entertained that another retreat to the lines might be necessary from the junction of the French army of the south and that of Portugal, orders arrived to clear the hospitals and send the sick to Lisbon. Accordingly steps were taken to break them up, and a large detachment of two hundred was placed under my charge: we embarked on the river, dropped down to Figueras, where we were put on board a transport, and arrived without accident in Lisbon.

CHAPTER V.

CINTRA.—LISBON.—NOCTURNAL RAINS.—MEETING OF HOSPITAL MATES TO REMONSTRATE AGAINST A GENERAL ORDER OF LORD WELLINGTON.—THEIR REMONSTRANCE THROWN IN THEIR FACES BY THE P. M. O.

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd;
The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep—
The mountain moss by scorching skies embrown'd,
The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep:
The tender azure of the unruffled deep—
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough;
The torrents that from hill to valley leap—
The vine on high, the willow branch below—
Mix'd in one mighty scene with varied beauty glow."

BYRON.

ONE thinks one's self at Cintra transported to a planet very different from this homely earth. It is assuredly, at the least, one of the most extraordinary spots upon its surface; and though it offers to the eye the most singular scenic paradoxes, yet, after a little observation, every thing, as a whole, appears in fine keeping.

I sailed three times close under the mountain, and spent two long summer days, luxuriating amongst the fragrant and gelid retreats of Cintra, but need not expatiate on a place so well known. It is a region of contrasts; and nothing can be more striking than the abrupt transitions of scenery—the alternations of rich landscape with barrenness and desolation—the darkness of the profound ravines, and the lovely sunny slopes at the top—the vast rocks—the romantic cascades—the oak and cork tree forests—the gardens

teeming with golden fruit—the palaces and convents, the vast conical and splintered mountains, and the immeasurable view of the Atlantic from their high summits; all is pure, majestic, and glorious. Yet, alas! how small is the effect which this unequalled picture of the magnificence of nature has upon the evil passions of man! In the full view of it, he lies in wait for his brother and slays him, where yonder rude cross, surrounded by its cairn of rough stones, tells its tale of recent murder!

My first care, after returning to Lisbon, was to visit my fine old host, the Knight of Malta. There was an officer of the German Legion quartered in the house, but he was under orders to set out for the army the next day. In the mean time Don Manoel directed Antonio to go for my baggage forthwith, and I soon found myself comfortably re-established in my former habitation.

In the course of a couple of days I was directed to do duty at a small hospital, near the aqueduct, under the charge of a German staff-surgeon, a very honest man, but whose name it is not necessary to mention. I soon found that my worthy Teutonic chief was fully as fond of schnapps, as of surgery; and from keeping late hours, was not particularly punctual in his morning attendance at the hospital—in fact, sometimes not coming at all for several days together. Now, this was exactly what I wished, for it gave me the real management and all the practice of the establishment, and every body likes to have his own way. On one of the few occasions when we met in the morning I had pointed out to him a man with a bad leg, which required amputation to save his life; but the doctor was not then in the best operating condition, for his hand shook sadly, so he deferred the matter until the

next day. At the appointed time the vinous German was again absent; but the case having now become urgent, with the assistance of a smart orderly, I took off the limb myself. The day after the staff surgeon and myself went round the ward together, and when we came to the patient, he accosted him: "Well, mine goot frind, how duz your leek?" "Ogh, faith your honor, I was aised of it yesthurday althegither, and I now only feels a small thrifle of a pain like in aich of my toes." The doctor stared a little, then lifted the bed clothes, and saw the stump; but he was quite satisfied with my explanation, and we went to his quarters to lunch.

I presume that every body, conversant with the local peculiarities of Lisbon, is aware of the occurrence of periodical nocturnal rains there, regularly throughout the year; beginning between ten and eleven o'clock, P. M. and lasting generally about two hours. One remarkable peculiarity is, that this fall of rain is limited to the city and its suburbs; though showers of the same description, occurring at the same time, are common in other large cities throughout the Kingdom. The confinement of the rains to the towns is a beneficent arrangement of nature; for, unlike all other showers, they are very prejudicial to vegetation. Another singularity connected with them—a phenomenon not yet explained by any meteorological laws with which we are acquainted—is a kind of warning, or premonition, before they take place; in fact, a rumbling in the clouds immediately over the city, but at no great elevation, somewhat resembling the human voice, and most probably of electric origin. As the inhabitants of Lisbon dislike much to be cauglit in this rain, which is often charged with noxious atoms, from the upper strata of the atmosphere, and have

been morbidly sensitive of strange sounds in the air, ever since the great earthquake of 1755, which was preceded by noises of this kind; they are always on the alert about the time of the expected setting in of the nightly shower, and as soon as some such cabalistic sound as "agoa vem!" is heard, a lively sensation is felt in the streets, and every body houses himself with great dispatch. Immediately the rains descend in torrents, particularly in the narrow and lofty streets, where they fall like a water-spout.

About ten days after my arrival in Lisbon, a brother medico and myself were returning from the Opera about twelve o'clock, dressed in our best coats. Not being then aware of this meteorological phenomenon, nor apprized of the premonitory aerial countersign, we had the misfortune to be caught suddenly in a very heavy shower, saturated with inodorous particles, probably from the breaking up of some soft ærolite, that sadly stained our scarlet.

Few mortals pass through life without having to lament numerous youthful indiscretions. One of my early follies I may be permitted to relate.

About the month of August 1811, some General Order of Lord Wellington, respecting a certificate from the Principal Medical Officer at each Hospital station, about servant's allowance, excited great wrath among the numerous officers of the Medical Staff, then in Lisbon. The obnoxious order, directed in a way sufficiently ungracious, certainly—that this allowance should only be issued to those officers who were provided with a certificate, from the P. M. O. that the offices of a servant were absolutely necessary. This awkwardness of expression was probably occasioned by the bungling of some clerk at Head Quarters. However, the young Doctors took fire at what

they considered an insult, and a meeting of the whole body was held at Lecor's Hotel, to deliberate on what steps were necessary to be taken under these grave circumstances. There were about sixty irate children of Esculapius present; and, after due balloting for a President and Secretary, I had the honor to be placed in the chair.

After a prolonged discussion, and much impassioned oratory about our grievances, a committee was appointed to draw up a Petition and Remonstrance to the Commander of the Forces, against the recent order. The committee lost no time in carrying this into effect, and submitted a very lofty document to another general meeting, held at the same place, a few days after. This was unanimously approved, and it was then resolved that the President and Committee should present this Petition, signed by all, to Dr. B——, the P. M. O. for transmission to Head Quarters. The business being thus happily put in train to our entire satisfaction, we had a hot supper, and finished the evening with singing and jollification.

At the appointed hour, the President and Committee waited on Dr. B—— with the Petition and Remonstrance, which we considered a model of composition. He received us civilly, put on his spectacles, and proceeded to read our laboured document, which we were pretty certain he would approve and admire. When he had done he wiped his glasses, put them into their case, and addressed us in a stentorian voice: "D— your young bloods, you hot-headed fools,— what have we here—a petition and remonstrance, aye, a remonstrance to Lord Wellington, from a parcel of d—d Hospital Mates! Be off, and be d—d to you, and consider yourselves lucky that I do no more than quash your folly—thus!" And with that he tore our

eloquent appeal into a thousand pieces, and flung them after us as we hastened out of the room.

When we had proceeded a few yards, a messenger called me back. The Doctor then addressed me. "And you, sir, have wisely become the President of this fine deliberative meeting. Why, sir, if I forwarded your petition, the others might be overlooked, but you would be made an example of." He then in a more friendly tone, pointed out the danger and impropriety of bodies of officers meeting for this, or any other purpose, without due authority. We then conversed on indifferent subjects, he asked me to dinner, and we parted good friends.

A meeting at the hotel had been summoned for the next evening, to learn our proceedings respecting the petition; and there was a very full attendance. The President took the chair, and narrated gravely, and with as much power of face as he could muster, the transactions at the P. M. O's. office. When he had done, there was first a murmur of disapprobation, but this soon was drowned in loud and general laughter. It was then proposed and carried, First, that the consideration of our grievances should be postponed, sine die; Second, that an inquisition should forthwith be made into the quantity of Colares in the cellar; and Thirdly, that in the event of this turning out satisfactory, a large instalment should be mulled and produced immediately. As may be well supposed, we passed a most hilarious evening; the wine was delicious, and not strong—the weather was warm, and we were thirsty—temperance societies were yet unborn—the night was short, and the morning sun lighted us to our homes.

CHAPTER VI.

LISBON.—HABITS OF THE LADIES.—GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—ALDEA GALEGA.—QUARREL WITH A JUIZ-DA FORA.—FLIRTATION.

"——— animam ne crede puellis,
Namque est fœminea tutior unda fide."
PETRONIUS.

EXACTLY opposite Don Manoel's house there resided two good looking young ladies, who passed the greater part of their time, when the shade of the house or the cool of the evening permitted, in their handsome gilded balcony. I watched their manœuvres with attention, and found their principal amusement consisted in playing tricks on the Gallegos, or Gallician water-carriers, passing beneath, with their little painted barrels on their shoulders. No sooner did a Gallego approach, than these damsels would accost him, "Tio! Tio!" Uncle! Uncle! the familiar term used to the lower classes. The man would stop and look up; then, I am shocked to say, the playful girls would giggle and spit in his eye. The Gallego would retort by a squirt from his barrel about the ladies' ankles, and this was considered great fun on both sides. Yet my patrone told me these ladies were of respectable family and irreproachable character.

As our respective balconies were only separated by a narrow street, I soon introduced myself, and we generally had a little conversation every fine evening; which was wont to become more animated as the

increasing darkness screened us from observation. Mutual compliments would be then interchanged: I praised the brilliancy of the ladies' eyes, and their fine persons, which merited a compliment not often deserved here, where dumpiness is a common characteristic. I smiled on perceiving that my lively neighbours were much at a loss to discover a laudable personal quality about me, and were obliged to content themselves with "Vmd tem muito bonitas dentes." "Your worship has good teeth."

Except occasionally playing a Modinha, set to music on the guitar, I believe those girls never read, nor worked, nor drew, nor visited, nor went out, except to Church; and their whole employment, during the time I was their neighbour, appeared to consist in lounging through the house, looking out of the windows, lolling on the couches, amusing themselves with the Gallegos, and making love to me, after the fashion above described. And such was the general outline of unmarried female life in Lisbon: I hope it is different now.

Don Manoel, unlike the Portuguese, was fond of boating; and we often made little excursions on the river together in the delightful Lisbon evenings. Nothing can be finer than the views from the river for an extent of nine or ten miles; the city rising majestically from the water on one side, and the bold and beautiful banks on the other. One evening we stopped when approaching the quay, and Don Manoel exclaimed, "On this spot, where the water is now deep, my grandfather and grandmother, and four children, stood on dry ground during the great earthquake, with a crowd of other fugitives, felicitating themselves on their escape; when the river suddenly rose and engulfed them all. My father

was the only individual saved out of the family, by clinging to a boat."

Few earthquakes on record were so awfully destructive as that of 1755. It happened, as is well known, about nine o'clock in the morning of All Saints' Day, the first of November, when a large proportion of the population was assembled in the Churches. In five minutes sixty thousand people perished! Even in those churches that partially escaped the first dreadful shock, fire destroyed what the earthquake had spared; and these edifices became sources of mischief in spreading the conflagration through the city. The innumerable lights employed in the gorgeous Roman Catholic ritual were thrown down, and set fire to every thing combustible around; and, in the frightful confusion of the moment, the only thought was personal safety. A simpler form of worship would have prevented a large amount of calamity.

It is pleasing to find that the Spanish court and nation behaved well on this sad occasion, and succours for the distressed city flowed in from Madrid with liberality. Our own country, always in the first rank of the beneficent when misfortune calls for aid, was conspicuous among the European nations, for the large sums voted by the legislature, and raised by private subscription, to relieve the misery of the wretched inhabitants. We can scarcely conceive any thing more poignantly distressing than the state of the city for a year after the earthquake; nor need we wonder that it required the utmost exertions of Pombal, a great man as well as minister, to prevent the unfortunate people from quitting for ever their doomed city, and emigrating in a body to Brazil.

From time immemorial Lisbon, and all Portugal,

have been subject to earthquakes; but only three have done any mischief. The whole country is pierced by numerous hot springs, shewing that a magazine of fire exists at no great distance from the surface. One evening, as my host and I were taking our coffee, a shock occurred, which, although of short duration, was yet sufficiently lively to jingle the cups on the marble table where they stood, and set a mandarin figure shaking his head very gravely at the phenomenon.

After a residence of four months, spent agreeably in the Portuguese capital, I was ordered to Aldea Galega, a village on the other side of the Tagus, at the commencement of the high road to Elvas. There was a strong detachment of Royal Marines of the British Navy quartered there, of which I was directed to assume medical charge. In the course of a few weeks, the three officers and greater part of the men were withdrawn, and only a serjeant's guard remained; but although I remonstrated against being kept where there was literally nothing to do, I was not relieved. Here then I continued in this "otium sine dignitate;" although I was Principal Medical Officer and Commandant, and had under my authority a Commissariat Clerk, a Serjeant, twelve jolly Marines, and Antonio.

Gentlemen who have had the honour of being born in Ireland are generally represented as great adorers of the gentler sex. There may be some truth in the "soft impeachment;" but if my countrymen are a little ultra in this matter, they know that it is expected from them, and that they would lose caste in public female opinion if they did not keep up the national character. It is not their fault so much as the dear ladies, who no doubt would be offended by any other line of conduct; and have been long accus-

tomed to look on innocent gallantry in an Irish gentleman as natural and decorous as gravity in a Quaker.

I happened to occupy a very good quarter in Aldea Galega, in fact the best house in the town; and what was better, there was an extremely pretty young lady in it, named Theodora, the daughter of my host, with whom I could not well help falling in love, being the only British officer in the town. Accordingly, we commenced a vigorous flirtation, though under the disadvantage of an inmate in the house, a maiden aunt of the fair Theodora; who, as nearly the last of the obsolete tribe of Duennas, concentrated in her breast all their watchfulness and malignity.

But love laughs at Duennas. My trusty Antonio conveyed one day a note to my mistress, written in choice Portuguese, filled with the usual amatory hyperboles and soft fibs, at which Jove is said to laugh; and concluding by soliciting a short meeting on the stairs, that I might, if only for a moment, hear the dulcet sounds of her voice, for as yet our amour had been confined to the eyes, and assure her how much I was the slave of her charms, &c. &c. I took the liberty of enclosing her a Limerick fishing-hook, fastened to a piece of silk line, en pecheur, which I implored her by all moving considerations to employ in dropping me an answer at night from her bed-chamber window, immediately above mine, and to preserve it carefully as the medium of future communication.

The old song says—

> "I took it in my head
> To write my love a letter,
> But alas! she cannot read,
> And I like her all the better."

So my poor Theodora could not read; but she either

found some female confidant who could, or, with her sex's sagacity, conjectured the mystic meaning of the hook and line; for as soon as it became dark, down they came stealthily, with a beautiful red rose fastened by the stem, which the most obtuse understanding could not avoid considering "le premier gage d'amour."

And certes, I may here observe in passing, "if things inanimate can feel pleasure as well as grieve," my trusty O'Shaughnessy No. 4 must have thrilled to the top of the barb, at the novel and delightful exchange it had made, from dragging cold and stupid trouts out of the water to conveying fragrant flowers and catching lovely young women.

We met on the stairs, she descending and her lover mounting. If our position had been reversed, I should have found falling on one knee a little awkward. I exhausted my stock of Portuguese in whispers of love and devotion; and the amiable girl had just acknowledged in return, that she esteemed the "valorosos Inglezes," and had blushed no insuperable objection to myself in particular, I had even been suffered to kiss her hand, and was in a fair way to her lips, when the confounded old Hecate, her aunt, made her appearance at the top of the stairs. Poor Theodora was thunderstruck—she wept and embraced her aunt's knees, and kissed her shrivelled hand, and begged hard for concealment of the matter from Papa. I implored the old lady to be propitious to us both, appealing to her kindness of heart and womanly feelings, and even daring to compliment her on the goodness and benevolence expressed in her countenance, although, in truth, she had the visage of a Gorgon. But entreaty and flattery were equally lost labour. With a withering scowl she cursed me as a "demonio"

and "maldito eretico," and seizing the trembling girl, she hurried her to her apartment by the application of five or six terrific slaps on the back. Notwithstanding this cruel treatment, the hook and line brought me that night another rose, and I sent up a note as affectionate as possible.

In the mean time treachery was at work. Next day the Juiz de Fora, or Mayor of the town, sent for me, and after an embrace much more cordial than I wished, for he was redolent of tobacco and garlic, he made a thousand apologies for informing me, that he was under the painful necessity of changing my quarter; but, as some compensation, he said he would give me a billet on the next best house in the place. The fact was, he assured me, that a Portuguese General Officer was every hour expected at Aldea, on his way to Elvas, and the best quarter in the place, which I occupied, must, as a matter of course, be given to him during his stay. Hereupon I remonstrated, that it was hard to turn out the Medico Môr and Military Commandant, permanently quartered in the town, for the accommodation of any Brigadier for only one night. The Juiz was superfluously polite, he smirked and bowed, and used the blandest language, but concluded by declaring how muchsoever he regretted the necessity of the case, I *must* turn out. After half an hour's farther debate, he continued inexorable. I then waxed wroth, and, I fear, swore lustily, that I defied him and his friend the General à l'outrance, and would not budge an inch. The fat little magistrate then blushed up into a towering passion; looked very livid and apoplectic, and swore by one and twenty thousand demonios and diabos that he would oust me, vi et armis, and so we parted.

I had got a hint through Antonio, from an untrusty secretary of the Juiz de Fora, that some trickery was intended; and I determined not to be bullied out of my good quarter and the vicinity of the fair Theodora. So I immediately posted a Marine as sentry on the Commandant's door, with specific directions to defend the garrison; a piece of impudence which nothing can excuse. For two days the post was thus held by regular reliefs, but no General made his appearance; in fact, no General came at all; and after a day or two more I triumphed over the conspirators, and dismissed the sentry: but alas! my poor mistress was carried away by her old aunt, and I saw her no more.

In the beginning of December, 1811, I was once more ordered to Lisbon; where, as I had been tired of idleness on the other side of the Tagus, I volunteered to be resident attendant Officer in a convent full of sick, near the Campo d'Ourique. It is true, when at Aldea, I had been studying Portuguese hard; and had cantered through the sandy lanes and cork-tree forests all over the country, and sauntered among the vineyards, and chatted with the civil paysanos, and assisted them to prune their vines, as far as a penknife would go, and kept a journal, and made love besides—still, isolated as I was there, Time had moved with leaden sandals. The experience of my life, as of all rational people, proves that the lazy Sybarite who first exclaimed, "Dolce cosa far niente," told a prodigious fib.

The Christmas Day of 1811 was one of the most beautiful days the sun ever saw, and he has seen not a few in his time. The geraniums, and roses, and passifloras were blooming in the open air, and the temperature was as warm as May in England, though

the sky was much clearer; and there was no comparison between its pure and delicate azure and our muddy blue. I enjoyed the delicious time the more for having sat up half the preceding night, witnessing the gorgeous ceremonies of Christmas Eve in the Igreja da Renya. The church had been then crowded almost to suffocation; and the heat and foulness of the air, from the fumes of incense, the thousands of lights, and the exhalations from such a crowd of garlic-eating people, were admirable preparations for the ride I took, and the enjoyment I experienced amidst the Atlantic breezes, magnificent views, and rich sunshine of Cintra.

On my return I dined with a medical friend residing in the San Jeronymo in Belem. San Jeronymo is the Patron Saint of Lisbon, and watches continually over its safety, preserving it from fires, earthquakes, inundations, and such calamities. His zeal, vigilance, and power, of late years, admit of no question; although it is confessed that in 1755 he slumbered on his post, and did not awake until his statue, now in this convent, was pitched from its pedestal prone upon its face. He was also, it cannot be denied, a little remiss in permitting the entrance of Junôt and his band of marauders; although it is averred that he did all he could to make amends, by wafting Sir Arthur to Portugal to drive them out.

About this time I witnessed the grand Lisbon hoax of the cork boots. The wag was a British Artillery Officer, who managed to bring half the city to Belem to see a man walking on the water across the river. It was a humbug on the largest scale; for I suppose there could not be less than thirty thousand people present, by land and water. The matter was managed remarkably well; and such was the implicit confi-

dence of the multitude, that a lane was made by the police for the performer, from the house where he resided to the Belem steps, to keep off the pressure of the crowd. The thing passed off good naturedly; and when the joke became known, the immense mass melted away insensibly, and without any disturbance of consequence.

In the month of December I was appointed Assistant Surgeon to the 66th Regiment, and directed once more to proceed to Coimbra.

In consequence of the severe loss this Corps sustained on the bloody field of Albuera, it had been formed into a Provisional Battalion, with two or three other weak Corps. The Regiment bore an excellent character, and had behaved admirably at the passage of the Douro, and at Talavera. A high compliment had been paid to its good conduct, on the advance to Oporto, in 1809, by Sir Arthur Wellesley, which was told me by the Officer through whom it was conveyed. A sharp little affair had just taken place on the march from Coimbra, which the Commander of the Forces witnessed; and on riding past Captain Goldie, of the 66th (lately Colonel Goldie, commanding 11th Foot) he thus addressed him, "You may take your men back, and tell your Commanding Officer they have fought like lions to-day."

CHAPTER VII.

MARCH TO COIMBRA.—THENCE TO ELVAS AND MERIDA.—SPANISH FUGITIVES FROM BADAJOZ AT ALBUQUERQUE.—SIEGE AND STORM OF BADAJOZ.—EXCITING MARCH.—HORRORS OF THE STORM.—SCENE AT CAMPO MAYOR THE NIGHT OF THE STORM.

> "What rein can hold licentious wickedness
> When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
> We may as bootless spend our vain commands
> Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
> As send precepts to the Leviathan
> To come ashore." SHAKESPEARE.

MOUNTED on my bay horse, Liberdade, with my baggage on a mule in charge of Antonio, I set out from Lisbon on the 23rd of January, 1812. An agreeable brother Medico named Reeve travelled in company. Our first day's march was a short one, to Saccarem; next day we passed through Alhandra, and saw the eastern extremity of the far famed lines of Torres Vedras. In common with all who ever saw or heard of them, we admired the foresight and military sagacity that had appreciated the value of these mountain bulwarks, and the skill and secrecy with which they had been made impregnable.

We witnessed much misery and distress among the poor inhabitants of this devastated tract of country on the march, who were slowly returning to their burnt and dilapidated homes, with exhausted means and emaciated frames, every one having his peculiar tale of sorrow to tell, but all unanimous in bitter hatred

of the cause of all their sufferings, the "malditos Franceses." The cutting down of the valuable olive trees for fuel was one charge constantly reiterated against Massena's troops. The poor people said they did not mind so much the burning and breaking up of their furniture, or even making bonfires of their houses, as the wanton destruction of the trees from which their revenue was mainly derived, and which took so long a time in coming to maturity.

Between Thomar and Espinhal, after a long wet march, we were benighted in a wretched condition of cold and hunger, still two leagues from our destination. A light being observed half a mile from the road, we turned our horses' heads up a lane leading to it, and threw ourselves on the hospitality of the owner of a large house, which we soon reached. The Fidalgo appeared a very hospitable person, and received us with great kindness. A huge pine fire was kindled forthwith on an ample hearth; our clothes were dried, and a couple of hares and a leash of partridges put down to roast, and in less than an hour we sat down to a good supper, our jaded animals having been also well fed. After supper, a kettle of vin du pays, with sugar and spice, was put on the blazing logs, with which we regaled ourselves in company with our host, who expatiated on the prowess of the Portuguese Army and the wonders of Rio de Janeiro, whither his daughter had accompanied the Royal Family on their emigration, as Maid of Honour to the Queen.

I should feel more pleasure in recording the civility of our host if he had not made a dead point at my fine mule the next morning, which he wished me to exchange with him for one not half its value. But Antonio laughed in his face when he made the proposition.

When we reached Coimbra, Ciudad Rodrigo had fallen, and artillery and troops were fast moving to the south, where preparations were now making for the third siege of Badajoz. The 64th, I found, was quartered in Spanish Estramudura, near Merida, and I was directed to proceed to join it without delay—having, it appeared, marched, according to orders, about three hundred miles out of my way to no purpose.

As I was sitting at breakfast the morning before leaving Coimbra, Major C——, commanding a regiment of Portuguese Caçadores, rushed into the room in a state of great agitation, and begged me to see a wounded soldier of his regiment. I went with him immediately, and found the Caçadores drawn up in line on parade, with a group of officers in the middle, surrounding a soldier who was moaning and appeared to be in great pain. I found that in dressing the line the Major had used the point, instead of the flat of his sword; and the wounded man, either from stumbling, or that strange fascination that is believed to throw the bird into the jaws of the snake, had pressed upon it and given himself a mortal stab. The wound was scarcely visible, and there was no bleeding, but he died the same evening. A caution to officers not to turn the points of their swords against their own men.

Antonio and myself retraced our steps to Thomar—crossed the picturesque Zezere at Punhete, and proceeded from thence to Abrantes along the right bank of the golden sanded Tagus. I examined the shining sand here, and found it full of small plates of mica, which had been washed or worn out of the granite, during the long course of its impetuous stream. Proceeding on our march, we crossed to the Alem-tejo; had a shot at an impudent wolf that approached us,

but without hitting him, and reached Elvas on the 20th March.

At this time the siege of Badajoz was commencing, and Lord Wellington's Head Quarters were at Elvas —the town was full of the Staff, and all was bustle and note of preparation. But the weather was most unfavourable, and the trenches were half full of water. The heavy rains had swollen the Guadiana, and the main bridges had been carried away—thus cutting off the communications of the divisions investing the place, with their provisions and military stores on the Elvas side. Serious apprehensions were entertained at Head Quarters, that the siege must be raised, and every body looked long-faced and unhappy. Elvas is only three leagues from Badajoz, and from the top of the house in which I was quartered, I could, with a glass, command every thing that was going on there.

The direct road to Merida is through Badajoz, but now it was necessary to go round by Albuquerque, which town we reached in two marches from Elvas— entering Spain for the first time. The change was agreeable—the houses were cleaner and better furnished than in Portugal, and a glass window would be seen occasionally; the people too were better dressed, and the women were far superior in every respect. But every body knows the fascinations of the sweet Espagnolas, and a hundred writers have made the world acquainted with their merits; so that I can only corroborate what has been so often said on the subject. For my own individual part, all I can say is, that they are such semi-divinities—they skim over the ground so aerially, and wear the basquina and dear little mantilla so gracefully, and their Cinderella shoes so daintily, and manœuvre their fans so coquettishly; and have such magnificent eyes and lovely

shapes; and talk so endearingly, and lisp so prettily, and smile so affectionately, and waltz so charmingly —that I wonder I brought away the bigness of a hazel-nut of heart untouched out of the country.

„ When we arrived at Albuquerque the cannonading at Badajoz had begun; and the next morning, the weather being fine, all the world mounted the high hill on which the castle is built to witness the exciting spectacle.

Although twenty miles distant, every shot could be heard distinctly, when it was calm, or the wind favourable; and at first, before a broad pall of smoke covered the town, the operations before it could be tolerably made out with a good glass. When I mounted to the top of the hill, the morning after my arrival, I found a great crowd of spectators, and among them many ladies. Deep interest was expressed on every countenance; and no wonder, for many of those now assembled were inhabitants of Badajoz, and had either been forced out of the city by Phillippon, the French governor, because they were unable to provide themselves with the three months' provisions he required for all who staid, or had obtained his permission to retire. Many of them had left their husbands and families behind; and every shot they now heard might be pregnant with the fate of some dear relative.

Yet though concern and apprehension were manifest in the countenance, there was nothing unmanly in the demeanor of the male part of the crowd, nor any silly expression of violent emotion on the part of the ladies. Indeed the scene was well calculated to make an impression favourable to the Spanish character. As the visitation that might in a moment cut off their dearest connexions, and render them homeless and destitute, was inevitable; and as the capture

of the place was for the ultimate benefit of their country, they appeared to acquiesce in the sad necessity of the siege without a murmur—only hoping it would soon be over.

There was one fine and handsome woman, Donna Thereza Solvielta, and two sweet girls her daughters, whom I particularly observed, as they chanced to be ascending the castle-hill at the same time with myself. When they took their position at the top and directed their eyes towards the beleaguered city, I noticed that every shot, as the sound boomed sullenly on the ear, paled the cheeks of the young ladies, but the mother stood the fire better. At the first report there was a faint exclamation, "O Virgem, madre de Deos!" from one of the daughters; but they all soon became composed; and as I was beginning to feel an interest in the group, and my uniform as a British officer was a sufficient introduction, I accosted Donna Thereza, and thus commenced an acquaintance with a very amiable family. When I informed them, that in all probability no bombs would be thrown into the town, and that the English fire would be chiefly directed against the ramparts and defences of the place, and thus that there was scarcely any danger of their house being hit, which they told me was in the square near the cathedral—they were much consoled, for they had feared a general bombardment. It appeared that the husband and two boys had remained in Badajoz. After listening and reconnoitering through a glass until we were tired, I walked about with the ladies until the sun became hot, and then escorted them to their lodgings in the house of an old female relative.

The rain that fell lately had swollen the rivers crossing the road to Merida so much, that they were unfordable, and the bridges had fallen in the wars.

I was thus detained three days in Albuquerque; at length Antonio and myself set out for Merida, the cannonade sounding in our ears the whole way, and affording the accompaniment of this sublime military music on our march. I joined my regiment and was formally introduced to the officers.

Merida is on the right bank of the Guadiana, forty miles above Badajoz. It is a very ancient city—was the seat of a Provincial Military Government under the Romans, and is still full of fine Roman remains. There is a long and beautiful bridge over the Guadiana, of the time of Charles the Fifth, but on a Roman foundation—a Roman and a Moorish aqueduct—a large segment of an amphitheatre—the remains of a Naumachia—a Residium in a very perfect state of preservation, with several busts of Roman Emperors in the niches, amongst which I noticed the heads of Trajan and Galba—a triumphal arch—the portico of a temple of Mars, with "Marti D. O. M." on the base of the pediment. This portico is quite perfect; it stands in front of a church of Dominican Friars, and immediately under the old inscription is the following—"Jam non Marti, sed Jesu Christi D. O. M. consecratum est."

This must be a fine field for an antiquarian, and I suspect it has never been fully explored; at least, amongst the Books of Travels in Spain which I have read there is no good account of Merida. In roaming about the vestiges of ancient grandeur I could not avoid smiling at the base uses to which some of the purest relics of Paganism had been appropriated. Amongst other metamorphoses, a handsome white marble façade of a temple of Diana had been built into the front of a modern house, which by certain indications from two or three unblushing damsels at the

windows, was now any thing but a temple of chastity. This, and the modern use of the amphitheatre as a Plaça de Toros, are no great proofs of the superiority of Spanish Christianity over the old religion.

But on this occasion I had little time for antiquarian explorations. Soult was at this time collecting what force he could to relieve Badajoz, now hard pressed, which the covering army under Sir Thomas Graham and Sir Rowland Hill was determined to prevent; consequently a fight was expected, and it became necessary to clear the hospitals and send all incumbrances to the rear. The sick of the Second Division, therefore, were ordered to Altar de Chao, an Hospital Station in Portugal, and although I had only just arrived, after a march of near five hundred miles, and ought in all fairness to be last on the roster, I was directed to take charge of the convoy.

The siege of Badajoz was still going on, and this march, like the former by Albuquerque, was of high interest, from the vicinity of the route to the invested city. Our road now described a segment of a circle round it, within the former course and much nearer; and the citadel was visible from every elevation of the way, rising above a heavy canopy of smoke, which overhung the ramparts and lower parts of the town, as well as the besieging batteries. Generally in the afternoon there was a suspension of firing on both sides for a short time to allow the guns to cool. Then the smoke would be wafted away by the wind, and the whole fortress become distinctly visible. Soon a salvo would thunder from the breaching batteries, and be immediately answered by the garrison; and then the incessant roar of the heavy artillery on both sides would proceed without intermission as before.

During all this time the weather was remarkably

fine and clear, as if the elements wished now to atone for their severe treatment of the allied troops, at the commencement of the siege. I reached Campo Mayor on the 6th of April, with my convoy of sick, and was much pleased to find that the poor fellows had all improved wonderfully in health during the march. Indeed the good effects of locomotion, in recovering very debilitated subjects, were strikingly displayed during the whole Peninsular struggle, but never more than on this occasion. My convoy, consisted of a hundred and twenty sick; thirty or forty of whom were so ill of bad fevers that it was necessary to tie them on the mules' backs, or put a muletier, or one of the guard behind them to prevent their falling off from weakness. Yet at the end of the second day's march, these enfeebled subjects would ride by themselves bravely and vigorously, and call out lustily for their rations. I am convinced that the lives of several amongst them were saved by this march, and the recovery of all was materially accelerated. It is true our route was a peculiar one, we were enlivened by a brisk cannonade the whole way; and the sound of the salvos of heavy artillery thundering away at the breaches, the view of the smoke-wreathed city, and of the French flag flying on the castle, formed, altogether, a moral cordial, more tonic and restorative than all the elixirs in the world.

On the 6th of April, as we approached Campo Mayor, the cannonade was much louder and closer than usual, and as I rode along I became more and more convinced that a crisis was approaching. It was on that morning that "the besiegers' guns being all turned against the curtain, the bad masonry crumbled rapidly away; in two hours a yawning breach appeared, and Wellington, having again examined the points of at-

tack in person, renewed the order for the assault. Then the soldiers eagerly made themselves ready for a combat so fiercely fought, so terribly won, so dreadful in all its circumstances, that posterity can scarcely be expected to credit the tale."*

On our arrival in the evening at Campo Mayor, we found the whole population in a state of great excitement and anxiety; for it was generally known that Badajoz was to be stormed that night; and as we were only seven miles distant, even the pattering of the musketry could be heard in the calm of the evening, between the heavy reports of the artillery. As the night advanced, every accidental swelling of the sound was deemed the signal for the terrific conflict at the breach. During this eventful night few eyes were closed in Campo Mayor, the priests were performing Divine Service in the churches, and praying fervently for success; and the entire adult population were either engaged in this solemn duty, or traversing the streets in extreme agitation and alarm. All this time the thunder of the bloody conflict sounded awfully; and as the work of death advanced, and the air became cooler and stiller, the report of the heavy artillery appeared actually to shake the roofs of the churches over the trembling masses crowded within. The scene altogether was tremendous and sublime. I proceeded from one church to another, but all were alike—all were filled with people praying with extreme fervency; weeping, exclaiming, sobbing—enquiring wildly for intelligence, and listening intently to the loud and confused sound of mortal strife.

At length came an ominous lull and calm. Did this bode good or evil? Was the city taken, or had

* Napier, vol. iv. 417.

the storming parties been shattered and repulsed, and had the garrison ceased its fire because the besiegers had retired from the reach of the guns? People asking these questions, and circulating the thousand reports that had been created on the instant, looked anxiously into each other's faces, pale and shrunk with fear and suspense, and the harassing vigils of the night. As day dawned the greater part left the streets and churches, and repaired to the ramparts, straining all eyes in the direction of Badajoz. For a long time nothing could be descried on the wide plain between the two places: at length a horseman was seen galloping full speed along the road. The agony of suspense then became almost intolerable; but when he approached nearer, and was seen to stop suddenly, stand up in his stirrups, and wave his hat repeatedly round his head, a shout of ten thousand "Vivas!" rent the air, which were prolonged and reiterated along the fortifications, until lost in the overwhelming pealing of all the bells in the city.

My military dress procured me two or three score of warm embraces; the pale countenances of the women brightened up, and their dark eyes beamed out brilliantly. Never were fair ladies so condescending and so affectionate, and I believe if I had chosen I might have kissed half Campo Mayor. "Viva os Inglezez!" was in every mouth. At length, getting satiated with all this hugging and embracing, and remembering that my day's march was a short one, I delayed the starting of my sick convoy for a couple of hours, and cantered over the plain to Badajoz.

I reached the bridge over the Guadiana in three quarters of an hour, but, to my great surprise and concern, instead of finding every thing quiet, and every body occupied in attentions to the wounded,

and preparations for burying the dead, as I had anticipated, I beheld a scene of the most dreadful violence and confusion. Parties of intoxicated men were roaming and reeling about, loosed from all discipline, firing into the windows, bursting open the doors, plundering, violating, shooting any person who opposed them, quarrelling about the plunder, and sometimes destroying each other.

I proceeded amidst this dangerous mob to the Talavera gate, and thence to the main breach. There indeed was a most awful scene, where

"Mars might quake to tread."

There lay a frightful heap of fourteen or fifteen hundred British soldiers, many dead but still warm, mixed with the desperately wounded, to whom no assistance could yet be given. There lay the burned and blackened corpses of those that had perished by the explosions, mixed with those that were torn to pieces by round shot or grape, and killed by musketry, stiffening in their gore, body piled upon body, involved and intertwined into one hideous and enormous mass of carnage; whilst the morning sunbeams, falling on this awful pile, seemed to my imagination pale and lugubrious as during an eclipse.

At the foot of the Castle wall, where the third Division had escaladed, the dead lay thick, and a great number were to be seen about the San Vincente bastion at the opposite side of the works. A number had been drowned in the cunette of the ditch, near the Trinidad bastion, but the chief slaughter had taken place at the great breach. There stood still the terrific beam across the top, armed with its sharp and bristling sword blades, which no human dexterity or strength could pass without impalement. The smell

of burned flesh was yet shockingly strong and disgusting.

Joining some of the Medical Officers who were beginning to assist the most urgent cases amongst the wounded, I remained during the morning and forenoon; then hastily eating a biscuit blackened with gunpowder, and taking a mouthful of wine, I returned to my charge at Campo Mayor; passing in my way to the Elvas gate of Badajoz, through the same dreadful ordeal as before, for the sack of the city was now at its height. The bells at Campo Mayor were still ringing merrily at intervals, and every body was rejoicing. Rejoicing! after what I had just witnessed! After the sacrifice of two thousand of the bravest troops in the world in the storm, and double the number during the siege: after the piteous moanings and dying ejaculations yet torturing my hearing: after the blood-cemented pile of slain still fresh in my eye: rejoicing after all this!

I hastened to get my party in motion, and with many bitter reflections on the horrors of war, proceeded on the march to Altar de Chão, where I delivered over my sick.

When the escort and myself were returning to Elvas, we saw at a distance a large body of men approaching, whom we soon made out to be the French garrison of Badajoz, about three thousand five hundred in number, on their route to embark for England. As would be the case with any other troops under similar circumstances, there was a striking difference in the appearance and bearing of the veterans and the young soldiers. The former had a bold and self-confident look, that said, "N'importe—c'est la fortune de guerre—notre temps viendra-allons." The poor conscripts, on the contrary, ap-

peared completely abattus; and their timid furtive glances betrayed the fear of discovering a loaded gun, or a Portuguese knife, in every object round them.

I found Elvas full of wounded, with a strong muster of Medical Officers, and obtained permission to remain there a fortnight. I never witnessed such cheerfulness in suffering, and such manly bearing, as amongst these wounded men; nor any thing equal to the kindness, and sympathy they shewed to each other. It seemed as if the imminent risk they had so recently undergone had created a mutual friendship, and something akin to brotherly affection, between them, which was most pleasing to witness. Nor could one see these noble fellows without deep interest and admiration, for there was no neutralizing feeling. They had been engaged in a conflict, exhibiting the most unflinching, sustained, and desperate valour witnessed for ages; and in their case no atrocity after conquest, and no taint of pillage or violence had dimmed its lustre.

On our return through Badajoz, I entered that ill fated city with very painful feelings. All was still gloom and dismay, no reaction had yet taken place after the horrors of the storm; and the citizens, by a kind of tacit understanding, agreed to be silent as to the past, for it was too dreadful to contemplate. Almost every individual of any respectability in the city had been outraged, either in his property or the sanctity of his relatives and friends. Happy were the ladies that had left the place before its investment. Happy were those beautiful solvieltas that I met at Albuquerque!

Although the British and Portuguese troops bear the principal share in the odium, the lower classes of

the inhabitants were also performers in the tragedy. As soon as the magazine of brandy in the vaults of the Cathedral was opened, the mob got drunk, joined in the spoil, and, having better local knowledge, conducted the strangers to the houses of the principal inhabitants, and when the doors were burst open joined in the brutalities of the time.

It ought not to be concealed, however, that the Spaniards had chiefly their own imbecility, cowardice, and treachery to thank for the sufferings at Badajoz. On Mendezabal, but chiefly on the cowardly Governor, José de Imaz, who surrendered with his garrison of eight thousand men, when he was told that help was at hand, rests the moral responsibility of all the ill that followed after the occupation of the city by the French. But even during the tremendous night of the 6th of April, the Spaniards fired from their houses on our troops of the fourth division, as they marched through the deserted but strangely illuminated streets; and thus directly provoked the wrath of the already infuriated soldiers. This would naturally be told to their comrades; and when the whole allied force burst into the city, so treacherous an act would serve as a good pretext, or be, in truth, a considerable palliation of the enormities that ensued.

On the 22nd of April I rejoined my regiment at Almandralejo, a considerable town, situated in a fertile plain covered with wheat, where Sir Rowland Hill's head quarters were established.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURE WITH A REFRACTORY PATIENT AT BADAJOZ.—SICKNESS OF THE AUTHOR.—HOSPITALITY AND KINDNESS OF A PRIEST AND HIS SISTERS.—INCONVENIENCES OF USING LEECHES INTERNALLY.

"A phlebotomia auspicandum esse curationem, non a pharmacia."

HEINSIUS.

In the beginning of May the Cavalry picquets of our Division posted near Hornachos being considered too much exposed, and without support, the Light Companies of General Byng's Brigade were sent to a small village called Puebla del Prior, immediately in their rear, and I was directed to accompany the detachment.

This village is situated on a rising ground, and was uncomfortably close to the enemy's videttes. One day a brother officer and myself rode to Hornachos, a town still farther in front, not occupied by either French or English, but occasionally patrolled by both. It was a silly excursion, for we might have been caught by a patrol, which entered one end of the town as we were entering the other; but a friendly inhabitant told us in time, and our "better part of valour" turned our horses' heads, though not before the dragoons saw us and gave chace. We soon found we could distance our pursuers, and checked our horses, with the intention of inveigling them into the neighbourhood of a troop of our own cavalry. But they

were old hands, and when they found how matters stood, they deliberately turned and went back, without even honouring us with a shot.

After passing a fortnight quietly at Puebla, we were disturbed one day when at dinner by the approach of a strong body of the enemy's cavalry, before whom our advanced picquets were slowly retiring. The French gave my faithful valet just time to pack up the baggage, and his master to swallow his soup, when they came within musket shot of the village; but finding it strongly occupied by infantry, they halted, and ultimately declined an attack. It was merely to feel our force, during the absence of Sir Rowland Hill, who had marched to destroy the enemy's forts at the bridge of Almaraz on the Tagus.

When this object had been handsomely accomplished, the whole corps of Sir R. Hill advanced towards Zafra and the Sierra Morena. At Usagre we had the mortification of witnessing the defeat of two regiments of our heavy cavalry, by about an equal number of French, for whom, from the superior physical strength of our men and horses, they ought to have been more than a match. The French were commanded by General L'Allemande, and the British by General S——, who was much blamed at the time for want of judgment in leading on his men. We saw the whole affair distinctly from the church steeple of Usagre. In the evening the wounded began to arrive at the village, and the Surgeon of the 66th and myself sat up the greatest part of the night dressing the sabre wounds they had received. It was said this unfortunate business gave great disgust at Head Quarters; which is confirmed by a letter of the Duke of Wellington adverting to it, published by Gurwood.

Soon after this we retired down the Guadiana, a large French Corps having collected in our front. We took post on the old fighting ground of Albuera, and commenced fortifying the position with field works. The dry grass, luxuriant after the slaughter of the year before, was set on fire to clear the front of the redoubts, and prevent a repetition of the calamities of Talaverâ, where the wounded on both sides suffered so much from the accidental conflagration. On this occasion it was painful to see hares, and partridges, and game of various kinds, with which the country abounded, straying about unnaturally tame, as if scared out of their instincts by the flames; and looking sadly disconsolate, from the premature destruction of their young.

Towards the end of June, my Commanding Officer, Colonel Dodgin, was attacked with a violent inflammatory fever, and I received orders to convey him to Badajoz, and attend him there. Notwithstanding extensive depletion from the temporal arteries, and other means necessary to subdue ardent fever in a patient of large and robust frame, strong as a horse, and weighing twenty stone, he became violently delirious. Under the hallucination that he had been appointed Aide-de-Camp to Sir R. Hill, he insisted one morning on dressing himself, to go back to Camp. After fruitlessly attempting to reason him out of his project, I found I must employ stronger measures; accordingly having first removed the Colonel's sword, pistols, and trowsers out of the way, and left him in charge of two servants, I proceeded to the General Hospital in quest of a strait waistcoat.

Here I found a certain eccentric Staff-Surgeon named B——, whom I begged to afford me the necessary aid, and also to give me his personal assistance

in subduing my sick Hercules. Now, it so chanced that Dr. B. had attended General Walker, who was so badly wounded in the storm.* The gallant patient had had several ribs broken, with other dreadful injuries, but happily recovered; and his doctor being a good draughtsman, had made a sketch of this remarkable wound, and was, unfortunately, when I called, engaged in giving it the finishing touch. After explaining my wishes I waited a few minutes, seeing him still intent on his work; but then requested he would delay no longer, as I was apprehensive my refractory patient would break through all opposition, mount his horse, and ride himself to death. "My dear sir," he replied, "don't be impatient—just wait one instant, it will not take more than a moment. Look there, what do think of that? Is the colouring too high? I had much difficulty in managing that flesh, both ways—eh—do you take? Doesn't that rib relievo a leetle too much—Stay, I'll just soften it down a shade." At last, after spending a quarter of an hour in shading down General Walker's rib, out we sallied, with two orderlies and a strait waistcoat.

I had anticipated mischief at the Colonel's quarters from this delay, and was not mistaken; for when we reached the top of the street where he lived, we were both horror struck at seeing the patient fully dressed at the door of his house, preparing to mount his horse. We all ran down the street as fast as we could, but he was on horseback before we came up. The doctor then accosted him very eloquently, imploring him to alight, and representing that he was not in a condition

* "General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand, at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, fell covered with so many wounds that it was wonderful how he could survive." Napier, vol. iv. p. 429.

to travel in a hot sun, &c. &c. The Colonel desired him to begone, and cursed him for a meddling mischievous fool, interfering where he had no business, in a matter of duty—and then seeing his opponent still resolutely obstructing his path, he set spurs to his great black charger, and rode right at the poor doctor. The latter jumped aside in great alarm, and disappeared through a low window that was fortunately open. The patient then proceeded in a canter down the street, making for the Elvas gate; but I ran by a near cut, and arrived there before him, and with some difficulty persuaded the Spanish Lieutenant on guard to shut the gate. Presently the Colonel arrived, ordered the gate to be opened, and flew into a great rage when he found he could not get out. He then turned his horse's head towards the Talavera gate, at the opposite side of the town; but he found himself forestalled there also; for when I had run to one gate, I had sent a servant to the other. A good deal fatigued by all this exertion in a burning sun, and weakened by loss of blood, the Colonel rode home, lay down on his couch, and fell asleep. He slept nearly thirty-six hours, wakening only twice to take some drink, when he awoke free from all complaint but weakness, and recollecting nothing that had happened.

It appeared, that on my departure he had started out of bed, soon mastered all opposition, and proceeded to dress himself. The absence of his inexpressibles was a puzzler, but with a soldier's presence of mind, even when the mind was all wrong, he made one of his servants surrender the pair he had on, threatening him and striking him with a stick he had picked up, until the poor man complied. The man's trowsers were too small, but he forced his legs into them, tearing up the seams into frightful rents; and indeed he might

as well be absolutely sans culottes when he got on horseback. He had saddled Black Tom himself, and actually brought this great war horse into his bed chamber, until he found his cocked hat. Had we failed in blockading him at the gates, the Colonel would have ridden, in all probability, until he dropped dead from his horse.

After this adventure, Colonel D., soon recovered, and went to join the Regiment, but without his surgeon. It was the time when the banks of the Guadiana are annually afflicted with bad remittent and intermittent fevers. I caught the disease, struggled against it for a little, but at last was obliged to take to my bed.

I had no desire to employ the facetious rib-painter —though I dare say he would have treated me skilfully, and have made a sketch of my pallid phiz besides; so I confided myself to the care of a young medical friend, who watched me with the most sedulous attention. From a kind, but not very judicious desire to economize strength, he would not bleed me as I wished; but when the head symptoms became urgent, he sheered and shaved my curly locks one hot afternoon, and attached three or four dozen leeches to my poor caput. A few hours after, they carried me into the yard, placed me erect, and poured five and twenty buckets of cold well water over me, from a third story window, to drive away all the blood that was left in my brains. For the first two hours I was not certain whether my head had not been carried away by the flood, my feelings were perfectly acephalous, and all was a cold nonentity above the shoulders—but there was violent re-action during the night, and I became delirious in the morning.

However, I was not destined to leave my bones in Badajoz, or add to the pyramid of British bones al-

ready there. By the blessing of Providence—which, laughter loving mortal as I may be, I am not ashamed to acknowledge—I at length recovered; but in the dreadfully hot weather we then had in Estramadura, the convalescence was tedious.

Throughout the Peninsular campaigns, many officers have complained that they never had the good luck to meet with civil treatment in their billets; a few others have been more lucky in uniformly coming in contact with good patronés, occupying respectable houses, with both the means and the inclination for the exercise of attention and hospitality. I belong to the more fortunate class, and on this occasion, when I so much required the aid of the social charities, I was as lucky in my billet as when landing in Lisbon. I lodged in the house of a kind-hearted young Priest, Don Juan Jozé Martinez, who had two sisters living with him, and a third, the Abbess of a Convent, in the same street. The young Senhoras were exceedingly kind and attentive; perhaps the more so when they heard from Antonio that I was a Senhor Irlandez—which in Spain is synonymous with Roman Catholic. But to do these good ladies justice, when undeceived in this respect, they did not relax a whit in those thousand little affectionate attentions which my helpless situation called for, and those soothing offices of female kindness, that are so delightful to the object, when on a bed of sickness in a strange land. They were very urgent in their charitable endeavours to convert me from my heresy, and bring me within the pale of their own church, seasoning each cup of the nice broth they prepared with good advice on this subject; and often calling in their brother to their assistance. He was stronger-minded and more liberal, however, than those dark eyed maidens, and used to reply to

their entreaties,—"Deixa lo, deixa lo, Pobrecito." Let him alone, poor fellow—we must cure him first, and convert him afterwards.

When I became convalescent, a strange Spanish gentleman called to see me. He said he had been desired by his wife and daughters to enquire concerning my health, and to express on their part grateful thanks for the attentions they had received at Albuquerque. It was Don Ignacio Solvielta; and as soon as I recovered sufficiently I called on my fair friends, and learned with pleasure that their house had remained untouched during the siege; and in the pillage after the storm, although the door had been blown open, a bag of a couple of hundred dollars was the amount of their loss. I felt a lively pleasure at their exemption from the misery that bowed down the unhappy city.

My patroné gave me a graphic description of the state of his family during the two dreadful days that Badajoz was the prey of a drunken and infuriated soldiery. He had sagaciously anticipated the plunder, and provided two purses,—a larger and a smaller—placed his sisters on the top of the house, and then destroyed the ladder; after these precautions, the courageous priest quietly awaited the result. About eight o'clock the first morning, a party of half drunken British soldiers, in yellow facings, blew off the lock of the street door, by simultaneously discharging their muskets, with the muzzles in a close circle round the key hole, rushed in and seized him and demanded his money. He pleaded poverty, but they presented their muskets to his breast; and at last by horrid threats extorted the smaller purse. They then searched the house, pillaging whatever struck their fancy; at length they went away, and the door was barricaded as well as circum-

stances permitted. In the course of the day another party broke through the poor priest's defences, roamed through the house, and by threats of instant death forced him to surrender the larger purse. The door was then left open, but the house was no more molested. The poor trembling girls remained on the roof till some degree of order was restored in the town.

During the siege two twenty-four pound shot had penetrated the back wall of the house, and lodged in the front, without doing farther injury than piercing a wooden partition, and demolishing an arm chair, from which one of the sisters had just risen. The priest said he intended to keep them both, though they were not in the habit in his church of preserving relics so substantial.

A veil was thrown purposely over the sufferings of his sister the abbess, and the inmates of the convent, which was never withdrawn; for when I ventured to enquire if they had escaped insult and outrage, Don Juan's brow grew black. It was then only I could fully appreciate the fine character of the man. Smarting under recent violence and spoliation; and moreover touched, as there was too much reason to believe, in a point on which Spanish honour is so peculiarly susceptible, he yet had the good sense not to confound the innocent with the guilty, and the magnanimity still to treat me with the greatest tenderness, when lying helpless under his roof.

At this time the heat of the weather was extraordinary—the Fahrenheit thermometer rising to 97° in the shade. Under these circumstances it was not easy to recover strength fast; but having heard that the Army was about to move to the front, I became anxious to join, and marched ten days before I ought to have set

out. The consequence was an attack of ague on the road; and though the temperature in the sun could not have been less than 130°—my teeth danced and chattered for an hour or so like a pair of castanets; and I was forced to halt in a village on the road, named Santa Martha.

The army was then six months in arrears of pay, and consequently a good deal of inconvenience from narrow finances was experienced by officers of all ranks, particularly when absent from their regiments. Two or three days after my arrival in Santa Martha, when taking a farewell look at my last dollar, and devising some plan of ways and means suited to the emergency, I saw a mounted soldier of the 66th Regiment riding up to the door, enquiring for me, with a letter from Colonel Nicol commanding the Regiment at Fuentes del Mæstro. It was a very kind letter, giving me unlimited leave of absence, and was accompanied by three doubloons, which he thought I might require; and it appeared afterwards, that such was the scarcity of money, he was obliged to borrow this sum from a Sutler who accompanied the Division.

I know not how others feel on the subject, but I have always experienced singular pleasure in expressing obligation; though it is certainly a very cheap way of requiting it. I record this act of kindness of my esteemed friend, General Nicol, first, for this reason, and secondly because it was one of a series of similar deeds of thoughtful and unostentatious good nature and liberality, towards his officers, during a quarter of a century that he commanded the Regiment.

At length I rejoined the 66th at Fuentes del Mæstro just in time to accompany it on another advance

of the Division, in the direction of Llerena; but on some intelligence being received of the concentration of a strong force under Drouét on our right, the Division was countermarched, and General Byng's Brigade, consisting of the Buffs, or 3rd Foot, the 31st, 57th, and 66th, returned to their old quarters at Fuentes del Mæstro.

The day of our return was hot and windy, and the road very dusty. When the Brigade reached the immediate neighbourhood of the town, they halted and piled their arms, until the men got their billets. Near this spot was one of the old fountains, from which the place had taken its name; which was a square now in a ruinous state, and half filled with grass and weeds, but still containing clear water. The thirsty soldiers, fatigued with the heat and long march, flew at once to this reservoir; and kneeling, and placing their hands on the low wall that surrounded it, they dipped their dusty muzzles up to the ears in the cool element, and quaffed away like fishes.

"The consequence was awful in the extreme."

Next morning, about a hundred and fifty of them came sick to the different regimental Hospitals, and at first their cases looked alarming, for they were all spitting blood. On examination it was ascertained, that they had fished up three or four hundred leeches from the old fountain, which, it seemed, was full of the little wretches. These blood-suckers had attached themselves in the mouth, nostrils, throat, gullet, and even the stomach; higher or lower, according to the vigour of their own adhesive powers, or the strength of suction of the drinkers. We certainly had a bloody day at the Hospital, although no lives were lost, except the leeches, and they were attacked in all man-

ner of ways, both by stratagem and open force. Some were noosed with a silk ligature, by the tail, and torn off leaving the head still sticking. Several were disloged by a strong solution of salt, and tobacco was used to others. Powerful emetics were necessary to oust the knowing ones, that had reached the citadel of the stomach; and one obstinate sanguisuga required three or four in succession. At last the enemy was finally beaten from all their positions with great slaughter, and the doctors of the Brigade washed their hands and went home to dinner.

The whole Corps of Sir Rowland Hill, consisting of sixteen or seventeen thousand men, was now set in motion towards the Sierra Morena, to co-operate with the forward movement of the main force under Lord Wellington, assist in harassing Soult during his evacuation of Andalusia, and finally push up the Tagus, and advance to Madrid. We marched on the 27th of August, reached Llerena on the 29th, and Don Benito on the 6th of September. During these marches over a fine level country, the officers had great amusement from the quantity of game they met with; partridges were very numerous, and fine bustards were occasionally killed. As for hares, they were to be seen in scores, and often traversed the line of march, and were killed or caught by the men, amidst great shouting and fun. On one march of four leagues, an officer of the 66th killed seven with a greyhound, and arrived at the end of the march at the same time as the Regiment.

Don Benito is a large town, a short distance from the Guadiana, and close to the field of Medellin, where the imbecile and obstinate Cuesta had been defeated by Victor with such dreadful loss. It is averred, that on the evening of the battle, the arms of the French

Dragoons were so much swollen by their exertions in cutting up the Spanish infantry, that they could not be pulled out of the sleeves of their jackets. The Spanish cavalry had fled as usual, leaving the artillery and infantry to their fate.

Colonel Nicol and myself rode out one beautiful evening to the scene of action, intending to visit Medellin before we returned. The ground was still covered with the usual relics of the combat—broken bits of arms and accoutrements—shreds of uniforms—here and there a cap with a sabre cut, or the crown stove in, and occasionally a human skeleton, or that of a horse. When we came to a level piece of smooth ground, extending a long way before us, we commenced a brisk canter; and I am not sure that I did not apostrophize the Colonel's lazy Spanish horse, El Medico, by some such speech as "Come along, old Medico." If so, my triumph was short; for I had not proceeded a hundred yards, when a brace of partridges whirred up under Liberdade's nose—the startled animal bolted to one side, at right angles with the road, depositing his rider across the skull of some huge grenadier, which nearly stove in three or four of his ribs. The Colonel was with me in a moment, and supported my head until I recovered from the shock, which was far from agreeable, and impressed upon me the advisableness of burying the dead after all battles. I then proceeded to make an examination of the extent of the injury—set the ribs to rights—my friend caught the horse, and we resumed our ride.

The English had never been in Don Benito; consequently, we enjoyed the pleasing effects of the first burst of patriotism, friendship, and hospitality of the inhabitants, after the long and oppressive occupation of their town by the enemy. Nothing was seen or heard

but patriotic songs—swearing allegiance to the Constitution before the ugly portrait of Ferdinand the Seventh, "Vivan los Inglezez!" and fêting and dancing. We had a ball every night, and the people seemed to be all mad with joy. On the night of the 12th of September, when all busily engaged at a ball, the Marquis of Worcester arrived from Head Quarters with despatches for Sir Rowland Hill; in half an hour the party was broken up, and early in the morning the corps was put in motion for Truxillo. I recollect the terrible wetting we all got in a heavy thunder storm, as we were leaving the town, and when the sun had nearly dried our clothes upon our backs, during the morning march our lower integuments were again dipped mid-thigh deep in fording the Guadiana.

The angry elements pelted us pitilessly on every opportunity till we arrived at Truxillo; and then, after a poor muleteer had been killed by the lightning, who was sitting on his mule, singing "Viva Ferdinando!" it cleared up, and we had very fine weather.

A large depôt of provisions and stores, and an hospital were established at Truxillo. Head Quarters remained here and in the neighbourhood for some days, and then the whole corps moved onward to Madrid; whilst, to my great mortification, the Medical Officer who was ordered to take charge of the hospital fell sick, and I was directed by the Staff Surgeon of the Division to take his place. I thus escaped much discomfort and suffering during the Burgos retreat, but I missed seeing Madrid and the Escurial.

CHAPTER IX.

TRUXILLO.—LOVE MATTERS.—PLOT OF ASSASSINATION DISCOVERED AND FRUSTRATED.—MEDICAL TREATMENT OF A SPANISH RIVAL.—SERENADE.—MARCH TO ELVAS.

> "Cujus a vertice ac nigricantibus oculis
> Tale quiddam spirat ac ab aurea venere."
> AUSONIUS.

TRUXILLO, corrupted from Turris Julii, its ancient name, is a place of high antiquity, having been a Roman Præsidium, and the head quarters of a legion. In modern times it is only known as the birth place of Pizarro; and the house in which he was born is still to be seen in the principal square. It is a large uninhabited, half-ruined building; indeed half the town is in ruins. I occupied the palace of the Medina Sidonia family as a general hospital; and it was melancholy to see the straw beds of the sick spread on the floors of the most magnificent apartments, and to behold on all sides similiar incongruities, and even much greater, and every thing in the town hastening rapidly to decay. A condition of things but too emblematic of the state of the monarchy.

I lodged in the mansion of the Condé de Q——, a descendant of Pizarro, a little old man, who, in right of his ancestor, always wore a small gold key outside the flap of his right coat pocket, of which he was very proud. He was very grandiloquent—as most Spanish gentlemen are—formal, courteous, needy, and pedantic. When he found I could read Spanish

he gave me the entrée to his Library, which was the best I saw in Spain; and I found there several English works, which I did not expect, translated into Spanish, and looking grotesque enough in their Castilian dress. Amongst these were Robinson Crusoe, Pamela, and Hervey's Meditations—the florid and inflated style of the last being exactly conformable to the Spanish idiom.

The Condé de Q—— had two daughters, Dona Francesca, and Dona Bernarda; with the latter of whom, who was the younger and the prettier, I soon found myself falling desperately in love. They had a very beautiful cousin, Dona Serafina, who used to spend most of her evenings at our house, whilst her inamorato, a very handsome Officer of the English Commissariat, whom I shall call Stanley, was never far off on these occasions. My time was fully occupied during the whole of the day; for I had two hundred sick, and a number of officers to attend, with one incompetent Spanish Medical Officer to assist me; but the evenings were for the most part my own. These were devoted to dancing, forfeits, blind man's buff, lessons in Don Quixote, singing, the guitar, and such like authorised modes of making love. In these very pleasant pastimes the loves of the Commissary and the Doctor throve amazingly. I may make his story the subject of an episodical chapter.

It is customary in Spain to take one's chocolate in bed, very early in the morning, and as there is no harm in doing at Rome what the Romans do in such matters, I found it good policy to conform to the national custom; and Antonio would sometimes bring it to me, fuming and fragrant, by day light. But more frequently the fairy-footed Bernarda, accompanied by Francesca, would give a slight tap at the

chamber door, and then appear at my bedside, bearing a little silver salver, on which was a small gilded cup of chocolate, so thick and rich, that the little delicate parallelopiped of toast, its unvarying attendant, would stand upright in the middle. Then would the lovely sisters remain,

twin cherries on one stalk,"

in all honest confidence, laughing and joking, and lisping their beautiful language, till I had finished my chocolate—a matter which I was never in much hurry to accomplish.

Let no man of vain imagination, nor woman either, entertain for a moment a thought prejudicial to the amiable couple; for no sweet brace of sisters on record, chaste as

" . . . the icicle
That hangs from Dian's Temple,"

could have uniformly comported themselves with greater propriety.

Love, they say, is as much the pabulum of poetry, as "Music is the food of Love." But as my poetical efforts here were mere lessons, to be submitted to the revision of my fair instructress; and, moreover, were about as unclassic Castalian as Castillian, I shall not inflict any of them on the reader. But, to shew him what is expected from a Lover in Spain, particularly when the nights are warm and pleasant, I shall introduce an English version of a serenade composed at Truxillo, and intended to be sung. Alas! there was not time to learn the guitar accompaniment.

SERENADE.

TRUXILLO, SEPTEMBER, 1812.

BY the Moon's imploring light
  Which calls thy beauties into sight;
By the soft and balmy air
  That longs to fan thy form so fair;
By the Nightingale's sweet strain,
  Warbling amidst our secret grove—
Burst dull Sleep's ignoble chain—
  Awake! arise, my Love!

By Music's soft mysterious power,
  Mellower for the midnight hour,
By thine own melodious song—
  By the thoughts that with it throng—
By the scene that song recals,
  But known to us, and to the Dove,
Hid in the Arbour's fragrant walls,
  Awake! arise, my Love!

I remained three months at Truxillo, and were I not afraid of swelling out my book to inexpedient dimensions, I could detail numerous incidents both of a comic and tragic nature, but all interesting enough at the time in which I was engaged. The adventures of various English officers, too, at this period, when robbed and maltreated by the numerous bands of "ladrones" on their way to join, and their woe-begone appearance when they arrived at our post, would fill a volume. Many delightful love passages must also be omitted, however exquisite to the parties concerned. I must also dispose of graver matters of jealousy and revenge with a hasty allusion. How I had a Spanish rival for the good graces of my mistress—how I was threatened with the cuchillo if I persisted in my presumption, and how this threat was attempted to be carried into effect, but of which I had timely information by a friendly anonymous letter. How, with the assistance of the trusty Antonio, and two of the Hospital orderlies, the tables

were turned on the plotters, who were soundly drubbed; how I discovered my little venomous rival amongst them; and though last, not least, how I treated him on that occasion most professionally, by administering with my own hands a good stiff dose of bark with the stick inside.

In the midst of these stirring and joyous scenes, events of great importance were taking place in front. King Joseph had assembled a very large force, and was marching on Madrid; and Sir Rowland Hill was moving to unite with Lord Wellington, leaving the Valley of the Tagus open to the French. One evening, when my friend Stanley and myself were more than usually happy with our mistresses, and I was enacting the part of the blindfolded Hero in our romps, Antonio brought me a letter that had just arrived, directing me to break up the Hospital establishment immediately, and remove the sick to Elvas. That night we romped no more.

I am well aware that in the frank acknowledgment of early errors, to be found in these pages, I lay myself open to the severity of criticism on many accounts; and chiefly for the egotistic presumption of supposing that such details of an obscure individual's youthful fooleries can interest the public. Still, though an extremely insignificant hero, as his story is begun, the Author begs leave to tell it in his own way.

In the garden of the Conde that night, amidst many sighs and tears, the elopement of the loving but sorrowing Bernarda was arranged; but not without the sanction of the Church, which was to be previously and secretly obtained. There being no post-chaises, nor other procurable vehicles at a short notice in that part of Spain, the ladies must travel on mule-back, or ass-back; so I purchased a quiet

female donkey to carry her fair load. As the whole business was secretly conducted—for we feared the opposition of the Conde—Antonio negotiated, that the owner of the animal should bring it to my stable the evening before the intended escapade, ostensibly to carry baggage. At the time appointed the donkey was grazing in a field with several others; and just before the proprietor caught her, a fight and general row had taken place among the bourros—the quiet animal selected for me received a kick in the mêlée from one of her he-relations, that lamed her effectually—no ass was forthcoming when required; and time pressed, for Soult and the King were advancing, and our army was in full retreat from Burgos. No other conveyance could be obtained; and thus our scheme failed, and the ignoble kick of an ass knocked the best concerted plan in the world to pieces. This trifling accident fortunately prevented me from making a fatal mistake, thus early in life, which would have irreparably shaded its whole complexion afterwards.

After bidding farewell to as lachrymose a pair of sisters as ever wept in each others arms, I conducted my sick to Elvas, accompanied by my friend Stanley, a good natured little Doctor of the Buffs, and a gigantic officer of the 71st, Ralph Dudgeon, somewhere near seven feet high, but every inch a good fellow. On the march the little boys and girls followed him as a prodigy, and every body stared up at him as if looking at a steeple. The roads at this time were infested by numerous bands of robbers, formed chiefly of deserters from the starving Spanish armies; but we marched in battle-array, and although we had one alarm in a thick Cork-tree wood, the rascals were frightened at our imposing appearance, and

made off on the approach of our small but compact column.

At Badajoz I failed not to call on the good Priest, my former kind host, and was concerned to find that one of the amiable sisters was suffering from a Tertian fever. Having prescribed for her, and left her a supply of good medicine (invaluable in Spain), we marched to Elvas.

CHAPTER X.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HANDSOME COMMISSARY.—A SOUVENIR OF TRUXILLO.

"O Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill."
BYRON.

"AVE Maria purissima!" said Don Ignacio Landriz on entering the saloon of the Marqueza de Santa Cruz one evening.

"Sin pecado concebida!" was the usual response.

"Bellissima Marqueza beso seus manos lindos." "Beautiful Marchioness, I kiss your fair hands. Adorable mother and angelic daughter, your vassal throws himself at your feet."

"Don Ignacio, we are charmed to see you honouring our little tertulha so early," said the Marqueza. "How beautifully fluent you military gentlemen are in your compliments. Your gallantry to our sex is only subordinate to the same quality in the field. Tell me, which is your forte, attacking the citadel of our hearts, or storming a real fortress?"

"Both are equally our duty, divine Marqueza. Fealty to El Rey y la Dama, we swear upon our swords, and are taught with our exercise."

"Bravo! Senhor," exclaimed a third interlocutor, the Marchioness's daughter, Donna Serafina. "Bravo, Senhor—the sentiment is most noble, and the associa-

tion delightful; but confess, Capitano, is not the gallantry a little easier than the fighting?"

"Perdona, lovely Senhorita, it is quite the same. For my own part, I prefer slicing off the head of a Frenchman to a bolero or a waltz—except with your charming self."

"Muchissimas graçias Senhor."

"But adorable Donna Serafina, how enchanting you look this evening. By the honour of a soldier, you are the most lovely rose-bud in all Spain."

"A pretty compliment, indeed, Don Ignacio. But my cousin, Maria de Pacheco, told me you said the same thing to her last night. You should change the flower, Senhor."

"You are so charming that even a rebuff from you is delicious."

"And from so distinguished a soldado, what lady ought not to be content with a compliment at second hand? But how goes on the war? How many of the enemy have you killed lately, Senhor?"

"Why we have had little to do since the siege of Tarifa. Some reconnoitering with Ballasterors only. Nothing that I call fighting."

"And at Tarifa?"

"Why there was a pretty little affair on the main breach during the storm, and I found myself attacked by four French grenadiers. Huge rascals they were."

"Did you slice off all their heads at once?"

"Ha! ha! ha! how witty you are, fair Senhorita."

"Or only two at a time?"

"Not exactly, bellissima. But at the Battle of Barrossa—"

"I understand—you mowed them down in couples.

But, mia madre, what did the English Commandant tell us lately of the Regimento del Principe having run away at the onset, and never pulled bridle till they reached the Cadiz Lines?"

"It is true, my child. He said so."

"Calumny—envy—Senhorita. Los Inglezez are, no doubt, good soldiers; but they will not allow any body to be brave but themselves."

"But did'nt the Dragoons really run away, Don Ignacio?"

"Why—no—one squadron wavered a little, only; but I led them back."

"And then did wonders?"

"It is not for me to say. But adorable Senhorita, let us converse on softer themes. You know how long I have been the slave of your loveliness. I swear—"

"To kill two at once—Maria and me. O be not so cruel. Non, non, Senhor Capitano—you are too valuable in these bad times to be lost, making love at Truxillo. Join your Regiment—you are much wanted. Keep them from running away. Adios, Don Ignacio."

The Marqueza de Santa Cruz and her daughter Donna Serafina were the two beauties—par excellence—of Truxillo. One was a majestic woman of thirty-five, though looking ten years younger; the other a most lovely creature of seventeen, and truly worthy of the compliment that had just been paid her; for she was fresh and fair, and fragrant as the richest bud that ever veiled its beauties on a moss rose tree's bosom.

We all know that roses and rosebuds, acting from the instincts of their sweet nature, turn their faces to the Zephyr and the morning sun, while they shrink

from the fierce mid-day beam, or the rude wind; and their human representatives, lovely matrons and maidens, do, or ought to do, the same. When I mention, then, that this terrible slayer of Frenchmen, a Captain of Dragoons, in the Regiment of the Principe de Paz—the execrable Godoy—was a short, stout, dark, and ugly man—forty-four years of age—with scowling eyebrows, fierce eyes, huge, coarse moustachios, a large mouth, and tobacco-stained teeth—I think the Reader will admit, that his voice could have had very little of the soft Favonian about it; and that our dear Senhorita was quite right in shrinking when she heard it, drawing close her pretty petals, and keeping all her charms and rich odours to herself—

> ' Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles."

But, if this is scarcely deemed a valid reason by some; seeing that in this mammon-ridden world of ours, age and ugliness are so often successful in wooing youth and beauty—I have another for the Reader's private ear. At this precise time, when Wellington at Salamanca burst through the French ranks—

> . . . and left the gallant Marmont
> Extended on the field without his arm on;"

though, en passant, this is a mistake; for the Marshal climbed up the Pyramids the other day, and made lusty use of both arms. However, at this time a Depôt was ordered to be formed at Truxillo, and a Commissariat Officer, whose true name I disguise under that of Stanley, was sent there to organize this establishment. This person was one of the most handsome, graceful, and accomplished men I ever beheld; in fact a perfect Adonis in face and figure—if such a solecism be endurable, as Adonis

with a pen behind his ear. The Commissary chanced to be billeted on the Marquis de Santa Cruz, where our little story opens; and in the course of my travels I have observed, that when good looking Cavalier and lovely Dame dwell under the same roof, no matter how spacious the mansion, or numerous the apartments, or ponderous the locks to the doors—they have a way of their own of soon getting acquainted.

However, here they were saved all trouble of this kind; for, on the very first day of his entering the house, when Mr. Stanley presented his billet to the Marquis, with a deferential bow, and a few sentences of pure Castillian, his noble host, pleased with his appearance and address, received him very graciously. After a short conversation, during which the Marquis learned, that the Officer just billeted on him was to be at the Head of the Department in that part of Spain, this good nobleman became quite affectionate; conducted his guest into a handsome saloon—introduced him to his wife and daughter—installed him in comfortable apartments—established his Irish servant also to his satisfaction, somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen; and begged that so long as the Commissary en Xefe, as he termed him, remained in Truxillo, sua Senhoria would make himself quite at home in his house.

It would be a little unhandsome, after all this civility, to pry into the kind nobleman's motives. The French had long occupied Truxillo, and as usual, fleeced and impoverished the inhabitants; and the Marquis had severely suffered with the rest. It was but natural, then, that the people of the place should be delighted at their departure, and the arrival of the English, who never maltreated any body, and who paid every body. I am very much afraid that this

last consideration had great weight with our Hidalgo; who, with a pedigree reaching to Roderic the Goth, had as lank a purse as Job the Arabian. The French, according to their immemorial and amiable custom, had made free with his Plate and other valuables, and drained the superfluities of his cellar, besides making love to his wife; which they would have done to his daughter also, if she had not been sent to a Convent out of the way. But they neither could know, nor steal every thing; and a large quantity of wheat and Indian corn had been secretly buried at the Marquis's Quinta, or Country House; and thirty pipes of good red wine there also ensepulchered. These had escaped the talons of the military harpies; and it is just possible that the owner might have erroneously conceived, he would get a better price for his corn and his wine, for the use of the English army if he treated the English Commissary General under his roof with marked hospitality.

Don Henriquez Stanley, as they called him in Spain, was, I have stated, a very accomplished person; and the circumstances of old family, a good education, and early foreign travel, did not a little enhance the advantages of face and figure, with which nature had eminently endowed him. He rose rapidly in the department in which, after the death of his parents, his friends had obtained him a clerkship; for he spoke Spanish like a Doctor of Salamanca, and could quote vernacular proverbs almost as glibly as Sancho Panza of facetious memory. Moreover, he was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word; of a generous and affectionate nature; and wherever he sojourned, twenty or thirty women were sure to be dying for him. He played on the flute, the violin, and the guitar, charmingly, as the ladies said; and he carried a first rate violoncello with his baggage, and called it

his wife. He sang sweetly and manfully, waltzed, boleroed, and fandangoed supremely, and made love divinely. Ah! my delicious little rose-bud, beware! beware! Poke thy dear little fragrant head into the midst of the maternal bush, and implore all its thorns for thy defence; an eager hand is near to grasp thee, and a button hole near the heart is open for thy reception.

"Margaritha, my jewel—and throth your very name, as my master says, manes a perril—to say nothing of your illigant teeth. But, mira usted—see, if there's not that bull-frog of a captain goin out of the street doorr agin, and drawing his big cloak about him."

"Yes, Senhor Bartholomeo—I see him. He is a frequent visitor, and I believe an admirer of my beautiful young mistress. The grace of the Virgin be around her!"

"Bad luck to him every day he sees a pavin stone! Faith, an he might save himself the throuble, now that we're here. My master wont lave him the ghost of a chance."

"En verdade, your master is a sweet, handsome gentleman, un caballero muy hermoso; and that Senhorita must have a hard heart who could bring herself to look cross on him."

"Faith, and you may say that with your own sweet mouth, Margaritha, and those purty lips of yours, like two beautiful ridd chirries, with the bames of the evening sun upon them."

"O you flatterer! You Senhores Irlandezez never say a word of truth to a woman."

"Throth, darlin, every word of it's the thruth, and I hav'n't tould you the half of it yitt."

"Ah, but Bartholomeo——"

"Barto—mio—By my conscience you're right in

calling me that same—for it's myself is your own Barty from the cockles of my heart to my heel-taps. And by the Piper that played afore Moses, us two, and thimm that's up stairs, will make two as nate couples for the Priest, as ivirr his Reverince pitched holy wather upon. But mind you help us with the misthress, Margaritha."

"I understand, Senhor."

"And don't forget, you purty crathur, that the more your misthress takes to my masthur, the more will Senhor Bartholomeo take to her maid; and that's aqual and rasonable all the world over, and the county of Cork to boot. Ogh! but thimm ruby lips of yours luk so invitin intirely—"

"Don't be rude, Senhor—stop—no—no—no—Bartholomeo, no modest Spanish woman permits such a thing before she is affiançada. It would be a mortal sin. Then indeed—"

"Ogh! and would you make a Corkman wait till thinn, you hard hearted little darlin. My countrymen, a cushleen, have the privvilige of the Pope and St. Pathrick, to stale a kiss when they plazed; but only from a purty mouth,—and the good ould saint swore, that if they stuck to that, he'd forgive thim the thift."

"O Senhor, in that case—"

Senhor Bartholomeo, as it sounds euphoniously in Spanish, was known at Kinsale by the name of Barty O'Reilly, and was as clean and active a boy of his inches as ever was reared in the extensive county of Cork. He was faithful, honest, and good humoured; and only now and then told a white lie, or displayed ought of those generic characteristics of his countrymen,—tipsitiveness and combativeness. He had gone to England to push his fortune; but, not succeeding

as fast as he expected, he looked out for a master to take him to the Peninsula at the beginning of the war, and engaged with Mr. Stanley. With him he went to Lisbon, Gibraltar, and Cadiz; and had been nearly four years his confidential valet at the opening of the little story.

It is, I believe, an axiom in the philosophy of the human mind, that the understanding cannot occupy itself devotedly, and with equal attention on two different subjects at the same time; for the greater interest will absorb the lesser; and if we attempt synchronously to master both, our wits will go a woolgathering with respect to one or the other, or be brought to a dead lock between them. It is no use quoting examples of great men before, or after Agamemnon, who could simultaneously employ half-a-dozen secretaries, in writing to their dictation, as fatal to this position; for even then the mind embraced only one thing at a time. Julius Cæsar, or Napoleon, or any other illustrious Dictator, might thus tire the fingers of his clerks; for they possessed the rare talent of quick mental abstractedness from one subject, and instantaneous transition to another; when the interrupted line of thought would be resumed and followed up, as if it had been continuously within the mind's grasp. And as the ideas flowed faster than the ink, the directing mind had time to quit one matter and take up another; keeping all the pens at work.

On the morning of the 20th of September, Mr. Assistant-Commissary General Stanley was rather late in coming to his office; and moreover, when he did arrive he seemed flushed at first, and then he grew pale, and became flushed again; and his handsome eyes looked unsteady, and could not fix themselves long on any object. In fact he was, as they say in France,

distrait, or in Munster, bothered—quite as good a word. It might be that he had a headache from losing his night's rest by the mosquitoes, which had free access to his bed-chamber from the garden beneath his balcony. However this may be, the Commissary put his hat upon a peg, but not its own peg, sate down to his desk, and began to mend a pen; but his hand was as unsteady as his eye, and having cut one side of the nib too short, and then the other, and so on alternately to the top of the slit; and then sliced off a small section of his forefinger—he wrapped the wounded member in his pocket handkerchief, placed his elbow on the desk, and reclined his cheek on his hand.

After half an hour's meditation in this sentimental position, and answering, à tort et à travers, certain questions propounded to him by some of the young clerks in the office—who thought him absorbed in some financial question as to the price of salt pork or green forage—Mr. Stanley opened a large ledger, took a pencil, and began to calculate some long columns of figures. But he found this even harder work than mending his pen; and after floundering amongst units, and tens, and hundreds, and making all kinds of mistakes, he shut his book, having made the notable discovery that Love is the most arrant miscalculator in the world. Our absent man of figures then took a sheet of paper, and began several flourishes with his pencil—first his name, with such a number of magnificent gyrations to the tail of the last letter, as no "y" was ever honoured with before—next a small foot and ankle stood out in skilful relievo from the paper—and then a beautiful female face. After about an hour of this useful employment, by which the interests of His Majesty's Service were very much

promoted, the Assistant Commissary General put on his hat, and came to pay me a visit.

It so chanced that he and myself had been old acquaintances. We had, I think, liked each other from the first when we met at Lisbon; and many a pleasant ride we had had together—to Mafra, to Cintra, and through the shady cork tree forests of the Alem-Tejo. What added now to the old friendship was the freemasonry of our present position; for I was engaged in a little affaire de cœur as well as he—our mistresses were first cousins, and mutual confidants; and thus circumstanced, the deuce was in it if we could have been less to each other than old Damon and Pythias, Castor and Pollux, or any other twins in blood or friendship on record.

"O my friend, she agreed to meet me at last! We had such a heavenly interview in the garden last night! For a full hour we sat in the arbour, and she poured into my ear such delicious confessions. I do from my heart believe there was never so divine a creature on earth. She sent me a beautiful ringlet of her raven hair this morning. By Jove, I'm mad to-day. I can settle to nothing."

"Happy fellow. She is a treasure. I never saw so lovely a girl. But beware, and be cautious. That rascally Captain. Had you nobody on watch?"

"O yes—Barty stood sentinel."

"He is honest as steel."

"We had a little romantic incident. What do you think of a nightingale striking up a pretty song from the tree over our heads?"

"Good, nightingales turn doves here. It must have pleased the Senhorita, though I suspect neither of you attended much to her music. I hope you didn't whisper loud enough to frighten away your songstress."

"No, but an odd noise outside the garden wall did."

"Indeed."

"And Barty swears he saw something like a man's head rise over the wall, near the large chesnut tree, and then disappear."

"It was a spy—perhaps Don Ignacio himself. You must meet no more in the garden."

"Meet no more in the garden! By all that's sacred, if twenty such rascals were sure to jump over the wall dagger in hand, I meet Serafina there to-morrow night!"

"Then Barty and I are to be in attendance, and armed."

"Thanks—agreed—and how gets on your little soft affair?"

"As well as possible."

"Do you know I'm brushing up my fencing. I see it will come to that."

"Never in an honourable way. He is a braggadocio and coward, who may assassinate but won't fight. Gibson says this was his character at Cadiz."

"Well, it can do no harm to supple one's wrist. I was once a tolerable hand at carte and tierce, and shall be again with a little practice. Do you know that Serafina is going to your house to see her aunt and cousins this evening?"

"J'en suis charmé, and her Caballero will not be far off."

"He will drop in to pay you a visit."

"Bueno, amigo. But caution's the word."

"Never fear. Adios."

In the evening Serafina came early, and half an hour after entered the Commissary. In a short time my Patrone and the Condessa—their two unmarried daughters, a married one with her husband, and another male relative, the lovely niece, Stanley and

myself, met in a handsome room with glazed windows, of which there were not more than a couple of dozen in the town. These quiet little uninvited parties used to be very pleasant, and were strongly contrasted with the stiff and formal tertulhas and grand assemblies in Spain. We had always singing, with the guitar, waltzing, sometimes a bolero, ending in charades, games of forfeits, and blind man's buff. Spanish songs partake somewhat of the ardent character of the climate and people; and on whatever subject, are deeply impassioned. In their love lyrics it is odd enough to perceive those modes of stilted thought and inflated hyperboles, which abounded in the voluminous romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries yet in common usage, and imbuing their amatory compositions at the present day. Cervantes may have banished knight-errantry, but much of the very language of the Paladins to their mistresses is yet the common parlance of lovers. The theme of their social songs is rarely light or comic, it is more generally the exultation of successful, or the lament of unfortunate love—the pains of absence—the joys of hope—the torments of despair—the miseries of a sleepless bed in thinking of a beloved individual—or the tantalizations of a dream. In fact, El Amor, in some phase or other, rejoicing and anticipating, or sighing and despairing.

After one or two light things had been preluded by my little favourite, with the usual guitar accompaniment, Bernarda handed the instrument to her lovely cousin, put her arm lovingly about her neck, kissed her cheek, and whispered the song she wished to hear. With a consenting smile, and without the least affectation, Serafina began a little song to a lively waltz tune, which soon set us all in motion. I noted down the words from the dictation of Bernarda the next morning.

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SPANISH SONG.

La hermosa Palmira
Mas bella que el sol,
Baylando esta danca
Le dice a su amor.
" A ti dulce dueño
De mi corazon,
Dedico mi afecto
Belleza y candor."

Chorus.

O Bayle dichoso!
Lindo y cariñoso,
Por ti los amantes
Pierdan su reposo;
Por ti corazones
Del amor heridos
Lloran suis pasiones
Con dulces sospiros.

" Como tu me llevas
Con tanta distreza,
Por ti mi firmieza
No se pierde, no—
Un compas graçioso
De tus vueltas sigo,
Baylando contigo
Muero yo de amor."

Chorus.

O Bayle dichoso! &c.

" Ligando mi cuerpo
En tus finos brazos,
Haces firmos lazos
A mi tierno amor.
Mi pecho agitado
De amor con excesso,
Un beso y outro beso
Templan nuestro ardor."

Chorus.

O Bayle dichoso! &c.

FREE TRANSLATION.

The fair Palmira in the waltz moved peerless as the sun,
And thus she whisper'd to her love as every dance was done:—
" To thee, O much beloved youth, the Sovereign of my heart,
I dedicate each charm and grace, and every brilliant part."

CHORUS.

All hail the waltz, that darling dance, where mirth and love conspire,
Where Cupid's darts
Transfix our hearts,
And sighs or smiles are interchanged, as lovers may desire.

"Supported by thy manly arm I firmly bear me on;
What stronger tie can bind my frame to my beloved one?
And with one impulse when we both in graceful circle move,
Love's arrow quivers in my breast—I faint—I die of love!"

CHORUS.

All hail the waltz, &c.

"Yet when the blood deserts my heart, and sense and spirit fail,
And fragrance from the drooping flower no longer shall exhale;
Beloved youth! thy magic power can bid its bloom revive—
One whisper soft—I start—I hear; one kiss—I thrill—I live!"

CHORUS.

All hail the waltz, that darling dance, where mirth and love conspire,
Where Cupid's darts
Transfix our hearts,
And sighs or smiles are interchanged, as lovers may desire.

After a few more songs, and fairly tiring ourselves with waltzing, games of forfeits were introduced; and although in these the penalty was sometimes a kiss, yet the kiss proper, that is, the salutation of the lips, was never permitted: a chaste touch of the cheek being its substitute. Still the boundary line between the lips and the cheek would be sometimes passed without great risk of hostilities; and I do believe that in the case of Doña Serafina and her adorer, and Doña Bernarda and myself, there was more than once a considerable trespass on the sweet territory about the mouth.

It is not natural to suppose that the redoubtable Captain of Dragoons would relish all these pretty proceedings; of great part of which no doubt he was apprized, from his intimacy with many persons in his

native town. His furlough was drawing to its close, and yet he was rather retrograding than making progress in his suit, for obvious reasons. At length he could no longer resist the conviction, that the handsome Commissary was a favoured rival, and began only to think of revenge. Still we met him in society without observing any change in his deportment; and he sometimes joined our little excursions to the Marquis's quinta, during the latter end of the vintage, when we roamed and romped amongst the vines, pelting each other with grapes, as they do with comfits in Carnival time at Rome or Naples. On these occasions Don Ignacio appeared good humoured, and generally attached himself to the Marqueza.

Thus matters proceeded very delightfully. One morning, when Senhor Bartholomeo took up the shaving water to his master, he thus addressed him:—

"Masthur dear, did you come home by your lone last night?"

"Yes, Barty. Why do you ask?"

"Ogh, it's only a rason I have. In throth, you'd betther not do so aginn. There's trason in the wind for shure an sartain. Nixt time I'll go and lukk for you, plaze God."

"Thank you, Barty. But what danger do you dread?"

"Faith, I'm tould you have a purty chance of half a futt of cowld steel in your gizzard some of these dark nights—God save us from harm!—and it's myself must lukk after ye."

On farther inquiry, Stanley found that his faithful henchman had some reason for his fears; and that his caution was not to be disregarded. Mr. Barty's Margarita had been informed by a gossip of hers, that she had casually overheard an obscure threat against

an English Officer, in a conversation between two men of bad character in the place; one of whom had been in jail on suspicion of a midnight murder, but was discharged for want of evidence.

Notwithstanding this little cloud in the distance—which yet might come to nothing—the course of true love could never have been smoother any where than with us in the city of Julius Cæsar. Stanley and his Serafina mutually believed each other a nonpareil on earth; her cousin Bernarda—a very attractive little lady—and myself had no such romantic notions, but were not the less fond; whilst Senhor Bartholomeo and Margarita followed exactly in our wake—as in duty bound. As for the good Marquis, he also was in excellent humour; for he had sold his corn and his wine at very nearly his own price.

One day Stanley and myself called on the English Commandant, and found him busy tapping a cask of very superior wine he had just received; whilst three or four Westphalia hams were resting themselves against the wall, after their liberation from confinement. "Come, my boys," he said, "you must help me to discuss the merits of the new supplies to-morrow. This wine, if I have any taste, is not inferior to Collares; and I think there is a turkey in the larder not unworthy to meet one of those hams. By the by, Mr. Commissary, make your butcher choose us a good bit of sirloin. Sharp, six then to-morrow, remember; and I shall hunt out for recruits. Eight, I hear, is the Prince Regent's favourite number, and mine too, when I can manage it."

Punctual to our time, we repaired to the citadel where our friend resided. This part of the once handsome and populous City of Truxillo afforded melancholy evidence of the sad decay of that strong and an-

cient town; and around the massy walls of the Turris Julii the greater part of the magnificent houses were uninhabited and fast becoming ruins. On entering the Commandant's drawing-room—a superb saloon in an old decaying palace—I noticed Stanley giving a little involuntary start, when he observed that Landriz was one of the guests; however, we were soon set at our ease by the very cordial manner of the Captain, who embraced us both. In a few minutes dinner was announced.

Much conviviality prevailed, and a handsome proportion of the Clarety cask evaporated on this occasion. The Westphalia was superb; whilst its bronzed and attractive vis à vis, the turkey, was of nearly equal flavour as its noble congener, strutting in all the fierce pride of independence in a North American forest. Even the Commissariat beef, mirabile dictu! was eatable. Don Ignacio seemed to enjoy himself beyond any of the party, and, I believe, pledged us all in rotation at dinner; besides drinking bumpers to the health of George Prince Regent, and Ferdinand the Seventh afterwards. I observed a singular play of features in his dark and forbidding countenance when he took wine with Stanley; the expression was decidedly truculent, but most transient; and was instantly lost in the returning hilarity of face from which it had involuntarily shot. He told us this was his last dinner in Truxillo, which he rejoiced to eat with his carissimos amigos the brave English. He was tired of idleness, and his furlough being nearly out, he was about to proceed on the morrow to join his regiment at Cadiz. Now that the siege was raised and the enemy had quitted Andalusia, a great part of the garrison would be disposable; and he hoped there would soon be something in the way of fighting to do. His

promotion could not be much longer delayed; and the utmost height of his ambition was to command the Principe's Dragoons in some general action, and shew the English and the world, that Spanish soldiers, when properly led on, had not degenerated from the time of the Capitano Grande Gonsalvo of Cordova.

Don Ignacio left us early with three or four others, having several arrangements yet to make preparatory to his journey. Beginning at the Commandant, he embraced us all round; then returned to the Host, and kissed him on both cheeks previous to his departure. When the usual valedictory vai usted con Dios! God be with you! was uttered by the company, it might have been imagination, but certainly some such sounds as—Go to the devil! struck on my ear from one of the party.

We sate rather late, as was too much the fashion in those times when the guests were harmonious, the host agreeable, and the Falernian first rate. In our case we might indulge a little with safety to our heads; for the wine, though of excellent flavour, was not strong—like the Collares it resembled. At one o'clock we had the bones of our fine bird devilled, and after a long chat over our concluding glass of brandy and water, we took leave and wended our way home.

Our host, as I have said, resided in the upper part of the town, and we had about half a mile to walk, by rather an intricate route, through narrow streets of deserted houses, rubbish, and ruins; but as there was some cloudy moonlight, we found little difficulty in threading our way through these gloomy defiles. We were both in lusty youth, health, and high spirits; for somehow, the approaching departure of our friend with the long spurs appeared to give us more pleasure than we chose to express. We certainly did not

fear him in an open and manly way; though we had some undefinable dread of this man, as we might have of a noxious creature in our path. We chatted away gaily on our route to the Plaza; praising the Commandant's good cheer, and devising ways and means of entertaining him in turn.

As we passed round the corner of a ruinous house, and proceeded down a very narrow lane, opening into the great square, we heard a whistle at a distance; by no means an assassinating signal, however, but a gleesome and musical whistle, which soon developed itself into the celebrated tune of "Paddy O'Rafferty," performed with many beautiful shakes and variations, by no less a person than Barty O'Reilly. "Why, Stanley," I observed, "your trusty valet appears in great force to-night. But he might have saved himself the trouble of escorting us."

"Why, yes—but it gratifies him, and he is such an honest creature. He hates that son of a gun of a Captain most cordially, and I believe——"

There was not time to finish the sentence; for that instant three men in black masks darted on us from a ruinous gateway; and the onset was so sudden, that I am surprised how we managed to draw our swords, which we had lately constantly worn when out at night. They had only stilettoes to appearance, and whilst one ruffian assailed me, the other two attacked my poor friend. Yet they missed the advantage of the first rush on unprepared men, for we were quick with our swords; and with equal numbers we should probably have been more than their match. Poor Stanley maintained his self-possession beautifully, though the odds were terrible; and with his back against the wall, warded the deadly thrusts of the two villains, and kept them from closing on him, with his

longer weapon. Our aide-de-camp, Barty, had been quite forgotten in the mélée; but a thought of him suddenly flashed on my mind, and I shouted his name as loud as possible.

I don't know that the moon feels any particular predilection for her "minions" in such conjunctions; but from her behaviour to us, I should be inclined to think not, and that she hates treachery and likes to shew fair play. However this may be, it is certain, that no sooner were the echoes of the words "Barty O'Reilly!" heard rumbling amongst the arched passages around, than an effulgent glimpse of moonshine shewed us the tight little Corkavian, trusty shillelah in hand, by our side! It was marvellous, and like a magic incantation, when certain potent sounds evoke a spirit at the bidding of the conjuror. Senhor Bartholomeo soon mingled in the fray. Hasting to the assistance of his master, he aimed a blow of his knotted blackthorn so truly at the head of one of his assailants, that it felled the villain to the ground. The other instantly dived into the ruins and disappeared. As for my opponent, he also scampered off on the sudden apparition of Barty; but not quite with impunity. The man the least "cunning of fence" may injure his adversary when he turns his back; and this assassin had the benefit of a good thrust about the midriff when he was making off, which neither improved his breathing nor digestion.

I ran to Stanley whilst Barty seized his prisoner by the neck. "Not hurt, I hope, my dear fellow?" "Why—why—only flurried I think, though I certainly felt a stab or two." On a more careful examination, it was found that one murderous thrust had been aimed directly at the heart, which a guardian rib had received; and another had inflicted a consi-

derable, but superficial wound on the right side, from which the blood was still streaming. He was faint, but it was soon ascertained that neither of the wounds was dangerous; which cheering news I immediately communicated to my poor friend. He was then placed on the ground, with his head on a stone, till I reconnoitred the prisoner.

Senhor Bartholomeo had hitherto been dumb from apprehension for his master; but when he heard me telling him to be of good cheer, for there was no danger, the attached Irishman recovered at once his usual volubility. "Ogh, you black-faced and black-hearted villain, is it kilt all out and intirely you are, you C—o Demonio! Ogh, but you're rightly sarved! And who are ye at all, at all, ye bloody tief of the world—show us your ugly face." And tearing off the mask at the word, Don Ignacio Landriz, now restored to consciousness, lay before us!

"And so you would murdher my masthur," resumed Barty, tearing off the Captain's neck handkerchief, and pinioning his arms with it; and giving him a kick in the ribs when he shewed any resistance to the process—"You would murdher him behind his back, you spalpeen, and git another black divvil to help you, bekase an illigant young lady tuck to his handsome face, and put her tongue in her cheek at your ugly mugg. By my sowl, and plaze God, you'll dance on the tight rope for it, and that's some comfort, any how."

We conveyed Stanley to his lodgings, had his wounds dressed, and put him in bed; and then conducted the discomfited Captain of Dragoons to the main guard, where we left him properly handcuffed and secured, with two sentries over him. On our return I found the Marqueza and her daughter in my

friend's apartment, ministering to him with the most affectionate attention; however, as it was now late, they were prevailed upon to retire, and the trusty Barty took their place.

It has passed into an axiom, that in time of sickness, the ministrations of an affectionate woman are especially delightful; and often more sanitary and efficacious than all the drugs of the leech. O ye who have been the subjects of her sweet and soothing cares, ye have experienced the magic communicated by the last touch of her hand when she smooths your pillow, draws the curtains, and leaves you to repose. It is the true and beautiful magnetism that banishes pain and anxiety, and in their stead leaves ease and tranquil rest. Yet nature is full of mystery; and it is a strange fact, that the power to work the charm we speak of is regulated by the age and comeliness of the Lady-Magician. Though learned masculine doctors inspire confidence in proportion to years and experience, and though, in them, plainness of features is not deemed derogatory to power of mind; yet here the case is entirely different. The influence of the spell is in the inverse proportion of age and ugliness. No practitioner above five-and-thirty can work any extraordinary cures, unless gifted with singular personal endowments; and a very plain woman, old or young, cannot remove a single ache.

Senhor Bartholomeo, evidently two or three inches taller from his recent achievement, ran across the square at daylight, to say his master had passed a tranquil night. In the course of the morning the Commandant and myself repaired to the house of the chief Alkaldi of the town. He instantly summoned two of his officers, and we set out in a body to the main guard, to examine the prisoner, and make the

necessary legal depositions, previous to his committal to the custody of the civil authorities. On the way we met the Town Serjeant, who handed the following document to the Commandant:

MORNING GUARD REPORT,

Truxillo, 20th October, 1812.

Parole—Wellington.

Strength of the Guard:—1 Serjeant. 1 Corporal. 15 Rank and File.

Remarks.—Guard all present, but somewhat the worse for liquor last night; it was brought in by the sentries over the prisoner, to whom he gave money. Prisoner missing.

JOHN FISHER.
Serjeant —th Regiment.

Too true it was that the rascal, availing himself of that sad propensity to drunkenness, almost the only military vice of British soldiers, but the prolific source of all others, had corrupted the sentinels, guard, non-commissioned officers, and all; and during their drunken orgies had made his escape. Immediate, but fruitless, search was made in the town, by the civil and military authorities. The Commandant sent accredited statements of the whole proceedings to the Spanish Minister of War, and the commanding officer of the Principe Dragoons; but whether the murderer became a Contrabandista, or joined a band of robbers, or deserted to the French, or went to the d—l in some more respectable way, was never certainly known. He did not rejoin his regiment.

Don Henriquez Stanley recovered from his wounds a great deal too soon, to his great regret, no doubt; and I dare say he often wished that the daggers of the assassins had entered an inch or two deeper, so as they kept clear of a vital part, that his delightful convalescence might be a little longer protracted. In a short time things resumed their old course; and the

dear little scenes of singing, and guitaring, and waltzing, and multifarious love-making were enacted as before.

Eheu! in this sad mutable world of ours, grief ever treads on the heels of joy. Ugly reports of disasters at Head Quarters began to circulate—the army had been repulsed at Burgos, and was retreating towards Portugal; and apprehensions of another invasion of the malditos Francezez began to cloud the brows of the Truxillians. Still our confidence in Lord Wellington was strong; and in our little enchanted circle the word was every night—

> "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined—
> No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

One night, as we were all at high romps in a game of blind man's buff, in the Marqueza's large saloon, a Courier cracking his long whip, and jingling the soft-toned bells of his tall mule, galloped through the square on his way to the Commandant's. The game went on, and Stanley had just caught the gentle Serafina, "nothing loth," and was bandaging her beautiful eyes, when letters were brought to him and myself, having inscribed on them the ominous word "*immediate*" in characters of formidable size. These brought the astounding news, that King Joseph and Soult, at the head of an overpowering force, were in hot pursuit of the Allied Army—that the enemy were in full possession of the Valley of the Tagus, and their cavalry and light troops scouring its left bank, which was quite open to their ravages. Under these circumstances we were very unsafe at Truxillo; consequently the depôt must be broken up, the stores and sick removed, and the town evacuated, with the least possible delay.

Oh, what sighing, what sobbing, what weeping, what lamenting, what fainting, what hysterics were to be seen and heard in Truxillo that night; more especially in the households of the Marquis of Santa Cruz and the Conde de Q——a! How spoiled and blood-shot were three or four pairs of the most brilliant eyes in the world, next morning. What curses and execrations were poured out on the abominable Francezez throughout the town—curses not merely from masculine and moustached, but I fear from ruby female lips also. Recording angel! thy labours were onerous on that melancholy night! Even the gentle affections that for three or four months had had such delightful exercise, were for the time overwhelmed by the greatness of the calamity, and hatred—dire hatred of the French, momentarily superseding love to the English, engrossed all hearts. Dona Serafina, la pobrecita, wailed till she fainted; and when her mother's care had brought her back to consciousness, and she beheld her lover at her feet, it was only once more to relapse into insensibility.

As for Mr. Barty O'Reilly, he did nothing but pack up his master's baggage, and abuse the innemy, and the cowardly Spaniards for not stopping them, for the first five or six hours; and I don't wonder, for he had seldom been in such comfortable quarters. Sometimes he swore in Spanish, sometimes in Portuguese, sometimes in English, or a beautiful medley of all three; but his bitterest execrations were expressed in his native Irish tongue, by reason that he found it "more convanient in respect to the cursin."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HANDSOME COMMISSARY.—A SOUVENIR OF TRUXILLO.—(CONTINUED.)

"And will you pardon, then," replied the youth,
"Your Henry's borrow'd name and false attire—
I durst not in this neighbourhood, in sooth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire,
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart . . ."

"She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly fond."
GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

ALL nature appeared to sympathize with the grief of parting lovers the morning we left Truxillo. The season was the middle of November; and although this month, so cheerless and gloomy to every body but a sportsman in England, is usually very different in the south of Spain; yet on this occasion, the dark clouds, scudding through a cold and muddy atmosphere, the veiled sun, and the ruffian winds were even more dismal than in the less genial climate, from being more uncommon and less expected.

On the second day of our march I observed, a little way ahead, a woman closely veiled and cloaked, mounted en cavalier on a donkey, whilst a man, whose walk and figure were not unfamiliar to me, was urging on the animal by a touch of the whip now and then, which was rendered emphatic by the everlasting "Bourro!" with the prefix of the Milesian interjection, Arrah, Bourro!

"In the name of St. Patrick, Barty, who is the mounted lady?"

"Throth, your honour, it's nobody but Margaritha the crathur; for she couldn't stay behind me."

"But I hope you have behaved like an honest man in the business. Are you married?"

"Ogh, shure, and that we are, sir. She's a dacent woman, and divvel a peg would she stir without it. So we were sacretly spliced by the family clargee, and tight enough I warrant ye, sir, for he was a tundhering long time about it."

"I'm glad to hear it, Barty, and wish you much joy."

"Then thank you kindly, sir, and it's myself that hopes to do that same to your honour soon, let alone my good masthur."

The bride was a good looking little brunette, blushing and timid, but nevertheless appearing very happy. No doubt she was under the impression that her beautiful mistress would soon follow her example, and that then she would be permitted to resume her old station. As for Senhor Bartholomeo, he trudged along as proud as a prince, though often up to the knees in mud; his master's baggage-mules in front, and himself covering the rear of the column, with the donkey and Margarita.

On the fourth day we reached Merida, the Augusta emerita of the Romans, and here we halted a day. As I have before observed, this place is full of Roman remains, and a fine field for an antiquarian. The Roman citadel is yet in a state of remarkable preservation, and with a little labour would make a formidable Tête du Pont. The walls are strong and massy —there are some fine baths, with the granite ducts yet in existence, that let in the water of the river; but

the numerous imperial busts in white marble, studded here and there in the wall, are ridiculously small; and at even a short distance look more like pins' heads than emperors'. Though neither my love-sick companion, the Commissary, nor myself, even in our sober senses had any black letter lore worth mentioning, we devoted nearly the whole of our halt to the exploration of those rich relics of Roman power and skill, under the guidance of a learned clerical Cicerone.

Soon after our arrival in Elvas I parted from my friend Stanley and marched to join my Regiment, whilst he remained there. In consequence of the occupation of both banks of the Tagus by the enemy, and the excursions of their foraging parties down the left side, there was no correspondence between our Truxillo friends and ourselves during the remainder of the winter. There were reports, indeed, that a Chef de Bataillon of French Infantry in that town was quartered in Stanley's old billet; and the jealous imagination of a lover did not fail to paint him martial, handsome, and ardent, and making strong love to the fair Serafina.

At length such suspicions became absolute and insupportable torture to my sensitive friend, and he determined, at whatever risk, to ascertain personally the state of affairs. He obtained three weeks leave of absence, under the pretence of private business at Estremoz; and, disguising himself as a Capitraz, or Chief of a small band of muleteers, set off boldly for Truxillo. He tinged his hands and his handsome face and neck with walnut juice, to give the true olive complexion; added a pair of black moustaches and a dark wig; and providing himself with a smart and appropriate dress, with some scores of silver buttons on his jacket and vest, he stood forth a good

looking and perfect Spaniard. Mr. Barty also turned muleteer, and accompanied his master on this hazardous expedition; and at the head of four trusty Spanish muleteers besides, who had long been employed by the Commissariat, and were now promised ample payment for this particular service, our hero proceeded on his journey. He loaded his mules with salt at Merida—this prime necessary of life being in great request in the interior towns of this part of the country.

Every thing favoured the romantic enterprise; and having met with no obstruction in the way, for I believe the enemy pushed no lower down than Truxillo, the Capitraz at the head of his little band proceeded up the steep hill of that town, late in the evening of the sixth day, smoking his çigarito with the utmost nonchalance, whilst the muleteers were gaily singing a quartetto. Near the gate they were brought up by a sentry.

"Qui va là?"

"Amigo."

"Halte là!' amigo. You must see the Commandant. Es menester ver el Senhor Commandante."

"Assuramente, Senhor soldado—mas quien es el Commandante?"

"Le Colonel Dufresne. His quarter is in the Plaça."

"Vamos entonees, Senhor."

"Non, non. You must wait till I am relieved."

"Paçiencia. Fuma usted, Senhor?"

"Merci. It is contrary to orders on my post."

For a full half hour was the party detained; the Capitraz all the time smoking his çigar, chatting with his companions, or singing some old song of the Moorish wars. At last the relief came, and the corporal of the guard, having conducted the convoy to

the Guard House, left it there in charge of the Serjeant, who directed him to escort Stanley to the quarter of Colonel Dufresne—his own former well-known residence. In quitting his people, he managed to make a signal of caution and silence to Barty, pursuant to the plan agreed on, which was, that he should pretend to be deaf and dumb.

We may conceive what must have been our hero's emotion on entering the house of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, ascending the spacious and familiar stairs, and being ushered into the dear saloon where he had passed so many happy hours. He found it occupied by a middle-aged and martial-looking man, with a stern expression of countenance; who, casting aside a letter he had been reading, looked keenly at Stanley for an instant, and then addressed the Corporal.

"Eh bien, Caporal Gauthier, who is this man?"

"A Capitraz of Muleteers, mon Colonel, whom we stopped at the gate half an hour ago. He has ten mules laden with salt, from Merida, he says."

The Colonel then asked the Capitraz.

"Parles-tu François, ami?"

There was a negative shake of the head.

"You are a devilish good looking fellow for a muleteer."

Another shake.

"Bueno, amigo, what is your name?"

"Manoel Lopez, of Don Benito, at your Excellency's service."

"And you have a convoy of salt—how many mules' loads?"

"Ten, your Lordship, a servicio de sua Senhoria."

"Non, Lopez—I shall be generous, and only take half."

"My cargo is in a manner privileged, please your Excellency. Both French and English allow it to pass freely, for the use of the population, who cannot exist without it. Besides, your Lordship is too high minded to ruin a poor man, who trusted in your generosity."

"You are a bold fellow, Senhor Lopez, and your language scarcely befits your station. There is a tinge of insolence in it not quite to my taste. You come from Merida?"

"Si, Senhor."

"Any English in that neighbourhood?"

"No Senhor-graçias a Dios, none nearer than Badajoz."

"Sacré! there are some thousands of them under the turf there, at any rate. Phillippon gave them a tough job in the way of burying. Do you bring any news?"

"None but what your Excellency has probably heard already. It is currently reported that the English are despairing of success, and about to retreat to their ships."

"En verdade?"

"So it is said at Merida and Don Benito."

"Well, you may retire. I give you three days to sell your salt; but the garrison is in need of this article, and must have one load.

"Adios, Senhor Commandante, muchos gracias. Viva sua Senhoria mil anos."

The Corporal then received instructions to search the persons of the Capitraz and his handsome wife—to examine the sacks of salt and the equipment of the mules; and if nothing wrong should be discovered, to let the party go, keeping one load for the Mina.

Caporal Gauthier, no violence, no pillage; I shall not suffer it:" said the Colonel at parting.

Carefully did Stanley scan the interior of the house, for some trace of the former inhabitants, but he could observe nothing; and quitting it with reluctance he proceeded to the Guard House with the Corporal. Here his fears were instantly excited by the appearance of Barty, surrounded by a group of the soldiers, to whom he was gesticulating and making all kinds of strange grimaces; counterfeiting dumbness and idiotism, but at the same time, unfortunately manifesting perfect auricular powers, which appeared to excite some suspicion. And such was the love of fun and humour in this genuine son of the green sod, that, confiding in the license usually granted to persons of his assumed class, he could not avoid mimicking any peculiarity he observed among the French soldiers. When Stanley arrived, Mr. Barty was busy making faces at a grenadier with a Bardolph nose, to the great amusement of the muleteers and all the guard, except the object of his attack; who was beginning to get a little savage, and to look as if small additional provocation was required to make him crop Senhor Bartholomeo's ears.

"Peace! Sanchez," cried the Capitraz sternly—giving the grinning scaramouch a good cuff at the same time—"Peace, idiot! He is a poor half-witted creature, Senhor Sargento: you will pardon the liberties he takes with the gentlemen under your command. Pobrecito! he lost both his senses and his speech by a fright from a mad bull when he was five years old."

Then taking out his ample cigar case, and lifting the goat skin cover, he courteously presented it to the Serjeant and the whole Guard in their turn; com-

mending at the same time his choice Seville çigaritos to their notice and approbation, and lighting his own with a brand from the fire. After the examination of their persons, to which the muleteers grumblingly submitted, and a similar scrutiny of the mules and their loads, and chatting amicably for a while with the Serjeant, the Capitraz lighted a fresh cigar, placed the remaining contents of the case in the Serjeant's hands, left a sack of salt with him, and then conducted his band to a posada in a remote and obscure street.

It may well be imagined that our hero did not devote much of his time to the disposal of his merchandize. Knowing the inn-keeper to be trustworthy, he took him aside, frankly communicated his secret, and asked information respecting the family of the Marquis. Stanley's joy was great when he learned, that some days before the arrival of the French, the Marqueza and her daughter had disappeared; and it was generally believed they were secreted somewhere in the country; though the business had been so well managed that nobody could tell where. To preserve his property from French rapacity as much as might be, the Marquis himself continued to reside in his house in Truxillo. That same night, by the friendly assistance of Senhor Zambolo, the inn-keeper, an interview took place between Santa Cruz and Stanley; and, possessed of the secret abode of his mistress, the Commissary procured another disguise, and set off in the course of the night to pay her a visit.

Our lovely Serafina, dressed in a rustic habit, had just arisen from bed, and entered the little cottage-garden to enjoy the freshness of a fine morning, and to collect some early flowers for her mother. Their

abode was in a remote and secluded hamlet, under the protection of two servants of the family and an old couple, in whose house they resided. The fair daughter was busily engaged with her bouquét, when a strange paysano approached, lifted the latch of the garden door, entered, and stood beside her. Serafina uttered a faint scream, dropped her flowers, and would have run to the cottage, had not Stanley's well-known voice arrested her. Another moment, and she was folded in his arms.

It is not necessary at this time of day to make a long parade of such truisms as the meetings of lovers after long absence being the sweetest drops in life's cup—or the radiant points that enlighten and embellish its long, and sometimes gloomy, vista, &c. I shall take all this for granted, and only say, that two days were passed in rapture by Stanley and his mistress; but on the morning of the third, it behoved them to part. They separated, after exchanging endless vows of eternal love and devotion, as is customary in such cases; and arranging, with the consent of the Marqueza, that so soon as the south of Spain should be free from the presence of the enemy —of which the extensive preparations now making by Lord Wellington gave promise—Stanley would repair to Truxillo, and openly claim his bride.

On returning to his posada, our hero saw by the clouded brow of his landlord, that something wrong had occurred in his absence; and soon learned that the Commandant had been making inquiries respecting him, and had directed him to repair to his quarters immediately; expressing at the same time much displeasure at his absence. From this, and other threatening circumstances, it appeared that a severe ordeal was yet before our friend; and that himself and his

band might find much more difficulty in quitting Truxillo, than they had experienced in entering it.

The question now was, whether, having accomplished his object in visiting the place, he ought not to avoid running any farther risk, and immediately leave the town by stealth with his people. This would not have been difficult, for the ruinous wall permitted egress for man and beast at different places; in the darkness the sentries might be evaded, and as the French had no cavalry, pursuit was out of the question. But then the safety of Senhor Zambolo would be compromised by his evasion—other innocent persons of loyal politics, and who were obnoxious to the French, might be implicated, and serious mischief be the result of a proceeding rather of a dastardly character, and that implied guilt. My gallant friend, therefore, boldly resolved to run all hazards in preference, and repaired at once to the residence of the Commandant.

On his way to the Plaça, he met his acquaintance the Serjeant of the Guard, with half a dozen soldiers, going in quest of him. Colonel Dufresne looked a little savage when he entered, and addressed him in rather a startling manner.

"You have been three days absent from Truxillo, neglecting the business which brought you here. This, then, was not your real business, but a pretence. Par Dieu! M. le Capitraz, I believe you to be a spy, and I have a strong inclination to order you to be shot. What do you say, hombre?"

"I have no fear your excellency will do so unjust and cruel an act."

"Sacré! tonnèrre! you take it coolly. Where have you been? What have you been doing? Why have you not disposed of your merchandize?"

"My lord, I can answer your questions with all truth and frankness. I sold my whole cargo to the Senhor Zambolo, the Posadero in the Calle de Cadiz, the evening of our arrival; and I went early the next morning, disguised as a paysano, to visit a married sister, who lives at Jaracejo."

"Disguised as a paysano—for what reason?"

"To avoid detention, perhaps robbery on the road."

"How am I certain that your presefit costume is not also a disguise?"

"Here I possess the evidence of several persons that know me, please your excellency; and your own knowledge of the language may convince you, that I am what I appear, a true Spaniard."

"I distrust you much, Senhor Capitraz. Your bearing and appearance do not harmonize with your condition. Serjeant, bring hither Zambolo, landlord of the Posada where this person's band are lodged."

The Posadero soon appeared; but having been previously well drilled, he confirmed the Capitraz' story in all its parts; so that the Commandant, though still suspicious, could yet find no evidence on which to inculpate our hero. After a long pause he said—

"Senhor Manoel Lopez, I hâve the strongest reason to believe that you are not what you appear; and I should feel quite justified in proceeding to extremities with you. I shall pardon you on one condition."

"I have committed no offence, your excellency."

"Tais toi! Leave your band here—I shall take care that they are not molested. Repair to Badajoz with a letter. Deliver it to a friend of ours there, and bring back an answer. You will then be free, and moreover, I shall reward your service."

"My Lord, I am in an humble rank of life, but I

am an honourable Spaniard, of pure blood, who has never done a base thing."

"You refuse, then?"

"I shall never act the base part of a spy, your excellency, even though the office were unattended with the great risk of detection and punishment from the English."

"Listen, hombre; that no evidence may be detected on your person, I shall entrust you with a verbal message, to which a similar answer will be returned."

"I shall never be a spy, I repeat, my Lord, though death should follow the refusal."

"Sacré Dieu! then M. le Capitraz, I am sorry for you. You may see your confessor when you please. At nine to-morrow morning you shall be shot. Va-t'en!"

"I am an innocent man, my Lord. You will deeply repent having shed my blood. God avert so great a crime!"

The Commandant then ordered Stanley to be conveyed to the Guard-House; and directed a party of eight men with loaded muskets to be ready in the morning.

In the meantime the affair got wind, and many of the leading persons in the town were entrusted by Zambolo with Stanley's secret; which they religiously kept—for a Spaniard's honour was always inviolate through the Peninsula struggle, when pledged to the English—the result was, that before the Commandant retired to rest, the head Alkaldi, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and many of the chief inhabitants waited on him, and urgently implored pardon for the prisoner. He heard them with politeness, but dismissed them with an absolute refusal.

But our poor friend's days were not destined to be

thus prematurely cut short. Colonel Dufresne, although a stern soldier, was not naturally a cruel man; and after a night's reflection, he again examined Zambolo, and the Serjeant and Corporal of the guard, who had first arrested the muleteers. The result was, that he was staggered by the account he received of the natural though resolute deportment of the Capitraz; and when he bethought him of his fearless and gallant bearing in the near prospect of death, he could not refrain from admiration of that manly virtue, which with a Frenchman atones for such a multitude of sins. Yielding to this generous impulse, he countermanded the order for Stanley's execution, and directed that he should be brought once more into his presence.

"Whoever and whatever you are, I cannot refuse you the merit of great intrepidity. I pardon you, you are free."

"I thank your excellency; but I never had any fears as to the result. No brave Frenchman is cruel by nature—still less can any gallant soldier be wantonly, and profitlessly, both cruel and unjust."

"Who the devil are you? Tell me, and I pledge the honour of a Frenchman to respect your secret, whatever it is. You are no common man."

Two hours after this question was asked, the Spanish Capitraz of Muleteers, and the French Commandant, were seen sitting down together very amicably to breakfast, to the great astonishment of the servants. This was not diminished by observing their master embrace our hero warmly on departing with his band.

All being now happily ended, Stanley and his party proceeded joyously on their way. Barty was in greater spirits than any body—voluble as ever, even in his

broken Spanish, and sporting his wit and jokes without stint or measure.

"Well, Senhor Bartholomeo," said his master—"after all, you are but a silly fellow—you don't know the risk we all were exposed to—and yourself particularly—by your nonsensical buffoonery with the guard."

"Ogh, masthur dear, shure no one would suspect a natural, that hasn't God's blessed speech in him."

"Yes, but you forget that naturals, as you call them, or idiots who are born dumb, are always deaf."

"Troth, masthur, that same didn't occur to me at all, at all—but what matther—them ommadhawns wouldn't be cute in finding it out. Weren't they too busy in laughing at the fun? And when I winked at the rid-nosed grannadier, didn't they all twig the joke?"

"Ay, but he didn't. And I can tell you that a French grenadier is not to be trifled with; and that that same gentleman with the lantern on his poop would think as little of blowing out your silly brains, as I would of shooting a snipe."

Mr. Stanley resumed his duties at Elvas, and gave me a long letter containing the preceding details. At this time Lord Wellington was busily engaged with those comprehensive arrangements that ushered in the Vittoria campaign. The months of February, March, and April, and the beginning of May, were employed in improving the equipments of the army—providing tents—collecting magazines—clearing the hospitals in the rear-drilling recruits—organizing the Spanish troops—in fine, putting the whole allied army in a state of unprecedented strength and efficiency for taking the field.

In the first week of May, my friend, accompanied by the faithful Barty, was once more en route to Truxillo, from whence the enemy had retired, to make commissariat arrangements, in concert with the Spanish authorities, for establishing a depôt of provisions for the subsistence of the Conde d'Abisbal's army of Andalusia, which was to pass to the Tagus by this route. The roads being still much infested by robbers, both master and man travelled well armed.

Amongst the numerous contretemps in this world of cross purposes, few things try one's philosophy more than to be disturbed in the midst of great enjoyment, or anticipation of enjoyment, by some coup of imminent personal danger. Towards the evening of the second day, when our travellers were passing through the cork tree forest of Miajadas, four leagues from Truxillo, and Stanley's glowing fancy was portraying the delights of the approaching meeting with his true love, without disguise or apprehension, and in the hallowed scene of the infancy of their passion,—a bullet whistled sharply past his ear, and his servant's hat was knocked off by another! no enemy was seen, but too puffs of smoke were descried under two large trees, fifty yards from the road. Master and man, ignorant of the strength of the latent enemy, instinctively set spurs to their horses, and galloped on, pursued by six mounted robbers, who fired several shots at the fugitives, but luckily without effect.

The chase was long and doubtful; the horses of Stanley and his domestic being superior to those of their pursuers; but they were fatigued by a long and rapid journey. After emerging from the wood into the open country, and coming within distant view of the high citadel of Truxillo, our friends still found

themselves unrelentingly pursued; and made the unpleasant discovery, that the robbers, whom they had at first left a considerable way behind, were now fast gaining on them; and that, as no friendly house was to be seen, and no aid in view, it was probable they would be shot or captured before they could reach the suburbs of the town. In a few minutes two of the foremost villains had come within a hundred yards; the certainty of being overtaken was manifest, and the question was, whether they should make a merit of surrendering at discretion, to ensure less violent treatment, or turn at once on the two leading bandits, whose firearms had probably been discharged—take deliberate aim, and by bringing one, or both of them down, possibly intimidate and stop the rest.

In circumstances of great danger akin to the present, a fearless and daring line of conduct is generally the most prudent after all; and the sentiment, embodied as an adage in most languages, that "Fortune favours the brave," must have been founded on universal conviction of this truth. Suddenly Stanley and his servant stopped, turned round their horses, rode full at the two foremost robbers, and each covering his man, discharged their pistols at them within six yards distance. Both ruffians were arrested by this bold act, and one instantly tottered and fell from his saddle. There was little time for observation, their danger being yet imminent; but in the hurried glance they caught of the wounded man, both Stanley and his companion recognized the well known features of Don Ignacio Landriz.

They now urged their horses to the utmost speed, and were delighted to find, on looking back, that the whole band of their pursuers was arrested by the spectacle of their leader's dying agonies; thus per-

mitting their intended victims to pursue their way unmolested to Truxillo.

Stanley found the Marquis and his family once more established in their mansion in the Plaça; and I presume I may waive describing the particulars of his first interview with his lady love, and leave the remainder of the story to the reader's imagination, according to convenient and established usage.*

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* Eleven years after these transactions, I spent a happy day with my friend and his wife, at Oak Cottage, near Durham. They appeared to be in comfortable circumstances, and had then a family of three sons and two daughters, blooming and beautiful, and exemplifying in their persons and lineaments the happiest physical results of the mixture of good Saxon and Spanish blood. Their mother, six months before, had conformed to the religious faith of her husband; and thus, all that was wanting to perfect identity of sentiment on this important matter, as on all other points, was attained. She appeared a model of conjugal affection and maternal devotedness; and having left her own family, and friends, and country, and confided herself in a strange land to the tenderness of the object of her first and fervent affection, she was repaid by as large a measure of marital love as probably ever fell to the lot of woman.

I must not omit mentioning, that Senhor Bartholomeo and his Margarita followed the fortunes of their master and mistress, and are, I believe, still in their service. They have not been blessed with children; but this privation, however deplored, has had one good effect in permitting them to continue in the discharge of their vocations as valet and lady's maid. I understand that when Mr. Barty gets tipsy, which is not more than two or three times a year, he maintains that it was his bullet that brought down the bandit chief, though he is not so confident in his sober senses, for he knows his master was always a capital shot.

CHAPTER XII.

BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.—NERVOUS PASSAGE.—THE AUTHOR MEETS LORD WELLINGTON TRAVELLING TO CADIZ.—LUDICROUS SUPPOSITION.—ESCAPE FROM ROBBERS ON THE ROAD.—ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF THE WHOLE BAND BY DON JULIAN SANCHEZ'S CAVALRY.—CORIA GALISTEO.—DISTANCING AN AGUE FIT.—EASTER SUNDAY AT PLASENCIA.

"Every bullet has its billet."
PROVERB.

WHEN we reached Elvas, we found that the most alarming reports were in circulation, as to the defeat and dispersion of the British Army, and the approaching advance of the enemy, in overwhelming force into Portugal; and it was even feared that another retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras might be necessary. A general gloom pervaded the city. I was ordered to remain, and do duty in one of the general hospitals till farther orders.

In the course of a few days these rumours ceased; for certain intelligence arrived, that after suffering considerable loss, both in the attacks on the castle of Burgos, and during the retreat from that city, the army was once more established in its old frontier positions, covering Portugal. Sir Rowland Hill's head quarters were at Coria, and General Byng's Brigade was stationed at Moralejo, a small town in that neighbourhood. I was directed to march to join my Regiment there.

Antonio and his master crossed the Tagus at Alcan-

tara, where the river runs deep and rapid between two steep rocky banks. The bridge is a fine relic of Roman power and skill, one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water; and until the main arch was blown up two years before, was in good preservation; with the white marble slab, even yet perfect as from the sculptor's hand—telling who were Consuls, and in what year of Trajan's reign it was built. It certainly was a daring attempt to lay the foundation of the piers of the arches in such a deep and rapid stream; particularly as any thing like coffer-dams must have been out of the question. I doubt whether all the skill in Spain could do the same thing now.

The Staff Corps under the direction of Colonel Sturgeon, had cleverly thrown a rope bridge, ninety feet long, over the broken arch; which from its great elevation, broad span, and elastic materials, shook under passengers very unpleasantly. When we crossed the day was very windy, and the bridge more than usually tremulous and unsteady; and although I dismounted, I was not without some apprehension, as a sudden gust would sweep violently through the deep gulley, in which the river ran boiling below, that the slender flooring under our feet might be blown from its moorings, and all upon it tumbled into the Tagus.

Lord Wellington having now placed his army in winter quarters, was on his way to Cadiz, to concert measures with the British Ambassador and the Cortes for a more perfect control over the Spanish armies, and the general interests of the kingdom. We met him and General Alava the morning we crossed the Tagus, on the road between Zarza Mayor and Alcantara. After they passed us, one of the staff rode back to make enquiries about the bridge. I advised the party to alight from the coach in which they tra-

velled; adding, that if the gale increased much more, the safest plan would be to cling to the mules' tails in passing the bridge. Whereupon this gentleman, no less a person, I believe, than that most distinguished officer, Lord Fitzroy Somerset—laughed at my good advice; and it certainly must have been a laughable thing to see the great Wellington and General Alava clinging to the os coccygis of a mule.

The next day an event occurred on the march by no means of a laughing nature. As we were moving quietly along a plain, thickly covered with the cystus shrub—Antonio and the baggage a little in the rear, a musket ball whistled suddenly by somewhere between my face and the horse's head, which made us both prick up our ears. I looked round in the direction of the report, and there plain enough was the puff of smoke amidst the tall shrubs, about fifty yards from the road. Incontinently I galloped towards a little hill; and by the most singular good fortune, not two minutes after, descried the head of a small column of cavalry approaching. They belonged to the partida of Don Julian Sanchez, and had been specially ordered to destroy a band of brigands supposed to be in the neighbourhood. I told the officer in command what had occurred, and we all hastened to the spot. The dragoons dashed into the shrubs very gallantly, and soon came upon a body of a dozen robbers, who were making off; not having had time to rifle the baggage. An exciting little affair followed, in which the band shewed fight to no purpose, the cystus, in which they had been hidden, being, at this place, as penetrable by cavalry as a field of corn. They were all killed or made prisoners, and I saw three of them afterwards strangled at Coria.

In this piquant little business one dragoon received

an ugly wound in the arm, which I dressed on the spot. Two of the prisoners had received some bad sabre-cuts, which I also offered to dress, but their ferocious captors would not permit me—at the same time abusing them with all imaginable execrations.

It had rained heavily lately, and every stream was much swollen, presenting numerous obstacles in our way, which we generally had to ford; and here again my portable goods and chattels were more than once in imminent danger. At length, after a long dreary march from Zarza, we reached the miserable town of Moralejo. Here General Byng's Brigade were resting after the fatigues of the Burgos retreat; although the indifferent rations, muddy streets, and wretched hovels of this village afforded but slender facilities for recovering efficiency. However, our Brigade had suffered little comparatively; the men having been well taken care of on the retreat, whilst others were starving, under the watchful eye of the best Brigadier, assisted by the exertions of Mr. Edwards, one of the best Commissaries in the service.

A branch of the river Allagon, a large tributary of the Tagus, ran through Moralejo, which I soon explored, rod in hand, and found it contained good dace and barbel, that served to eke out the rations. Antonio managed to turn the tough, lean, ropy beef into something like soup; and thus the programme of dinners was uniformly—soup, bouilli, fish, Sunday,—fish, bouilli, soup, Monday,—and so on through the week.

We remained but a short time in Moralejo, and then moved to Coria, and afterwards to a large straggling village, named Ceclavin. Coria is a city of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, surrounded by Moorish walls and towers, in a ruinous state, with a cathedral.

The hill on which the city is built rises steeply from the former bed of the Allagon, which is now dry; for the course of the river has been in some way changed from its ancient channel into another, half a mile distant; though the bridge still stands, oddly enough, over the old course, looking very useless and disconsolate. The tradition in Coria is, that Saint Bartholomeo de Plasencia, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, foreseeing that in the course of time the foundation of the building would be undermined by the river, miraculously changed its course one night; and in the morning the astonished inhabitants beheld the stream running in a new channel at a respectful distance. Certainly the puissant Saint left his miracle incomplete; for, beyond all question, he ought to have endowed the river with the power of carrying off the bridge on its back.

A canon of the cathedral in relating the story told me confidentially—"The people believe this legend, and we don't wish to undeceive them—they are the more devout for their faith. Between you and me, the river's course was changed by the earthquake of 1755." I afterwards traced the dry bed of the stream to its junction with the river; and it appears for between two and three miles to have been heaved up by subterranean forces.

During the winter of 1812 amateur plays and various festivities were got up at Coria. A pack of fox-hounds came out from England for Sir Rowland Hill, and hunted generally twice a week, until they were broken up by a curious and unfortunate accident. One very fine day there was a strong field—we found, and had a splendid run of nearly two hours; with only a short check—every body well up. At last Mr. Reynard, being hard pressed, made for his earth in a

steep bank of the Allagon; but feeling somewhat flurried with the long chase, the animal, wise as he was, forgot his topographical marks, and instead of descending to his hole obliquely, he went sheer down a perpendicular bank, a hundred and fifty feet high, and was followed by five couple and a half of the best of the dogs. They were all killed instantly, and Sir Rowland Hill, the huntsman, and some of the leading horsemen had a narrow escape; for the bank was most treacherous, giving no indication of danger until almost too late.

The amateur plays were not much patronised by the Spaniards, and the necessary substitution of men for female performers revolted the ladies, who turned up their pretty noses at the want of grace and elegance on the stage. The masculine strides in petticoats upon the boards must have been an utter abomination in the eyes of those mincing beauties, whose longest step would not be more than three or four inches.

Here, as every where else in Spain, black eyes were so universal, that any other colour in a lady's seemed as strange as if nature had given her three, instead of the usual number. I recollect one evening at a Tertulla in Coria, there chanced to be a very fair English woman present. She was pretty and graceful enough to be remarkable even amidst much Spanish grace and beauty, but nothing was said of her fair skin and classic features. The buzz through the room about the lovely foreigner was—"Mira, mira! aquella Senhora tiene ojos azules"—with a soft lisp on the last mellow word. "Look, look, that lady has blue eyes."

During this winter, although Lord Wellington seemed to be only occupied in amusing himself in

following the hounds, measures were quietly taken to promote the comfort, improve and preserve the health, and increase the efficiency of the British and Portuguese regiments. We were all in high spirits—cheered by the good news from Russia; and naturally believed that the reverses of Napoleon there would have a momentous bearing on the war in the Peninsula, and probably cause large draughts from thence to be sent to Germany. The time was thus becoming favourable for a grand combined movement, to push the enemy out of the Kingdom. With secrecy, and his usual consummate sagacity, did the great General who commanded us prepare for the grand and final hunt over the Pyrenees.

There is a little old walled town called Galisteo, between Coria and Plasencia, where two of the regiments of our Brigade were quartered during the early Spring months. At this place I was attacked by my old enemy, the Tertian ague, which I dosed in the regular way for a fortnight, but all in vain—at twelve o'clock every second day my teeth began to chatter. Thinks I to myself, this open attack on the enemy will never do—let us try a manœuvre. Accordingly, at half-past eleven I prepared a tumbler of hot spiced wine, ordered my horse to the door, got into the saddle and drank it off, and then proceeded in a canter over the extensive plains in the neighbourhood. When it approached twelve, although the sun was powerful, I could feel the ague-fiend's cold fingers grasping my loins; I then set spurs to Liberdade, pushed him into a full gallop, and at length, by dint of good management and perseverance, I fairly distanced my villanous pursuer. I tried this plan with equal success the next time; and on the return of the third period, when the fit used to come on, I was de-

lighted to find that my feelings continued comfortable —my spine did not turn into a great icicle, nor my grinders commence their former hornpipes. I recommend this as very pleasant practice, and very effectual besides; for I left the ague so far behind on the above occasion, that it has never been able to overtake me since.

In April we moved to Plasencia, a clean and respectable city, with a singular cathedral, the front of which presents the architectural anomaly of the florid gothic, corinthian, and composite orders, rising above each other; which is very offensive to the eye. I rode, soon after our arrival, to visit the convent of St. Justus; the retreat of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The Prior who did the honours of the place assured us, that the story of the Ex-Emperor having devoted much of his time to the regulation of watches was a fiction.

During Passion Week we had a sort of religious tragedy, performed every day by the clergy in Plasencia; and on Good Friday there was a grand procession of images of the twelve apostles, as large as life, and the Virgin Mary dressed in garments of modern fashion, with a representation of the dead body of our Saviour borne on a litter. These effigies were surrounded by a strong corps of priests and friars, chaunting most dolefully. This imposing procession issued from the cathedral, and visited of course every church in the city.

The large windows of the cathedral, and all the interior, had been hung with black throughout the week, and the light carefully excluded. On Easter Sunday morning the principal inhabitants and a large number of British Officers having filled the spacious interior to overflowing, the dark veil was suddenly withdrawn, amidst a grand Te Deum—the sunshine

streamed in brilliantly through the painted windows, and all was at once, as if by magic, changed from the most melancholy gloom to the most gorgeous religious splendour.

On the following day we had a military spectacle, in strong contrast to the rejoicings of the Sunday. The whole Division was assembled in a large plain to witness the execution of a soldier who had shot his Captain, and with the same ball badly wounded a Serjeant. The same night, such was the vivid impression of this scene on the mind of one of the 66th—though the murderer belonged to another corps—that he awoke his comrade, and told him he had seen the devil carrying off the soul of the criminal, and at the same time calling him by name, and warning him to avoid a similar fate—which was certainly very unfiendish. The poor man went to sleep again, but awoke soon after in the same terror, from some similar dream ; and then, appearing to have quite lost his senses, he jumped out of bed, ran into the street, and drowned himself in the river. There was an officer of the 66th, of very dark complexion and prominent eyes, who chanced to be Subaltern of the day, and had visited the quarter of this man when he first awaked. To his appearance in the room the officers unanimously ascribed the catastrophe, and the innocent D——y ever afterwards retained the nick-name of the devil. Odd enough, the poor fellow was afterwards drowned himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

OPENING OF THE VITTORIA CAMPAIGN.—AFFAIR NEAR SALAMANCA.—BURGOS CASTLE BLOWN UP.—PASSAGE OF THE EBRO.—ANOINTING OF A HORSE.

> "For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
> With one appearing hair, that will not follow
> These cull'd and choice drawn Cavaliers to France?"
> SHAKSPEARE.

On the sunshiny morning of the 19th of May 1813, the corps of Sir Rowland Hill was put in motion from Coria and Plasencia, through the pass of Baños towards Salamanca. The weather was beautiful; and this long march, which only ended in the Pyrenees, was commenced under the most favourable auspices.

The Baños, or Baths, from which this strong defile is named, are strongly sulphureous, and much used in cutaneous diseases. Nature, in fixing their temperature, had been happy in her chemistry, as that good old experimentalist generally is: The heat is always about 105° Fah.; which, to most people's feelings, is precisely the temperature of a comfortable warm bath.

When we entered New Castille, and approached Salamanca, the face of the country became very rich, and was tastefully ornamented with much beautiful natural planting; gracefully undulating slopes were seen in all directions, which were dotted with clumps of tall and umbrageous forest trees: the whole country having very much the appearance of a fine park. All this was very pleasing, coming from dry, hot, and naked Estramadura. Still, as over all Spain, the

population was concentrated in towns; and notwithstanding the beauty and fertility of the intermediate glades and valleys, and rising grounds, they were without inhabitants, or only the demesne of the shepherds, with their enormous flocks, or the hogs in quest of food. What illimitable tracts of the finest land lie useless in that lazy country!

On our approach to Salamanca during the last day's march, the 26th, we perceived at a great distance, on the other side of the Tormes, a column of the enemy, with artillery, deliberately retiring; and our cavalry and horse artillery under General Fane fording the river, and galloping after in hot pursuit. Soon the guns got within range, and we saw them pounding the French squares in capital style, until the defile of Aldea Lengua hid the whole from our view. The squares kept their formation with great steadiness; but the cavalry was dispersed, and upwards of two hundred were made prisoners, who we had the pleasure to see with seven guns, in the great square of Salamanca the same evening. This smart affair cost the enemy four or five hundred men, and was an auspicious commencement of the campaign.

We forded the Tormes and encamped on the right bank, a mile from Salamanca; and as soon as we shook off the dust of our hot march, a party of the officers of the 66th rode into the city. It appears a venerable old place, solacing itself among magnificent ruins, by the consideration of its former greatness. The Plaça grande,—considered the finest in Spain—is certainly superb, and the cathedral is a most noble gothic building; retaining still two or three Murillos, that have escaped French rapacity. Salamanca has suffered terribly during the war; for it has been nearly the whole time since 1809 in the possession of the enemy.

We were shown long masses of ruins, the remains of streets, in the vicinity of the fortified convents taken last year, which Regnier had destroyed.

We were unwilling to leave this fine old city so soon, but were ordered off the next morning, and marched six leagues to camp, near the village of La Urbada, where ours and the Light Division halted six days, to give time for Sir Thomas Graham and the left of the army to get through the rugged and intricate country they had to traverse. It was very plain that there would be no child's play this campaign: our army was in strong force and great heart, and its masses were moving concentrically on the main French communication with their own country, determined to beat down all resistance. Concentration then must be the game of the enemy, and when the rival bodies came within each other's attraction, we were likely to have a famous clash.

Our camp was situated in a fine game country; open generally, but varied and beautified by many picturesque copses and young woods, affording ample cover and food. The evening of the day we marched in threatened to be a hungry one, for our rations were nearly out, and we expected none till the next morning: my faithful Antonio, who hated hunger as mortally as Sancho Panza, looked longer visaged than usual by a couple of inches; and as the punctual Jonathan Wild, my bât-man, heaped before our animals the glossy and succulent green forage in abundance, there was much to envy in their enjoyment. Just as Antonio had paraded the last biscuit and a cup of wine for my dinner, we heard a loud and prolonged shout close to the tent; and when I ran out to see what was the matter, a fine hare, that had been started somewhere in the purlieus of the camp, and

chased by a crowd of soldiers, made a spring over the tent-cords and came bounding against my breast. It was certainly cruel treatment of a helpless prisoner, but truth must be told—poor puss was in the soup-kettle in five minutes. Some doubts were started as to property in the animal, but this summary disposal of the poor captive put an end to them at once; for it is the best plan to be short and decided in all such ambiguous cases—great or little—from matters of moment to the splitting of a hare.

Lord Wellington had entered Salamanca with Sir Rowland Hill and our Division; but when he found the right of the army well on, and everything satisfactory, he started for the left, to superintend its operations, and hasten its movements. In this rapid journey he crossed the Douro, under far more dangerous circumstances than those of the rope bridge at Alcantara, where I had the honour to meet him; for at Miranda he ventured into a small basket, hung on a rope, stretching from one high rock to another, across the boiling stream; and thus, in this giddy seat, three hundred feet above the water, did this fearless man traverse a river, which has derived the main part of its modern celebrity from his great deeds upon its banks.

When the wing of Sir Thomas Graham was sufficiently advanced, we broke up our camp and moved on to Toro, where we crossed the Douro. The bridge had been destroyed, but was temporarily repaired, so as to admit of Infantry passing over; whilst the Cavalry and Artillery crossed at a ford a little below. The water was inconveniently deep for the smaller baggage animals, and several poor donkeys got out of their depth and were lost. One of our soldier's wives, mounted on a good stout ass, swam her animal gal-

lantly a quarter of a mile down the river, directing its course to a shelving bank on the proper side, which she reached in safety, amidst a volley of cheers from the Division. I chanced to be near this gallant person when she first got afloat, and observed that she encouraged her animal in Spanish as volubly as she could; thinking, naturally enough, that it would be better understood than English.

On the 2nd of June there was another successful rencontre with the enemy at the village of Morales, where our Hussar Brigade—the 10th and 15th Hussars—cut up a body of Cavalry that shewed fight, taking a hundred and fifty prisoners. We saw many deep stains of blood on the ground the next day.

In every town through which we passed the inhabitants received us most joyfully; standing at the doors of the houses with pitchers of cool and delicious water in their hands, which they distributed to the thirsty men with expressions of cordial friendship. "Vivan los Inglezez!" ran in our ears the whole way. In this agreeable style we chased the enemy before us for the next ten days until we came close to Burgos, where they seemed inclined to make a stand, and some fighting took place on the hills near the town. Our Division was in advance along the high road, and was startled by a tremendous report on the morning of the 13th, which was caused by the blowing up of "Dubreton's thundering castle;"* a very delightful sound, which waked me out of my morning sleep, and puzzled me for a few seconds. Burgos had become a word of ill omen with the army; but we then little knew the full consequences of this explosion and its immediate disastrous effects, in the crushing of a

* Napier.

French column and the death of three hundred men, from the hurried and bungling way in which it was effected. All we felt was, that the abandonment of a place the enemy had formerly successfully defended shewed fear and weakness; and we now started with fresh spirits on the glorious hunt across the Ebro.

When we approached Pancorvo, a place of some strength on this celebrated river, situated on the high road from Burgos to Vittoria, we struck off by a path to the left; and after threading a most formidable defile of two leagues, crossed the Ebro at the Puente d'Arenas without any opposition. This was another proof that the French were much frightened, for two or three hundred men might here have stopped our whole army for a day or two; and thus gained time to enable the retiring masses of the enemy to recover some order.

We were now entering on a new country altogether, having a more northern character, and differing totally in appearance, productions, and language, as well as in the physical attributes of the inhabitants, from the parts of Spain we had seen before.

Fresh butter is a very rare article in the south of Spain, the want of which we had often deplored. At the top of this strong pass we met a great number of Biscayan paysanas, dressed in pretty fantastic costumes, every one with a clean white ozier basket on her arm, full of nice looking prints of butter, neatly folded in vine leaves, and all anxious to sell their tempting merchandize to the Senhores Inglezez. As this was a luxury for which we all sighed, I bought immediately half a dozen prints; each with a good looking Biscayan cow and calf on it, in alto relievo. The baggage being in the rear, it became a question of importance where to stow my prize. After some consideration, I took one of the pistols out of the

holsters, (for, though a man of a peaceful profession, it was just as well to possess such weapons in those days;) put it in my pocket, and stowed away the precious butter in its place.

We proceeded down the Arenas defile, admiring the grotesque shapes and threatening appearance of the huge masses of rock, impending over our heads, until the valley of the Ebro began to open. The river here runs along a deep glen, with high banks, covered with trees and rocks, of the most fantastic configuration and extraordinary wildness and beauty. It is altogether a study for some Salvator Rosa among modern landscape painters, and I have often wondered how it is that none of the picturesque Annuals have yet got hold of it.

When we crossed the river, our Division was obliged to halt two hours till the road was cleared, having become jammed in the defile with part of the left of the Army. The day was very hot and calm, but we thought of nothing save the new faces of our friends from the left, the display of accumulating force, the probabilities of an approaching conflict, and the splendid natural scenery with which we were surrounded. We arrived at our camp near Villacayo about sunset; and, on dismounting, I was rather surprised at observing an unusual sleek and rather oily appearance on my horse's chest and shoulders, whilst his forelegs were floured and crusted over thickly with a coat of tenacious dust. Immediately the nature of the sad calamity flashed across my mind, and I hastened to lift the holster-cover and find out the extent of the mischief. Ay de mi! when I pressed upon the vine-leaves, they returned but a hollow sound! my firm and delicious butter had "larded the lean earth" of Navarre for many a league, and there was nothing but the green envelope remaining!

We advanced slowly from the Ebro on Vittoria, where rumour said the French army was collecting, and appeared determined to fight. Our columns were now converging—the lateral routs were difficult for Artillery—the enemy was concentrating—it was therefore necessary to move cautiously. Some little fighting had taken place on our left, where a couple of French Divisions, getting entangled in the intricate country, had suddenly come in collision with our left wing under Sir Thomas Graham; and again, when they turned from him, with the Light Division, by which they suffered much loss, both in men, treasure, and baggage.

The face of the country had now altogether changed; and the bracing and beneficial influence of the cooler climate we were traversing was visible in the more robust stature and fairer and ruddier complexions of the natives. All classes cheered us as we passed; and though, from the long march, the men's shoes were worn out, and blistered feet among them, and sore backs among the cavalry horses and baggage animals, had become more numerous than was agreeable, the whole army was in the highest spirits. Ours had been a magnificent burst, without a check, from the borders of Portugal, across broad Spain, up to the confines of the Pyrenees. Scientific combinations had been carried into effect in distant, but harmonious movements of different Corps and Divisions of the Allied Army without any disturbing impediment; all had been inspired with the confidence, and almost the certainty of success, under their great leader; whilst two or three little dashing cavalry affairs—the panic of the enemy, the acclamations of the Spaniards, and the singular beauty of the weather, might be viewed as the scenic accompaniments of this first act of the great drama.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF VITTORIA.—THE AUTHOR NEARLY BOBS HIS HEAD AGAINST A ROUND SHOT.—DOUBTFUL POLICY OF COURTESY ON SUCH OCCASIONS.—HEROIC DEATH OF COL. CADOGAN.—SLAUGHTER IN A FIELD IN FRONT OF SUBIJANA D'ALIVA.—FINE SHOT.—PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY THROUGH THE VALE OF BASTAN.—HOSPITALITY OF A PRIEST AT ELIZONDO.

> "Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
> Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
> To his full height." SHAKSPEARE.

SUCH was the deep impression produced by the important events of the 21st of June 1813, that every thing I that day witnessed remains as fresh in my memory as if it only occurred yesterday.

On that celebrated Sunday morning there was a little light rain about daybreak, followed by some mist and fog; which, however, did not last long, and ended in a fine clear day. Having from the commencement of the campaign been attached as Assistant to Staff Surgeon Wasdell, in medical charge of the Second Division, I moved with the Head Quarters of General Stewart; and thus had the advantage of a wider range of observation of what was going on, and better accommodations than I should have had with my Regiment. The night before the battle we were quartered in a village half a mile from our camp; and as we all anticipated something to do the next day, I awoke before day-light, and looked out of the window at the camp; but nothing was to be seen through a thick vapour covering the ground, and all was perfectly calm and still. In an hour after this

the men were striking their tents, and getting under arms; and in half an hour more we were all in motion, towards the village of Puebla, where there was a bridge over the Zadorra, a branch of the Ebro, two leagues from Vittoria.

It was early buzzed along the line of march that there would be hot work before night—the Staff Officers, as they moved with orders, looked grave and somewhat excited; and there was a partial cessation of that usual chatting and joking in the ranks, which, though contrary to orders, was tolerated in those days, and with good reason, for it disguised and softened the tedium and fatigue of a march, and kept the men in good humour.

The stream of the Zadorra, when we crossed it at Puebla about ten o'clock, unlike its dark hue in the evening, was beautifully clear and full of glancing fish. Morillo's Spanish Division had seized the bridge before we came up, crossed, and were now skirmishing with the enemy on the heights on our right. By and by the fire thickened—we passed some bodies of French soldiers lying dead in the defile near the river; the column quickened its march when it had crossed the narrow bridge, and moved up the bank, towards the table-land at the top, in compact order.

When we reached the heights, a grand and spirit-stirring spectacle met our view. We saw the extensive line of the whole French army posted on a range of high ground, about two miles off, in order of battle, with the city of Vittoria in the centre, but considerably to the rear. The position appeared to be four or five miles in length—the greater part of the troops were in column—some in line—and the numerous Artillery was disposed in batteries on the most commanding points. Numbers of mounted Staff Officers were

moving about slowly from one part of the field to another.

This was the first time I had seen a powerful army prepared for battle; and truly the sensation was exhilarating and intoxicating. I was young and ardent, and felt strong emotions in anticipating the approaching combat, and the probable discomfiture of those imposing masses. And though the reader may smile at the confession if good natured, and sneer if the reverse, I acknowledge that I was for a few moments half ashamed of my quiet profession; I longed to join in the impending struggle, and "throw physic to the dogs."

When our Division had advanced along the Vittoria high road, within long cannon-range of the enemy's position, we were ordered into a field on the right of the road, and there halted: the Portuguese Brigades of Sir Rowland Hill's Corps were also halted at the same place. The whole were then ordered to pile their arms and walk about to refresh themselves for a few minutes; while Sir Rowland Hill, General Stuart, and a large Staff, including Mr. Wasdell and myself, rode forward to a small height, whence there was a better view; but the crowd of mounted Officers having attracted the enemy's notice, a shot from one of the nearest batteries gave us a hint to keep our distance, and the greater part of us were ordered away—the Generals and their immediate Staff only remaining.

The contrast between the aspect of the two armies at this part of the field was striking enough. On one side the dark and formidable masses were prepared at all points to repel the meditated attack—the infantry in column with loaded arms, or ambushed thickly in the low woods at the base of their position—the cavalry in lines with drawn swords—and the artillery frowning

from the eminences with lighted matches. While on our side all was yet quietness and repose. The chiefs were making their observations, and the men walking about in groups, amidst the piled arms—chatting and laughing, and gazing; and apparently not caring a pin for the fierce hostile array in their front.

But the scene soon changed. At once three or four Aides-de-camp galloped from the point where the Generals yet remained—the men stood to their arms—"with ball cartridge prime and load!" was the word then given, and all levity and mirth passed away from their countenances, and an expression of grave determination took their place. Almost immediately after, the Brigade of Colonel O'Callaghan, consisting of the 28th, 34th, and 39th Regiments, marched to attack the village of Subijana d'Aliva, close under the enemy's lines, and half a mile in our front, which was strongly occupied; and having there suffered a heavy loss, I was ordered to the assistance of the Surgeons, and soon after, this being the most pressing point, Mr. Wasdell joined us himself.

We collected the wounded in a little hollow out of the direct line of fire, but within half musket shot of the village; unpacked our panniers and proceeded to our work. This Brigade had four or five hundred men killed and wounded in the course of an hour or two; so we were fully employed. A stray cannon shot, from a battery firing on the village, would occasionally drop among us, by way of an incentive to expeditious surgery; and after one of these unpleasant visitors had made his harmless appearance, a young chirurgeon of my acquaintance, who is still living, became so nervous, that although half through his amputation of a poor fellow's thigh, he dropped the knife, and another hand was obliged to complete the

operation. But this was only a temporary weakness: at my suggestion he lay down on the grass, took a little brandy, and soon recovered, and did good service the whole day. Spring waggons were in attendance, in which we placed our worst patients and sent them to Puebla, where Dr. M'Grigor, then at the head of the medical department in the Peninsula, had early in the day made the most judicious arrangements for their accommodation.

When Subijana was taken and we had attended to all the wounded we could find—including a large proportion of Officers—a message came to the Staff Surgeon from the Puebla mountain on our right—a long time the scene of a bloody struggle—that our first Brigade, composed of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd Regiments, had suffered great loss, and required medical aid. They had been sent early in the day to assist Morillo and his Spaniards; but strong reinforcements having joined the enemy on this important point, these gallant regiments had been hardly pressed. I was again detached up the hill on this urgent requisition.

I had been so entirely occupied professionally for three hours, that at this time I was quite in the dark as to the state of the engagement; except that latterly the sound of the firing appeared louder and closer than at the beginning. As I rode up to the higher ground, I endeavoured therefore to see how matters stood; but I could make out no more than that some heavy firing of musketry and artillery was just bursting out on the French right; the relative situation of their force and ours being, as far as I could observe, the same as at the beginning of the action; only that we had now possession of Subijana d'Aliva, whilst the enemy remained in force in a long wood close to the village.

When galloping up the Puebla hill, Le Cor's Portuguese Division, belonging to Sir Rowland Hill's Corps, was moving up to the same place to support the troops there engaged. The Portuguese marched up a ravine, in shelter from the French batteries, from whence they could not be seen; but the enemy knowing their line of march well, elevated their guns, diminished the charge, and dropped some shot and shells among them. When one of these fell amongst the columns, there was an awful scream; not merely, I believe, from the men struck, but their comrades also, which never is the case when a British square is hit. One of these round shot, in pursuing its parabola over the hill, passed so near my head, that I felt the wind of it, and bowed or bobbed instinctively; though, as Napoleon is made to tell his guide at Waterloo, the bob might as probably be into the line of the ball as out of it. At any rate there is a precedent in point in the case of the great Marshal Turenne, for bowing to "a gentleman of that fighting family;" yet this illustrious commander seems to have gained little by his civility, for a cannon-ball killed him at last. I certainly made the best bow the time would permit; and an instant after was not sorry to see the ball plunge into the ground a few yards off, apparently having been more a flying shot at me and my horse than aimed at the Portuguese.

I reached the top of the mountain in time to witness the last moments of Colonel Cadogan of the 71st, whose death much resembled, and equalled in glory, that of Wolfe. After he received his mortal wound, he reclined with his back against a tree, beholding the progress of the battle, but with glazing eyes; and cheered, like Wolfe, by the defeat of the enemy. After

witnessing this fine scene with deep emotion, I proceeded to assist the medical officers of the Brigade, and remained with them till the urgency was over; returning then, according to my orders, to Subijana. Every thing now appeared changed—it was plain that we had won the day; the firing was far advanced towards Vittoria, the enemy had abandoned several points of his position, and appeared to be in full retreat.

In front of the village of Subijana, and between it and the wood, was a large field of wheat, without cover or enclosures of any kind; and here I could not help thinking at the time, there had been needless exposure of the men, and much waste of life. Shortly after the village was taken I saw parties detached from the good cover it afforded into this field, to skirmish in most unequal conflict with the French tirailleurs in the wood; exposed at the same time to the Artillery on their main position. So ignorant even were these brave men of the danger of their situation, that they enhanced it a hundred fold by grouping themselves in little masses through the field, for mutual protection, and thus forming targets not to be missed by covered infantry, and scarcely by artillery. Such was the loss sustained in this part of the battle, that in one section of the field, not more than two acres square, I counted one hundred and fifty men killed or badly wounded. To these ought to be added the slighter cases, which were able to go to the rear.

The wood being now abandoned by the French light troops, and their Artillery withdrawn from the hill behind, Mr. Wasdell, two other surgeons, and myself here set to work afresh, after swallowing some wine and biscuit; and we remained collecting, dress-

ing, amputating, packing the wounded in the spring waggons, and sending them to the temporary hospitals till seven o'clock.

When our work was done, and we had picked up every wounded man in the neighbourhood of the village, we mounted our horses, that had been regaling themselves all this time in the green corn, and pushed on to join our Division, now with the whole army, far in front. At this time the bulk of the French army having been cut off from the main road to France by Tolosa, were making for the Pampeluna road in a state of the most complete disorder and confusion. We passed Vittoria a mile on our left, where the plunder of King Joseph's treasure and baggage was going on, and our Hussars were getting drunk with his Tokay. We might have picked up something valuable in the mélée had we turned aside; indeed, a friend of mine who did, met a drunken dragoon with a bottle of wine at his mouth, and a bag of money under each arm. When his draught was finished he attempted to mount his horse; but, heavily laden and top heavy as he was, this was no easy operation; for when he tried to deposit a bag on the pommel of his saddle and get up, still clutching the other, the former was sure to fall off. After several fruitless attempts, seeing my friend watching the operation, he flung him the refractory bag, hiccuping, "Here, d— your eyes, you look like an honest fellow, here's a bag of money for you!" The receiver hastened to ascertain the value of his prize, hoping it was a bag of doubloons; but was mortified to find the contents were only a thousand French crowns.

It was now near sunset, and the pursuit still continued. Most of the French artillery and baggage had fallen into our hands; but there was still one

large convoy, escorted by some cavalry, moving off with great celerity, and having a fair prospect of escaping in the approaching darkness. A troop of Horse Artillery, commanded, I think, by Captain Bull, galloped up and unlimbered within range, on a rising ground near the road, when we were riding past; and we followed them to observe their practice. The convoy was at this time entering a narrow defile, with a bank on each side, when the Captain pointed the first gun, exclaiming, "Now for the leading carriage!" He made a beautiful shot, for the ball killed the two front mules in the foremost carriage, and thus stopped the whole; and before the impediment could be removed, our Dragoons were up and the whole convoy was taken.

After such a day's work there was a great deal of confusion at nightfall, and indeed through the whole night; soldiers, and even officers, straggling about in utter ignorance of the position of their Brigades and Regiments, and unable to find them. Mr. Wasdell, Mr. Frith, chaplain to the Forces to our Division, and myself strayed about the country a long time after dark, fruitlessly looking out for its bivouack. In the course of our rambles that eventful evening, we also got our humble share of the plunder, for we picked up a sheep and a keg of Cogniac brandy, and I stumbled on a piece of superfine cloth in the middle of the road. And when I tell the honest truth, that, from the long ride we had had from Portugal, there was urgent need to relieve my dilapidated inexpressibles, notwithstanding the leather casing on the salient points, I hope his grace the Duke of Wellington will pardon me for keeping my humble quota of the spoils of Vittoria.

We might, if we chose, have laid in a good library of French Novels on this occasion, for the road and

adjoining fields were strewn with them for miles; together with public and private letters, military rolls and returns, prints, and packs of cards. How this extensive scattering and dispersion took place I never could make out.

After wandering till midnight to no purpose, we fell in with some stragglers of the Buffs and 57th, who kindled a fire in the kitchen of a deserted house, where we took up our quarters, skinned and dressed our sheep, and broiled us a very delicious chop upon the coals. They divided their biscuit with us, and we gave them a moderate share of our Cogniac. After this we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and slept profoundly, after a hard day's work.

The reunion of a corps of officers, after a hard-fought and successful field, is an event of a highly interesting and affecting nature. All the baser passions and tendencies are subdued, under the influence of the exhilaration of the moment, the joy of escape from recent danger, and the delightful consciousness of intrepidity, good conduct, and success. Other of the social charities also mix with these emotions—sorrow for the dead, and sympathy with the wounded. Then follows from each his own peculiar adventures—disquisitions on the general conduct of the business on both sides—the bearing of particular Corps—individual feats of bravery or address—killed and wounded &c. until the whole battle is fairly fought over again. After mutual congratulations and enquiries, I was pleased to learn, that though the 66th had its fair share of the fighting, and had lost one seventh of its number killed and wounded, no officer had been killed.

On the evening of the 22nd of June we started again on a fresh chase; but as the enemy were then in light marching order, having been disencumbered

of their artillery and baggage, there was not much chance of overtaking them. At Salvatierra we saw three bed-ridden old people that had been murdered in cold blood by the retreating enemy, apparently without provocation, and from sheer cruelty. We pushed them without any respite, as fast as the horrible state of the roads would permit, up to the defiles of the Pyrenees.

In approaching Pampeluna, during a very heavy thunderstorm, I chanced to be riding along in company with the 34th Regiment, in conversation with one of the officers named Masterman. Peal upon peal bellowed above us, whilst the reflection of the brilliant lightning from the then clear barrels of the soldiers' muskets, momentarily blinded us. Just as the thunder-cloud appeared to be directly in the zenith, a flash more terrible than any that had preceded it irradiated the column, and when I recovered my sight, I beheld the poor fellow with whom I had been conversing the instant before lying under his horse's feet. He was quite dead! He had escaped the murderous capture of Subijana, where so many of his comrades fell a day or two before, only to be selected from among thousands as the victim of this fatal bolt!

Nothing could be more ardent than the demonstrations of joy in every town we passed. This was the first time since the days of the Black Prince that English soldiers had been seen in these romantic and secluded valleys, and we were treated as if we had absolutely dropped from the sky on some benevolent mission. As we marched through the towns, the windows were crowded with women, cheering, and waving white handkerchiefs, and tossing out loaves amongst the soldiers; whilst the men stood at the doors serving out wine to the officers, or handing

goblets of deliciously cool water, from their porous earthen vessels, to the men. For, with nice discrimination, they would not give wine to the men without the permission of the officers. All this time the bells of churches and convents would ring away with all their might. Shouts of "Vivan los Inglezez!" filled the air, whilst every little urchin that could utter a sound, mingled his shrill treble in the general acclamation.

On the morning of the 6th of July the corps of Sir Rowland Hill entered the fine Vale of Bastan—quite a gem amongst the Pyrenean valleys—that was still occupied by two French Divisions, which we proceeded to drive from several successive positions. There was a good deal of desultory fighting all the day, for the enemy had some stores in the pretty town of Elizondo, which they were withdrawing, and consequently defended the approaches to the place with great obstinacy. Mr. Wasdell and myself moved with the advance; having our mule and surgical panniers close up, so that we frequently attended to the wounded of the light troops engaged before they could be seen by their own medical officers, who were with their regiments a little way in the rear. In one case, where it was necessary to amputate the hand, the patient, a fine looking Light Infantry man of the 50th Regiment, bore the operation without uttering a sound; just as if I had been paring his nail. When it was over, he looked at the mutilated hand, and exclaimed: "I would bear it ten times over, if I could ram you into my piece, and blow out the cowardly villain's brains that shot me!" The poor fellow, it appeared, had good reason for his indignation; the Light Company of the 50th had surrounded a farm-house, in which about a score of French had sheltered themselves. Finding

escape impossible, they held out a white handkerchief from a window as a signal of surrender; the firing then ceased on both sides; but when the first of the assailants, who happened to be my patient, entered the door, a rascal discharged his musket at him—shattering his hand, which he threw up instinctively to save his head. The remainder then made a rush out, and in the surprise of the moment most of them escaped.

We entered Elizondo late in the evening, with the Light Companies and Staff of Sir Rowland Hill and General Stewart, whilst a sharp skirmishing was still going on at the other end of the town. Head Quarters remained here during the night; and the same tumultuous acclamations of joy and welcome met us in Elizondo as every where else. Indeed these demonstrations were peculiarly piquant and somewhat hazardous to the people of this fine town; for the joy-bells began to ring whilst the enemy were yet in sight; and their glad sound, and that of the musketry firing, struck on the ear together in singular and exciting unison. There was, therefore, utter fearlessness of danger and the most disinterested kindness in the hearty welcome these good people gave us.

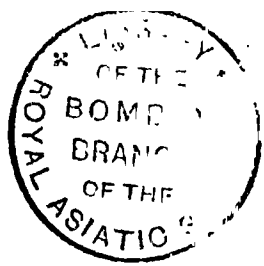
On entering Elizondo, we were passing a good looking house, when a priest at the door saluted us with warmth, and begged we would do him the favour of spending the night under his roof, and sharing the dinner he was preparing for some of his "carissimos amigos, los valientes Inglezez;" most dear friends, the valiant English—anticipating that they would drive out the enemy in time to eat it. As we were both hungry and fatigued, we required little pressing: we dismounted at once, our horses and attendant mule were put into a comfortable stable, and were soon up to their ears in provender; whilst

we sat down to a sumptuous dinner with his reverence and his niece—a very pretty muchacha of seventeen. The dinner only waited till our good host dug up his plate and some famous old wine, that he had buried in the garden four years before; and certes, we passed a merry evening with this jovial and patriotic ecclesiastic. In the joy for the emancipation of his native valley from the French yoke, under which it had so long groaned, assisted perhaps a little by the rich wine, that sparkled with additional brilliancy from the sudden liberation of its latent light—the excellent priest got slightly fuddled, and sang us several Spanish songs. In return, he said he had often heard of "God save the King," the English national anthem, and requested we would sing it. My friend Wasdell having declined, the task devolved on me; and very much did the old gentleman admire and encore the poor performance, and right sweetly did the sloe-eyed niece lisp out her pretty admiration of it; until the evening—"long drawn out," by're lady—like the chorus, ended happy and glorious, and we went to bed.

Next day we advanced fighting to Maya, one of the grand passes to the Pyrenees, amidst the same exciting accompaniments as the day before. As the evening closed, and the French retired to the top of the pass, there was literally an engagement in the clouds; both parties being enveloped, and flashes of a bickering musketry being visible in their picturesque folds. This was of course very random firing, and there were not many casualties; yet some wounded would now and then be brought in, and Mr. Wasdell and I thought it proper to remain in the church of Maya all night to receive them. At sunrise next morning Lord Wellington passed through the village

to the front; and in riding past the church he sent for one of the Surgeons, when I went out and had the honour of a short conversation with his Lordship. He was pleased to hear that so few men had been hit, and that their wounds were for the most part slight. He then rode on, saying courteously, "Good morning, go on with you duties."

The enemy had descended to his own side of the mountain during the night; and in the morning the British army stood proudly on the summit, looking down upon the fertile plains of Gascony, amidst many proud historical recollections.


ROYAL ASIATIC

CHAPTER XV.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY BY THE DUKE OF DALMATIA.—SURPRISE OF MAYA.—RETREAT.—ALTERED PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE ELIZONDO PRIEST.—ACTION AT BUENZA.—HARD PROFESSIONAL DUTY AT BARRIOPLANO.—SCENE OF VIOLENT ALTERCATION BETWEEN WOUNDED OFFICERS OF THE CHASSEURS BRITANNIQUES AND WOUNDED FRENCH OFFICERS WHO HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONERS.—CALMED BY THE AUTHOR.—RETURN TO THE PYRENEES.

> "Let him greet England with our sharp defiance—
> Up, princes, and with spirit of honour edged
> More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
> Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
> Upon the valleys." SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the French Army had been fairly driven over the Pyrenees, and the Allied Troops were established in all those strong gorges of the mountains that form the Western Passes, Sir Rowland Hill's Head Quarters remained at Elizondo, whilst the Head Quarters of Sir William Stewart, commanding the Division, were advanced to Maya, a small village on a hill, about two miles in rear of the pass. Mr. Wasdell's post and mine were with the latter. We passed the first fortnight very pleasantly, riding about and exploring the grand mountain boundary where we were stationed. Unfortunately, clear weather was not common in those celebrated regions, and it was not very often that we could enjoy that commanding bird's eye view of France we anticipated in approaching the Pyrenees.

At this time Napoleon, finding that matters were

going on very badly in Spain, and that his brother had been ignominiously driven out of the Kingdom, sent Marshal Soult from Germany to set them to rights. He invested him with the Commission of Lieutenant de l'Empereur, and directed him to organize the Army afresh, and chase the Leopard, as he contemptuously called the British Lion, from the presumptuous position he had taken on the borders of the "Sacred Territory."

The Duke of Dalmatia travelled with great expedition; stimulated, probably, by a desire to wipe off some affronts he had received from Lord Wellington. He soon re-established order and confidence in the beaten troops; proceeded to throw strong masses in the immediate vicinity of the Maya and Roncesvalles Passes; and then lost no time in making a determined effort to pierce at once our extensive line in two or three places with superior force, take the different posts en revers, beat them in detail, relieve Pampeluna and St. Sebastian; and, following up his advantages, force the English back to the Ebro.

According to the best military opinions, this was all excellently conceived; but one or two elements of success in the calculation were rather unlikely contingencies. The French must now fight far better—with scanty artillery too—than they had done before, with the aid of that powerful arm; and the British worse. Lord Wellington, too, must fail in judgment, and be a little shaken in his nerves.

On Sunday morning, the 25th of July, we were informed at Maya, that the enemy had appeared in force near Los Alduides, a post in the mountains, three leagues to our right, occupied by the Portuguese Brigade of Brigadier General Archibald Campbell; whilst every thing appeared quiet in our immediate

front. General Stewart went to Elizondo, to confer with Sir Rowland Hill; both Generals, and several of the Staff rode to the right, towards Los Alduides, and the day being very fine and clear, almost every body in Maya followed in the same direction, so that at twelve o'clock I found myself the only Commissioned Officer in the village.

I also resolved to enjoy the singular clearness of the weather, and have a peep into Gascony from the mountains: accordingly, I mounted my horse and rode towards the top of the pass, where one of our Brigades was encamped. On the way I met the Bât-men of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd Regiments on their mules, going to the rear for forage—an unhappy journey for their masters. The day was still as well as clear; and as I proceeded I heard a musket-shot or two from the top of the mountain, to which I paid no regard; but presently this thickened into a close and heavy fire of musketry, with artillery. When I reached the summit I found some alarm and confusion; the picquets had been attacked by a very superior force, and driven in; their pursuers were moving quickly in several heavy columns up the mountain, and had now nearly reached the summit; whilst the nearest troops, the 34th and 28th Regiments, were in motion to oppose a force tenfold their strength.

It was Drouét, Count D'Erlon, who commanded here, and the business had been managed skilfully; the great force of the enemy had been masked, and the feint at Los Alduides had drawn the attention of the Generals from the real point of danger. Notwithstanding a gallant resistance, the Count established himself on the summit of the Pyrenees, to the right of the Pass, with fourteen thousand men; and in two hours from

the time I had left Maya, the Camp of the first Brigade, whose mules had gone to the rear so mal á propos—tents and contents—the town of Maya—the Commissariat stores—the Head Quarter Baggage, &c. lay quite at the mercy of the enemy.

It was very plain that without energetic measures I should lose my own goods and chattels with the rest, so

"Self-love and social being here the same,"

I galloped down the mountain to Maya at some risk of my neck. None of the absentees had yet returned, and the servants were in great terror and alarm, not knowing what to do. Under these circumstances, there was no great merit in assuming the responsibility of ordering everything to be packed up, and sent to the rear with all expedition; which was done accordingly, notwithstanding some grumbling remonstrances from Sir William Stewart's servants. The Commissariat bullocks and biscuit were also hurried off, but no mercy was shewn to the rum, for the mules required to carry it would be wanted for the wounded, who were now dropping into the village. Accordingly, the Commissariat Conductor set to work staving in the casks, and we had soon a torrent of old Jamaica running down the steep street, into the river at the bottom, fit to turn a mill. I wonder how the little fishes liked their grog.

The wounded now began to arrive fast. Many had been dressed by their own Medical Officers, but a large proportion required immediate attention, which was paid them as far as the time permitted. In the meanwhile, heavy firing and fighting were still going on to the left of the pass, where a strong mountain key to the position was yet held by Colonel Cameron's noble

Brigade, the 50th, 71st, and 92nd; upon which, General Pringle had rallied his broken Regiments, and had been joined by Troops from the left; so that the enemy crept down to Maya very slowly and cautiously, giving us more time than we expected. When at length some of his tirailleurs began to snipe at one end of the long straggling town, the Commandant for the time being, with the last of his convoy, was moving out leisurely at the other.*

Dire was the consternation of the poor inhabitants when they saw us retreating through the beautiful valley of Bastan, which had been the scene of such gratulation and triumph on our advance, three weeks before. Many of them, male and female, and almost all the inmates of the convents, abandoned their homes and retired with the Army. It was a painful sight to see the poor nuns quitting their convents, and mixing with the troops in the dusty roads; their pale faces hectic with unwonted exposure, exertion, and alarm. To the credit of our men, it ought to be told, that great kindness, tenderness, and inviolable respect were shewn to them on this retreat: the soldiers carried their little bundles, and helped them along; and it was pleasing to observe the unsuspecting confidence with which many of these old ladies trusted themselves and their property to the protec-

* Colonel Napier, in his immortal History of the Peninsular War, repudiates the idea that the disaster at Maya was a surprise; adding that, although "General Stewart was surprised, his troops were not; and never did soldiers fight better—seldom so well." This I humbly conceive they might do, even though surprised. To my certain knowledge, everybody in Maya, and I believe in Elizondo too, was surprised. And that the Officers of Colonel Cameron's Brigade, when expecting an attack, should send their baggage animals two or three leagues to the rear for forage, and thus deprive themselves of the means of carrying off their personal effects, appears to be, salvo inclyto Auctore, the most surprising thing of all.

tion of our rough grenadiers; assuredly it was a high compliment to the character and discipline of the British Army.

As we passed through Elizondo, a large proportion of the inhabitants joined us in the retreat; no doubt dreading the vengeance of the enemy for the demonstrations of attachment to us they had made when we first entered the town. I called at the house of our worthy host, the Padre; but had only time for five minutes conversation with him at the door. Poor fellow! he looked very desponding and miserable; and I have seldom seen a greater contrast than between his long and lugubrious face now, and his jolly and rubicund countenance when roaring out a patriotic Spanish song, or joining in the chorus of "God save the King." The pretty niece had been sent out of harm's way, to a relation near Pampeluna. When I bade the fine old fellow good bye, I advised him to bury his wine and plate once more, telling him we should all be back again in a fortnight to tax his hospitality: "Oxala a Dios! Oxala a Dios!" "God grant it! God grant it!" was the reply; and then embracing me affectionately, and giving me a long benediction, we parted.

We retreated to the heights of Trueta, and there stood firm, confronting the enemy, at whose supineness and inaction we were not a little surprised. On the evening of the 27th we retreated farther through a difficult mountain-pass, on the small town of Lantz, it being supposed that time enough had been given for the Seventh Division to pass laterally in our rear, to reinforce the troops now assembling in front of Pampeluna, who were endeavouring to check Soult's farther progress. But such had been the state of the roads, that they could not get out of our way; and

we fell in with them on a broken and dangerous path, along the steep side of a mountain, in the middle of a most dismal rainy night. In fact, the night was so pitch dark that no object could be seen a yard off; and the horses were of necessity trusted to pioneer their riders along the side of the steep mountain, where a false step would be destruction. My pole-star was the white tail of my friend Wasdell's horse, just before me, of which I caught an indistinct observation when I stooped and looked attentively. At length, both Divisions were obliged to halt on the mountain where they stood, from sheer inability to proceed, till day-light shewed them where they were. When we were brought to a stand-still, the mounted officers got off to ease their horses, and rested their weary heads upon the saddles; whilst those who were lucky enough to have a rock, or a bank of earth, or a tree, within a yard or two, sat down in the mud, supported their backs, and many dropped asleep in this position. I was lucky enough to find a tree, against the trunk of which I placed my back; but soon was fain to sit down, with my horse's bridle round my arm, and his nose between my knees; whilst a shower bath from the branches was lulling me to repose.

From the 25th of July to the 2nd of August were nine days of hard fag and fighting. Sir Rowland Hill continued to retire before the Count D'Erlon on the 28th; shewing occasionally a formidable front. On the evening of the 29th Sir Rowland posted his Corps on a strong mountain-ridge, near the village of Buenza, seven or eight miles to the left of the main British force, and there anxiously awaited orders and the course of events.

At day-break on the morning of the 30th every

body was on the qui vive. We had been apprised of the repulse of the enemy on the 28th; the 29th had passed quietly, for our late opponent the Count D'Erlon seemed very sluggish in pursuit: but we all expected something decisive on the 30th. As soon as it was clear, Mr. Wasdell and I mounted our horses, and joined a large assemblage of Staff, who, with Sir Rowland at their head, were on their way to a high hill three miles to the rear, whence they hoped to be able to descry the important operations then commencing on our right. For by this time very heavy musketry firing and a cannonade were going on in the direction of Sorauren: and we could see a cloud of smoke, but nothing else. After remaining on the hill nearly an hour, and plying his glass most perseveringly, a movement of the whole Corps was ordered to the rear, and obliquely to the right, by the General, apparently to bring it nearer the scene of action. At the same time we were not certain that our friend the Count D'Erlon was not close at hand, to disturb us in this movement.

So it turned out; and when we saw his columns approaching, this order was countermanded, and directions given to defend the wooded ridge the troops occupied. Soon after, several bodies of the enemy's troops were seen moving simultaneously on the position, evidently prepared to attack us. Our Light Companies now occupied the woody front of this long mountain of Buenza; and a brisk firing soon began between them and the French advance. Mr. Wasdell and myself had our surgical panniers up at the top; but, as a long time elapsed before any wounded were brought to us, we had the most perfect view of everything going on. As the French columns approached the base of the position, I regretted that

the two Brigades of Artillery, which we had seen waiting for orders in the rear, as we passed, were not in battery on the heights, to give them a salute of grape. But I apprehend that Sir Rowland Hill anticipated being driven from his post by the great superiority of force with which he was assailed; and did not care to hazard the loss of his Artillery on the steep ridge whence it could not be easily withdrawn.

However this may be, the enemy dashed at the hill most gallantly, throwing out clouds of skirmishers, who after a long struggle forced the Light Companies back on the main body, standing in line on the crest of the position; but these being joined by assistance from above, turned and drove them down. At one point the light troops came running in, their faces begrimed with powder and sweat, quite to the spot where Sir Rowland Hill and several of his Staff stood; and happening to be with them at the time, I distinctly saw him turning back three or four men of the 50th Light Infantry himself, and heard his words when addressing them:—"Go back, my men, you must not let them up; you shall instantly be supported; you must not let them up!" Back they went cheerfully, soon disappeared among the trees, and, with the aid of a couple of Battalion Companies, that darted from the line on the hill-top at double quick, soon beat down the enemy at this point.

It was now three o'clock, and our assailants had been hitherto repulsed every where; and with great loss on the right flank of our position, which, because the ground was very strong there, had been confided to the Portuguese, with two Companies of red coats to assist them. But our left was in the air, as military writers say, for we had not force enough to occupy the continuation of the long ridge towards

Buenza. At length, after a good deal of hard work, the French established themselves there, and were preparing to advance along the crest of the mountain, when Sir Rowland Hill withdrew his corps deliberately and in perfect order, to the heights of Eguaros, about a mile and a half in the rear of his first position.

This was a sharp affair, although, from the strong heights occupied by our troops, and the thick cover down the front, there were but few casualties amongst them, considering the heavy musketry to which they had been four hours exposed. The French light troops fired high, and I think badly; for there was a constant whistling over our heads, where we stood on the top, of balls aimed at their opponents in the wood, along the side, and at the bottom of the hill. This sound appears very insignificant after the near whizz of a cannon-shot or the whi—s—h—h of a shell.

In the afternoon news arrived of a severe engagement the same morning near the scene of the battle of the 28th, at Sorauren, in which the enemy had been defeated with great loss. At the same time Staff Surgeon Wasdell received an order from Dr. M'Grigor, to detach a Medical Officer to the village of Barrioplano, near Pampelùna, for the purpose of collecting there the wounded of both armies, and forwarding them in spring waggons to Vittoria. I was detached on this duty, set off immediately, and reached Barrioplano late in the evening.

A very large number of wounded, the consequences of two severe actions, were brought into the village on this occasion; all the spring waggons with the Army, and a great number of carts and mules, being employed in collecting them on the extensive field of battle, and conveying them to the church of Barrioplano, as a depôt. Here their wounds were examined

and dressed; the limbs urgently requiring amputation were taken off, and the patients again put in the waggons and sent to the general hospitals at Vittoria. Such was the urgency of circumstances, and the pressure of the recent battles on the Medical Department, that for nearly two days I had no assistance whatever in this onerous work. Then, General Fane, who commanded the Cavalry in the neighbourhood, sent two assistant surgeons to take a part of the duty. During five days and nights patients continued to be brought in, and there was scarcely an hour's intermission from professional labour; and thus, razorless and clean-shirtless, divorced from Antonio and my baggage since the 25th of July, snatching half an hour's sleep on a heap of wheat in a barn, which was literally my bed and board, I worked away amidst as much surgical practice as would have set up a hundred young sons of Æsculapius, if shared amongst them.

During this time my brother assistant in the 66th, Dr. Shekleton, a worthy man, now in extensive practice in Dublin, rode over to the village to consult respecting the case of our mutual friend, Major Goldie, of the regiment, who lay at a neighbouring hamlet desperately wounded by a ball through the lungs. The patient had been most judiciously and tenderly treated, and his life hitherto saved by enormous bleeding, to the extent of three hundred ounces in two days.*

It chanced one morning that two spring waggons, full of wounded French Officers, were brought in;

* I have great pleasure in adding, that this very gallant and valuable officer (lately Lt. Col. Goldie, C.B. commanding the 11th Foot,) recovered after this prodigious loss of blood; though he still carries the ball, nestled somewhere in his lungs.

and very soon after, two more, with our own people, principally of the Chasseurs Britanniques, a Corps composed chiefly of foreigners. I was then busy in the church with a batch of wounded soldiers that had arrived earlier; and as the principle was, "first come first served," without respect of persons, I directed that they should be put in a neighbouring house until their turn came. When I had leisure to attend them, I proceeded with an orderly, carrying the surgical trays and apparatus, to dress their wounds, but was not a little surprised to find them all in a state of the most violent excitement—abusing each other with the grossest epithets, gesticulating in the straw in which they sat, and almost arrived at fisty-cuffs. The French Officers were vilifying their countrymen of the Chasseurs; calling them "Sacrés traitres! lâches esclaves d'Angleterre!" and their opponents were retorting with equal heat and bitterness. It was altogether a most laughable scene—most genuinely French; and I believe that nothing but the loss of blood and the paralyzing effects of their wounds restrained them from a general engagement. When I entered there was a momentary pause; but the quarrel broke out afresh in two minutes. I used all my eloquence to pacify them, but in vain; still the mutual objurgations were bandied about with astonishing volubility and vehemence. At last perceiving it was a desperate case, I seized my instruments, directed the orderly to carry away the tray of plasters and bandages, bade the pugnacious gentlemen good morning, and requested them to fight it out. This decisive proceeding calmed them at once; they were then treated as they individually required, and dispatched in separate waggons to Vittoria.

When this fatiguing duty was over, and no more wounded were brought in, I proceeded once more to Maya, and found the Divisional Head Quarters again established in that town, and the troops occupying their old posts on the hills. Great was the comfort of meeting my baggage, after a long destitution of clean linen, and an intolerable beard of twelve or thirteen days' growth.

In the course of the month of August we moved with the Second Division to the classic Pass of Roncesvalles, after a romantic march amongst the clouds shrouding the tops of the mountains. We were treated with a thunder storm on the way, with the novelty of the lightning playing vividly, but harmlessly, below us, and the loud thunder bellowing from beneath. We experienced very frequent and severe thunderstorms during our stay amongst the Pyrenees; and it appears to me not unlikely that their appellation has some reference to this characteristic; and that πυρ αἰωνίος—eternal fire,—is a more correct etymology than the name of the fabulous daughter of Bebrix.

At this time the last siege of St. Sebastian was going on; at length, on a very tempestuous day, the place was stormed, amidst the rival thunder of the sky and the batteries. The elemental storm extended all over the western limb of the Pyrenees, and blew down half the tents of our Division.

We remained at Roncesvalles until the surrender of Pampeluna left Lord Wellington at liberty to push into France. We then again moved along the mountains to the Pass of Maya; where, on the morning of the 10th of November, the Corps of Sir Rowland Hill stood, like greyhounds in the slip, ready for a dash at the position of the enemy in front of Bayonne.

CHAPTER XVI.

INVASION OF FRANCE.—STORM OF A FIELD REDOUBT ON THE NIVELLE BY THREE OFFICERS.—DISTRESS OF MADAME DUPRÉ AT ESPELETTE.—DESTRUCTION OF A BIG DRUM BY A CANNON-BALL.—COWARDICE OF A CHEF DE BATAILLON.—PASSAGE OF THE NIVE AT CAMBO.—RAPE OF A ROASTING GOOSE.

> "Thus come the English with full power upon us,
> And more than carefully it us concerns
> To answer royally in our defences." SHAKSPEARE.
>
> "Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees—
> It deepens still." BYRON.

A FULL hour before daylight, on the 10th of November, did we wait for the firing of a gun on the extreme left, which was a signal for our advance, whilst high feelings were working in many bosoms. After the lapse of three centuries, the banner of St. George was once more to be unfurled in Gascony.

As soon as the long expected echoes rolled amongst the mountains, the column was set in motion and crossed the frontier, whilst a heavy firing was going on to our left. We marched about two leagues, until within cannon shot of the fortified heights above the small stream of the Nivelle, which had the honour of giving its name to the battle. Here we halted in front of a very strong part of the fortified mountain, which was allotted to our Division to storm; and as soon as the Sixth Division, immediately on our left, had done their work, and driven the enemy from a

large redoubt, General Byng's Brigade pushed up the steep abbatied height at one place, whilst the Light Companies of the Division and the two other British Brigades assailed it at other points. When the leading regiment of Byng's Brigade reached the plateau on the top, they looked such a handful, that a French column opposed to them deployed into line and prepared to charge; but though I saw their officers cheering them on gallantly, they would not advance, but kept up an irregular fire; which, being badly aimed, did far less mischief than it ought to have done. When more force came up, and the Brigade, most gallantly led by Byng, formed and advanced in line, the enemy's line wavered—not metaphorically, but as I myself witnessed—visibly and materially; and after two or three strange oscillations they broke and ran.

There still remained a field redoubt, with two guns, in possession of the enemy on the extreme left of the position; these were large ship carronades, and being loaded with double charges of grape, did much execution among our people. Lieut.-Colonel Leith, 31st Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Nicol, 66th, and Ensign Dunn of the same Corps, at the head of a few men, charged this work and carried it in good style. Indeed the three officers took it themselves; for they cleared the ditch with a running leap, and dropped down amongst the garrison before a man could enter to assist them. As they leaped in, the Artillery officer and most of his men jumped out, but not with impunity; for Leith, a Hercules in figure and strength, knocked the red-headed officer down with a brickbat, but his cap saved his skull, and he managed to scramble up and get away. His Serjeant, a formidable looking person, "bearded like the pard," was not so

lucky—he dislocated his shoulder in the leap, was taken prisoner, and I set his arm to rights immediately afterwards.

This extensive position was an enormous intrenched camp, on the plateau at the top of which were several lines of clean and regular huts. As soon as our different columns succeeded in penetrating to the top, they set the huts on fire, as did some of the French troops on quitting them. Thus we had a splendid blaze along the summit, to the extent of two or three miles, as a bonfire of triumph, kindled by our enemies' own hands.

We lost a good many people in storming this mountain. The Light Companies of the Division, who were up first, suffered severely—every officer was hit, and Major Ackland, 57th, who commanded them, was killed. The death of his pretty spaniel—that had during the action amused itself by barking at the dust the balls raised as they struck the ground—preceded its master's fall only by a few minutes.

Our time was occupied professionally till late in the evening: when we had done, and were in quest of some refreshment, a well-dressed woman accosted us, apparently in a state of the greatest distress and distraction. She told us she lived in the village of Espelette, immediately under us, at the bottom of the hill; that Morillo's Spaniards had entered the place, and were beginning to burn and plunder, and her husband had run away and left his family, from dread of the Spaniards; and that she had come up the hill alone, trusting in English generosity, to beg for protection. She implored us, therefore, to accompany her home, as our presence would save her helpless family from the Spaniards. This poor woman appeared so distressed, and was so importunate, that we asked

for permission, and accompanied her to her house. The town was in the greatest alarm and confusion, and part of it on fire; but, when this was known, a regiment was sent down from camp to extinguish the fire and turn out the Spaniards. A party of plunderers visited our residence, but instantly decamped when they found it in possession of British officers.

Poor Madame Dupré's family was also labouring under distress of a peculiarly severe nature, from another cause; and in meeting accidentally with two English surgeons, this good lady was piously pleased to consider the circumstance as a special ordination of Providence. By a most unlucky fatality, Jacqueline, one of her daughters, during the action on the hill, happened to be looking out of the window listening to the firing, when a grape-shot from a gun in the redoubt last taken, which was turned on the enemy as they ran down to the town, miserably fractured her elbow joint. It was represented to the mother that amputation was inevitable to save the poor girl's life, and the sooner the better. After a sad scene, and not without great difficulty, the patient gave her consent, and I took off the arm the same evening, and am happy to add that she soon recovered.

It would be a graceful finale to state that Mademoiselle Jacqueline was very beautiful. Truth forbids this; but she was amiable and grateful, and after she had recovered the first dreadful shock of such a loss, she presented me with a handsome purse of her own netting, as a fee, adding affectingly, "C'est le dernier ouvrage de ma pauvre main!"

Madame Dupré had a good house, and appeared in easy circumstances; she treated my friend and myself with great kindness, and made us very comfortable. She had a full cellar of the ordinary wine

of the country; but there was one very clarety cask which she forced me to accept for distribution amongst my brother officers in camp. Due notice was given, and it need not be doubted that I had a full attendance of their servants with tins and tea-kettles, and all manner of unconscionably large vessels, to draw it off.

On the 13th of November Sir Rowland Hill made a reconnoissance of the enemy's force at Cambo, at the head of his Corps; this being a kind of fortified town, commanding a good bridge over the Nive, from which he determined to drive them. The troops were drawn up in line, in a semicircle round the town, out of musket-shot, but within cannon-range. When we got within shot-range, Colonel Nicol and myself were riding together at the head of the Brigade, mixed with the Band of the Buffs, when a ball plunged amongst us, knocking over three or four musicians. In five seconds they all jumped up again unhurt, amidst great laughter, but the loudest laugher was the big Drummer, for his drum had been mortally wounded; indeed, as he classically expressed it himself, "knocked to smithereens." Its fall had upset the two men that carried it, and they in falling caught hold of their two nearest neighbours.

We stood in line a couple of hours, exposed to fire. As General Byng was passing on horseback where I chanced to be looking on, en amateur, a shell alighted within seven or eight yards of us both. With much coolness he remarked, "There is no danger—throw yourself off," shewing me the example. When we had embraced mother earth a couple of seconds, it burst, and I caught a glimpse of a large fragment describing its parabola over our heads, but at a safe distance.

There was a small house a little in rear of the centre of our line, where we were attending the few wounded, who only amounted to four or five during the day. A brother Medico and myself were amusing ourselves with a glass, looking out of a window in the upper story at the French Artillerymen on the rampart of Cambo. When it came to my friend's turn to take a peep, he exclaimed, "By Jove, we had better be off —they are pointing a gun at the house." We left the room and went down stairs immediately, but had scarcely reached the bottom when we heard a crash over our heads, and a shower of tiles coming down from the roof. The artillery had at length found the range, and pitched a shell into the very room we had quitted, which had sent the roof flying in all directions, to the great discomposure of thirty or forty officers' horses, who were picquetted round the house, and not less to the annoyance of their masters, when they saw them, with broken bridles, making the best of their way to Espelette.

At this time I was witness of a very strange occurrence. The Commanding Officer of the Buffs, a regiment in General Byng's Brigade, left his corps, then under fire, and came half a mile to the house abovementioned, to inquire after one of his men that had been hit. Unfortunately he met the Brigadier, who gave him a cool look—his personal courage being more than suspected—but said nothing. When the Lieut.-Colonel had made the necessary inquiries, and staid as long at the house as he could with any decency, he returned to his regiment. But in half an hour, back he came to the house, and his unlucky stars again threw Byng in his way. This time he was peremptorily ordered to his post, with the withering

appellation he deserved; and was strictly forbidden to quit it at his peril.

The individual here alluded to, after one or two subsequent demonstrations of cowardice—in one of which he nearly compromised the safety of the Corps of Sir Rowland Hill, by the abandonment of an important post in action—saw his name one day in the London Gazette, but not in the way of promotion. He and two others were disgracefully turned out of the Army.

Lord Wellington having resolved to invest Bayonne more closely than he had yet done, and cut off its communication with St. Jean Pied de Port, our Division assembled at Cambo before daylight on the 9th of December, prepared to force the passage of the Nive, and advance upon Bayonne. The bridge had been broken, but there was a deep ford a little way up; and on a hill commanding it, a strong battery of our artillery had been posted to clear the farther bank. There was another ford of the same description below the bridge.

We had waited an hour for daylight, which, on such occasions, is always slow in making its approach. At length it came, and with it a discharge of grape from one of the guns above the upper ford, into the small wood on the French bank, then another and another, and the 71st Light Infantry plunged into the water. In five minutes the fords were won: indeed, there was little opposition, and the chief difficulty was the depth and rapidity of the stream, which drowned some men. More would have been lost but for the exertions of the dragoons, who picked up several of the shorter infantry that had been borne down by the current.

We had some desultory fighting in advancing to Bayonne; but next morning the enemy retired, and

we were quartered in a good country near the Adour, within long cannon range of the fortifications. General Byng's Brigade occupied the village of Vieux Mougerre and the neighbouring farmhouses. The house allotted to me was that of a substantial farmer, half a mile from the village. As the inhabitants were always glad to have officers quartered on them, thus saving them from the chance of bad usage by the soldiers, the farmer's wife told me she was enchanted to see me in her house: in fact, the old lady was overpoweringly civil and complimentary, both to my countrymen and myself. She said she had always loved and respected the English, who were "une nation superbe; so brave, and so magnanimous, and so religious." "Tenez," she went on, "regardez cette église," pointing to the Cathedral of Bayonne, "that magnificent edifice was built by your Black Prince; assurément que oui; par votre grand Prince Noir." She then told me that everything in her house was at my disposal, and concluded by inquiring what she should prepare for dinner; recommending particularly as the best article in the larder, "une oie magnifique, si grasse et si tendre." So the magnificent goose was forthwith ordered to be put on the spit.

Having some professional duty to do, I left my horse in charge of the farmer, the servants and baggage being still in the rear, and went into the village. When the work was over, I met on my way home a hungry looking young Ensign of the Regiment, whom I invited to share my dinner; it being now near sunset, and close on the hour it was to be ready. As we approached the house, we heard sounds indicative of something wrong about the establishment; cocks and hens were screaming and cackling, dogs were barking,

pigs grunting, with other similar noises, ominous of evil, that made us hasten our steps to find out what was the matter. When we entered, O sight of horror! the first object we beheld was a half-drunken German soldier of the 60th Regiment bearing away the spit and innocent goose, streaming with its rich juices, in his unhallowed clutch. The frightened farmer had shut himself up in the barn, but the gallant dame contended bravely, although fruitlessly, against the Philistines. When we entered, she brightened up wonderfully, and just found breath enough to say, "Il y a un autre voleur dans la cave, la cave, la cave." The goose-robber bolted out of the back door, spit and all, the instant he descried us, but I soon caught him, whilst my companion dived into the cellar, and found the other in the very act of suction at a wine-cock. The disturbed bird was then remanded to its roasting evolutions before the fire, whilst we conducted our prisoners to the Provost Marshal, took the farmer with us, and had the satisfaction of seeing them receive fifty lashes each. Farther and more severe measures had been in contemplation, but we requested that this might be the maximum of punishment, considering the cruel disappointment of the rogues, and that they had got their goose the wrong way.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that after all this, we enjoyed our dinner and some good vin du pays. The goose richly deserved the encomiums of its mistress; and I doubt whether a sweeter or finer bird has revolved upon its axis since the deliverance of the Capitol.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFFAIRS BEFORE BAYONNE.—BRILLIANT CONDUCT OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.—INCIDENTS AT ESPELETTE.—AFFAIR OF GARRIS.—AFFECTING CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN CLITHEROW.—SUMMARY JUSTICE ON A MARAUDER.—BATTLE OF ORTHES.—MODERN EMPLOYMENT OF THE BATTLE-AXE IN ACTION.—AFFAIR OF AIRE.

"The cannons have their bowels full of wrath."
KING JOHN.

"WE were not destined long to remain quiet in our good quarters round Vieux Mougerre. The Duke of Dalmatia, feeling uncomfortable at being environed so closely by the Allied Troops, attempted to dash through the investing line, with superior force, at a favourable point, and thus play over again his game of the Pyrenean irruption of the last summer. He first attacked the left of the Army on the high road to St. Jean de Luz; but after two days hard fighting, could make no impression of importance. He then collected a strong force in Bayonne, and at daylight on the morning of the 13th of December sallied out to overwhelm Sir Rowland Hill.

The business was well planned, and had the troops fought out the combinations of their General, we might once more have been obliged to retire behind the Pyrenees. The French advanced from the city in most formidable numbers and great apparent confidence, but they found their enemy prepared at all

points to receive them; for Sir Rowland Hill perfectly knew their intentions, and had posted his small force in the most judicious manner. Few are aware of the difficulties this noble-minded man had to contend with on the 13th of December; when, isolated by the sudden rise of the Nive, carrying away the bridge of communication with the rest of the Army, threatened by Paris and Pierre Soult in his rear; with his two strongest Regiments, the Buffs and 71st, failing him in the fight, because they were commanded by cowards. He was thus left to contend with fourteen thousand British and Portuguese against thirty-five thousand French, commanded by the intrepid and sagacious Soult.

It was my fortune to witness two prominent incidents in this action, the prompt countermarching of the 71st by Sir Rowland Hill in person when all appeared to be lost; and the heading of a column from the centre by Lieutenant Colonel Currie, his Aide-de-camp, to charge down the high road, when he could find no General Officer to whom he might deliver the order. On the return of Colonel Currie from this dashing service, I met him passing a house where the wounded were collected. He pointed to the 6th Division coming down the mount in the rear to our assistance, and said, "There they come,—but, thank God, we have beat the enemy without their assistance."

One of the two guns taken on this occasion was captured by the Light Company of the 66th Regiment, immediately after a grape shot from the last discharge had desperately wounded Captain Bulstrode in the face. I chanced to be at hand, and gave the necessary assistance immediately. It was an ugly wound: the shot struck his chin, and carried

away one side of the jaw up to the joint, burying six teeth in his tongue, which were extracted at the time. He recovered, though with great deformity, and I had the pleasure of dining with him many years after in London.

We had thirteen hundred wounded on the 13th of December, who were sent to hospitals established at Cambo and Espelette. I was detached on the night of the action to collect all I could find on the road, accompany them to Espelette, and remain there till farther orders. In two or three days I was relieved in the responsibility of the charge, but continued at the post. There were twenty wounded Officers and two hundred men under my care; the weather was fine, and I was young and active, and felt delighted in not having an unemployed moment the whole day. Amongst the Officers was Lieutenant Colonel Leith of the 31st Regiment, who had been shot through the arm by a musket-ball, which had grazed the large artery; but the coats of the artery—like the man himself—were made of good stuff, and not easily torn. The Colonel recovered in a few days, and as he got the English papers, his quarter was the News' Room of Espelette.

As those Officers who were slightly wounded recovered and went to their Regiments, they often sent their Doctor little presents of eatables, such as sucking-pigs, turkeys, or fowls, that abounded in the yet inexhausted country to the front, but were very scarce in our neighbourhood. It chanced that a fat turkey of fine dimensions was sent me one day from Mougerre, of which I requested Colonel Leith and two other convalescent Officers to partake. When I went out to my work, after an early breakfast, I gave Antonio very particular directions as to the cooking of

the dinner, which he promised faithfully to follow; and I proceeded to my daily laborious task, comforted occasionally, when I had time to think of anything but my patients, by the pleasant perspective at the close of the day. The hour of dinner was six, and when I returned a quarter before, I found—

"Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?"

the immaculate Antonio lying prone, and dead drunk, in the kitchen, the beautiful bird unspitted and unstuffed, and the elements of soup, in the shape of the ration-beef, lying beside it on the table!

But patience is a panacea for human miseries, and this was one far o'ertopping the largest in Beresford's book. I went to Colonel Leith, and told him the calamity that had just happened, and requested the loan of his cook to repair it. The beef was put into the pot, and the turkey on the spit, incontinently; a fresh batch of English papers had just arrived, with which the hungry quartetto amused themselves: enfin, about eight o'clock dinner was announced; and notwithstanding the late unpromising appearances, everything passed off well and happily.

About the end of January, 1814, I rejoined my Regiment, well prepared for some recreation by a six weeks' fag: this we had in private theatricals, reconnoitering Bayonne, and thinning the Gascon woodcocks.

The very wet weather we had had lately quite spoiled the roads, so that the advance of the Army into the interior was much retarded; at last Sir Rowland Hill's Corps was put in motion on the 13th February, and on the 14th, there was some sharp skirmishing with General Harispe's Division, at Hellette, when the enemy retired, and took post on the strong height of

Garris; the steep and wooded side of which they garnished with light troops, and stood firm on the top. We arrived in front of this position near sunset, after a long march; and every body expected that the attack would be deferred till next morning; but Lord Wellington at that time came up, and it was said, being apprehensive that artillery would be mounted on this formidable hill next day, he ordered it to be assailed immediately, in the memorable words: "You must take the hill before dark!"

Several columns then dashed into the ravine and up the steep side of the hill; whilst our artillery played over their heads at the masses on the summit. The range was long, and the shots at first fell short; but this was soon corrected, and I observed one French square, which had stood bravely enough for four or five minutes, at length bowing distinctly along the front ranks, when they heard the sound of a ball which dropped a few yards in their front. But when another fell amongst them, they retired, preserving their order, to shelter themselves on the other side of the hill. Three or four victims of this shot remained on the ground.

At the time General Byng's Brigade attacked there was hot work going on to our left, where General Pringle's Brigade, consisting of the 39th and 28th, had also crossed the deep ravine, mounted to the top of the position, and were there strongly opposed. Of this part of the engagement I saw nothing. When General Byng's column was ascending the hill, it was one blaze of fire, from the enemy's skirmishes behind the trees on the sides, and the houses and fences on the crest. This was, for the greater part, as harmless as common fireworks, the balls going over our heads; and as the darkness increased, the effect was strikingly

beautiful. Our men soon reached the summit, scattering the enemy, and taking some hundreds prisoners. Fifty or sixty unfortunate wretches concealed themselves in a house at the top until the affair was over, and our men had piled their arms, and were kindling their night-fires, when they sallied out in a body, and attempted to escape down the hill. At the first rush our men seized their arms, which were loaded, pursued them with a loud cheer, and shot or knocked down almost every man. They were stripped soon after, for this process takes place wonderfully early, and by no visible agency; and I well recollect when the moon rose, seeing their plump white corpses scattered over the field. In the morning we were shocked to see their bodies mutilated of their fair proportions, and all the fleshy and protuberant parts cut clean off down to the bone. How this happened none could say; although a report was current at the time, that a certain ingenious regiment in Byng's Brigade, authorized to recruit inside of Temple Bar, and pick up all the low talent of London, had metamorphosed the poor defuncts' hams into pork, and exchanged this with the Portuguese soldiers for rum. One of the 66th officers averred, that he had overheard two of the culprits chuckling at the trick.

Happening to be the first Surgeon on the top of the hill that evening, General Byng carried me immediately to see his Aide-de-camp, Captain Clitherow, who was dreadfully wounded. I found this fine young man with his hand smashed, and a ball through his breast, which had cut a large artery that I could just reach with my finger: and I believe I prolonged his life a couple of hours by continued pressure. This young officer was much beloved, and died greatly deplored. His end was calm and serene—he blamed

the French soldier, who, he said, made him a prisoner and then shot him; but he forgave him, and died in my arms, with the resignation and fortitude of a soldier and a Christian. He was buried next morning with military honours on the hill where he fell.

This was altogether as shewy a little piece of fighting as I ever witnessed. The brilliant musketry along the side, and from the crest of the hill; the cheering of our men as they mounted, the continued advance of numerous bugles, the roar of our artillery, reverberating in long echoes, from one side to another of the deep ravine at the bottom; all was martially fine and grand.

We proceeded the day after the action through St. Palais, and after some sharp skirmishing, and fording several tributaries of the Adour, including two considerable Gaves, without material opposition; though at one ford a number of harrows had been dropped in the water, and a few troops stationed to defend it, who fled at our approach; we encamped on the 25th February near Orthes, but on the other side of the Gave de Pau. Next morning another officer and myself, in the course of an exploring ramble in quest of eggs or poultry, found an old man badly beaten and bleeding, in a farm house that had been robbed the night before by a marauding party of our soldiers. I dressed his wounds, including one of the temporal artery; the matter was reported immediately, search was made for the criminal; who, from a certain mark, was soon discovered and identified. Expeditious justice was the practice in those days, and after a summary trial, the man was hanged the next evening on the bough of a tree before the whole division.

On the 27th of February we were early under arms. About nine we saw heavy firing commencing two or

three miles down the right bank of the river, which continued and increased into the tumult of a general engagement. All this time our Corps was looking on most anxiously; the deep river in our front, and the town of Orthes, and its old, beautiful, and strong bridge at our feet, but so powerfully guarded that we could not force our way. Still the battle raged on the other side; our people had the worst of it, yet we were standing idle and useless. In this interval search had been making for a ford above the town, and one was at length found, but well guarded by light troops. At eleven o'clock a panting Aide-de-camp arrived from Lord Wellington with orders to cross instantly how we could.

Immediately all was in motion. We soon reached the ford, above which was a thicket on the opposite bank, occupied by the enemy's tirailleurs, but not in great force, nor did they make much resistance. A battery of our Light Artillery galloped in front of the column to the edge of the ford, and opened in beautiful style, sending showers of grape whistling among them, and soon clearing them out. The Corps then rushed into the ford—five or six shells fell amidst us in crossing, but the water immediately extinguished them; and in the course of an hour, thirteen thousand men, with twenty guns, had passed without the slightest accident.

By this time we discovered that the fortune of Soult had again quailed before the star of Wellington, and that the French army was in full retreat, which the close approach of Hill's Corps soon quickened into a most disorderly flight. At the village of Montbrun we joined the cavalry and some of the leading infantry in pursuit; and at this time the whole French army, despairing of effecting their escape across the

Luy de Bearn at the bridge of Sault de Navailles, if they kept the St. Sever high road, had broken irrecoverably, and the face of the country to a great extent was covered with a dense mass of fugitives. All arms were mingled—artillerymen without their guns, cavalry without their horses, and infantry without their arms, were flying pell-mell, helter skelter, whilst our guns were pouring shrapnell shells and round shot amongst them, and thus increasing the general terror and confusion. In short, I never saw a flock of sheep flee more valiantly; whilst in the bright and beautiful evening the sun's broad face, throwing the yellow beams horizontally on the fugitives, and lengthening their flitting shadows to fantastic proportions, appeared, as if in derision, to be playing luminous antics over the scene.

We followed the rout till dark: a little before dusk the Duke of Dalmatia rallied a great part of the fugitives on the heights of Sault de Navailles, and opened on us, to check our pursuit, with two or three guns. But they retired in the night.

Lieut.-Colonel Dodgin, my former refractory patient at Badajoz, now commanded the regiment. Whilst riding at its head, and with some difficulty threading his way amongst the thousands of muskets and other arms that had been thrown down in the flight, a fine ornamented pioneer axe, with a long handle and glittering head, struck his eye. Thinking it might be useful at the night bivouac, it was handed to him, and he threw it over his shoulder and rode on. Presently one of Lord Wellington's Aides-de-camp passed; and on seeing an officer of most martial appearance and large stature, mounted on a great black war-horse, with an immense axe on his shoulder, he stopped beside me and asked his name. On being

informed, he inquired further, "Is that battle-axe, then, his ordinary weapon in action?" "Invariably," I replied; "and, like Cœur de Lion, he often cleaves his man to the chine." The Aide-de-camp rode off, primed with a good story for the Commander of the Forces.

When we halted at dusk, in column on one side of the road, a shot from one of the enemy's guns, on the hill where they rallied, struck the ground, rose again, and knocked over the wife of one of the soldiers, who always managed to keep up with the regiment. It was close to where I stood, and I ran to her immediately, but found there was only a graze and slight contusion on the shoulder. At first she was sadly frightened; but when I assured her there was no harm done, she was so delighted, that she pulled a fowl out of one enormous pouch by her side, and half a yard of black pudding, of large diameter, out of the other, of which she begged my acceptance. I cannot say I pocketed the fee, but it is unprofessional to refuse one; and the Colonel and myself regaled on good Mother Quigley's present the same evening.

After three days' pursuit the French again made a stand at Aire, on the left bank of the Adour, under Clausel; and after a sharp affair they were driven from their post. They had no guns on the hill, but fired from three or four placed on the high road near the town of Aire, quite over their position; knowing well the bearings of a narrow causeway, flanked by the river, over which we were obliged to pass. I did not observe or hear of a single casualty from this cannonade, though I noticed upwards of thirty balls falling into a muddy field on one side of our narrow lane, and the river on the other, some sufficiently near to splash our faces. My gallant friend Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Dodgin led the Light Companies of the Division in his usual dashing style, but not with his usual luck. He was hit by a musket-ball in the side, and tumbled off his horse.

The ball was fired by a fellow not twenty yards off: it struck him above the right hip, and was cut out directly opposite, over the left; and if its course had been straight, death was inevitable. Yet was there no danger; for it hit a metal button of his regimental jacket, and was thus fortunately deflected from its right course into a curve, outside the muscles, but through a deep course of fat. The impression of the two 66 on the button was made most correctly on the ball; proving, according to the proverb, that it carried its billet with it. The day had been cold and wet, and my friend's defences against the inclemency of the weather may be judged by the circumstance, that the nest which the ball had made for itself, and from which it was cut out, was lined by thirteen plies of cloth.

On the advance of the army from Aire, the Lieutenant-Colonel requested that I might be permitted to remain to take care of him, which was courteously granted by General Byng. Immediately I got a good quarter for my patient, and established myself under the same roof.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BAD FRENCH SURGERY AFTER THE BATTLE OF ORTHES.—MARCH FROM AIRE.—ARDENT BOURBONIST LADY AT MIRANDE.—RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF NAPOLEON AT GIMONT.—THROWING DOWN HIS STATUE AT THOULOUSE.—RECEPTION OF LORD WELLINGTON AT THE THEATRE.—CORPS OF SIR ROWLAND HILL ASSEMBLED, PREPARATORY TO RESUMING OPERATIONS.—ADHESION OF SOULT TO THE BOURBONS.—PEACE.

"They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder." DRAYTON.

My duty at Aire did not alone consist in attending my wounded patient, for several other sick and wounded officers were placed under my charge, together with a ward in the British Military Hospital, and an entire hospital of French, wounded in the battle of Orthes; so that my hands were pretty full. Dr. M'Grigor, Head of the Medical Establishment of the Peninsular Army, was then at Aire, and he generally gave his officers plenty of work, when humanity and the public service required it, and made them do their work well too.

I may here observe, in passing, that I never had a more painful charge than that of the French wounded. Whether the state of their wounds was attributable to faulty surgery originally, or to rough conveyance from

the field of action, or neglect since their arrival here, or, what is not improbable, to all combined, the fact is, that nothing could be more deplorable than their condition. The wounds were foul and sloughing, the men's health was very bad, and most of the stumps required re-amputation.

One morning when I was quitting the British Hospital, a cart was driven to the door from the Second Division, then quartered five or six leagues in front, containing a French and an English Dragoon —the latter being the worst case was attended first. This man, Corporal James Buchanan, of the 13th Light Dragoons, carried with him a written certificate from his Commanding Officer, stating that he had been attacked the day before by three of the enemy's dragoons, whom he fought individually, slaying one outright, putting the second to flight, badly wounded and capturing the third, who accompanied him in the cart. Buchanan had received fifteen wounds in this unequal combat; in the head, face, arms, and body: his nose was cut off, and one bone of the fore-arm cut through.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I paid the tenderest attention to this glorious fellow, patched up a jury-nose for him as well as I could, and left him convalescent. It is pleasing to add, that during the whole time they were under my observation, Buchanan and his wounded prisoner, who slept by his side, appeared to be on the best terms, chatting amicably together in broken French and English, and assisting each other by mutual attentions: and it is very probable that they then contracted a permanent friendship. Good often springs from evil in this whimsical world; and we need despair of nothing, when we see warm mutual amity arising from so unpromising an

origin, as a thrust through the body, retaliated by a slice off the nose.

On the 2nd of April, my patient being quite recovered, we marched to join the army. Our route lay through a fertile and pretty tract of country, on the left bank of the Adour; but the road was the ugly, straight, and elevated Chaussée. At the clean and handsome city of Tarbes we were detained three days, from apprehensions of some straggling French Cavalry in our neighbourhood. Our march on the whole was very agreeable—the dazzling Pyrenees, in their winter robes, on our right, good roads, an interesting country, civil people, and now and then the excitement of a white cockade.

On our way to the neat little walled town of Mirande, a soldier, belonging to a detachment we were taking to the front, had been guilty of theft, with some violence to an inhabitant, and after due inquiry was ordered by the Colonel to be punished at the end of the day's march. As soon as the people of Mirande heard this, a deputation of about a dozen of the principal ladies waited on the Colonel in a body, and begged forgiveness for the culprit. They pleaded so eloquently and earnestly, and looked so interesting and so pretty on this mission of kindness, that none but a very hard hearted person could refuse them.

The Mayor gave us a billet on the best house in the town, the owner of which, a fine old gentlemanly man, was an ardent Bourbonist. The lady of the mansion was one of the most enthusiastic legitimists I ever met; but there was a tinge of ferocity about her politics that did not comport well with the natural gentleness of her sex. She shewed us a list of Buonaparte's Marshals which she kept, with black marks opposite the names of those who had died or fallen

in battle; and she added, that during the last ten or twelve years pricking these funereal notices on her chart had been one of her highest enjoyments. She was a firm believer in the illegitimacy of the King of Rome; and told us very scandalous stories of Josephine and Marie Louise, which might have made us blush, if our visages had not already been hardened against such a modest tint by the sun-burning of the march. We had an excellent dinner, and many bumpers of Champagne afterwards, to the health of Louis Dix-huit, the Prince Regent, our hostess, the ladies of Mirande, &c. in the orthodox style of the best age of toasts; and the lady of the mansion gave us a pretty ball in the evening.

On Easter Sunday, when we reached Auch, we heard a very heavy firing in the direction of Thoulouse, which lasted all the forenoon. Although it was plain that the work of death was going on to a great extent, nobody appeared to heed it; and this general unconcern of the inhabitants, at a serious engagement in their neighbourhood, perhaps involving the destruction of a rich and ancient city, was in disagreeable contrast with the intense interest shewn by the people of Campo Mayor in the fate of Badajoz, two years before.

We heard next day at Gimont of the battle of Thoulouse; and the people blamed Soult much, insisting that he had no right to expose a great and almost open city to the horrors that might result from a defeat in its suburbs. Every body was hoping for the speedy downfall of Napoleon, and confident sooner or later that it must take place. Bourbon demonstrations became stronger as we advanced; till at length, just as we entered the town of L'Isle en Jourdain, the Mayor had returned from Thoulouse, with the astound-

ing news of the deposition of Buonaparte, and the restoration of the old family. In five minutes the inhabitants collected in the square; and when the Mayor read from the "Moniteur" the official intelligence, every man put his hand in his pocket, took out something and pinned it to his breast, and instantaneously a grove of white cockades burst upon the sight. Then ensued a scene of French enthusiasm, natural enough to that mercurial people, but sheer rant to us. Deafening shouts from an immense multitude filled the air: "Vive Louis Dix-huit!" "Vivent les Bourbons!" "Vivent les Anglais!" "Vive Lord Vellingtonne!" and "Vivent les Officiers Anglais!" intended as a special compliment to ourselves in particular. After this astonishing hubbub —which sadly disturbed the pigeons of the place, and sent them in flocks gyrating high over head, wondering what sudden frenzy had invaded the quiet town— we all repaired to the Church to hear a grand Te Deum. Not to be singular amidst all this rejoicing, the Colonel and myself gave a dinner at our quarters to four or five English Officers on their way to the army, who halted here for the day; and in the evening the pretty Mayoress had a ball on a large scale, to which, of course, we all were invited, and treated with the most marked friendliness and attention.

We entered Thoulouse next day amidst universal demonstrations of the most lively joy; and when we reached the great square we witnessed a most extraordinary sight. A fine colossal statue of Napoleon, of white marble, stood on the top of the pediment of the Capitolium, the grandest building in the city, which occupied one entire side of the square. A strong rope had that morning been rove round its neck, and when we entered there were two or three

hundred people hauling away below, at the other end, with shouts and execrations.

What a spectacle! A crowd of wretches, who would have sunk into the very earth at the frown of the living man but two short weeks before, were now perpetrating this brutal indignity on the beautiful sculpture of Canova!

The majestic statue resisted for a long time, with characteristic firmness and tenacity, but at length gave way amidst an infernal yell of triumph, tumbled from its lofty position upon the pavement, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

We found workmen busily employed all over the city in substituting "Royale" for "Imperiale," and obliterating every where the poor persecuted great N's. The Bees also, Napoleon's most unappropriate emblem, were flying off rapidly, and every external mark of the fallen dynasty was fast disappearing.

In the evening we went to the theatre: the play was Henry the Fourth, and the demonstrations of Anglomania and Bourbon loyalty were quite overwhelming. As soon as Lord Wellington made his appearance in the Royal Box, the whole audience stood up, the performance stopped, and actors and spectators joined in three of the loudest peals of acclamation I ever heard. Cries of "Vive Louis Dix-huit!" "Vivent les Bourbons!" "Vivent les Anglais!" "Vive Lord Vellingtonne!" "Vive le Roi George!" were a thousand times repeated. It was all like magic.

This was a week of extraordinary excitement and unusual joy and festivity at Thoulouse; and it was all very natural under the peculiar circumstances of the inhabitants. A few days before a bloody battle had been fought at their doors, and its sights and

sounds of distress and horror were yet present to their senses. To this succeeded the retreat within their walls of the defeated French army, and the deadly apprehensions of protracted defence, bombardment, storm, and pillage. From all these calamities, present and prospective, they had been at once relieved; whilst to the Bourbonists in the place, who formed the large majority, came at the same time the joyful intelligence of the dethronement of their hated tyrant. No wonder then that the Thoulousians vied with each other in doing honour to the illustrious General now amongst them. He was lodged in the Palace of the Prêfet, and was attended by a French guard of honour; whilst balls and fêtes followed in quick succession. Nor were the utmost attention, kindness, and hospitality wanting towards their wounded guests, who had suffered in the late battle.

Still, amidst all this gaiety and enjoyment, there was a cloud in the military horizon. The Duke of Dalmatia, sulky and obstinate, continued with his army at Carcassonne, and refused to acknowledge the Bourbons. It was very generally believed at Thoulouse that, previous to the battle of the 10th, he had received intelligence of the abdication of Napoleon; but conceiving his great antagonist was at length at fault, and confiding in the strength of his position, and desirous to end with eclat, he had concealed the news, and thus caused a great and wanton effusion of blood. From this false imputation, we have since seen his magnanimous adversary defending him successfully in the House of Lords, and stating that Marshal Soult could not have heard of the abdication of Napoleon when he fought at Thoulouse.

On the 16th of April, my patient and I rejoined

the 66th Regiment at Ville Franche, after a march from Thoulouse along the canal of Languedoc, cut by Louis XIV. to connect the Garonne with the Mediterranean. In the vicinity of the city the country is woody, rich, and well cultivated, but as we travelled eastward it became flat, bare, and ugly.

On the clear morning of the 18th, the whole of Sir Rowland Hill's Corps assembled under arms near Ville Franche, in a state of considerable impatience to learn the ultimatum of the Duke of Dalmatia, which had been peremptorily demanded by the Duke of Wellington. To fight or not to fight was the question. After remaining four long hours under arms in this suspense, whilst the eyes of all were strained on the road to Carcasonne, we saw a coach coming along at a rapid rate, escorted by four English and four French Dragoons. These were cheered as they passed; and we soon learned that the Count de Gazan and one of Lord Wellington's Aides-de-camp were in the carriage, charged with the adhesion of Soult to the Government of Louis XVIII. Thus then ended our fighting.

Soon after, the Brigade of General Byng moved to a small village named Pourville, about two miles from Thoulouse, where we remained six weeks, and a most agreeable time we passed. We were in good quarters, with a cheap and plentiful market at hand, a fine riding country, and in the most pleasant season of the year, whilst we were fêted nightly by the loyal Thoulousians, in the first fervour of their joy at the restoration of the Bourbons.

On the 27th of April, the Duc D'Angouleme entered Thoulouse amidst the unbounded acclamations of the whole city. The streets were lined with the Allied Troops; a cortége of British General Officers,

and a very numerous band of mounted gentlemen of the city escorted him to the Cathedral, amidst a royal salute from the Artillery; whilst thousands of bright eyes beamed smiles upon him from the windows, and a forest of white handkerchiefs were waving over his head.

The ladies of this ancient and celebrated city pique themselves not a little on their birth, beauty, and accomplishments; and aver, that in the worst times of the revolution, its coarseness did not taint the society of their aristocratic town; but that then, as in a chosen asylum, the politesse and gentlemanly manners of the old school sought refuge. Judging from the many delightful persons we met there, this seems likely enough; and I believe that if we had remained much longer amongst them, the triumphs of the fair Thoulousians over the hearts of the British Officers would have centupled those of our great Commander over their countrymen. As it was, not a few succumbed to their graces, surrendered at discretion, and married outright.

The Bishop of Thoulouse had a palace near Pourville, in which, after his Lordship had abandoned it on our approach, two other Officers and myself found excellent quarters. There was a neglected fish-pond that was full of frogs in the garden; and in the heat of the day, these reptiles used to come to the surface of the water to look about them and take the air; and when they found the sun too hot, would wisely poke their heads under the broad leaf of some flag or water-lily, which served the purpose of a parasol. A great bull-frog enjoying himself in this position, looked somewhat like a fat Hindoo reposing under his chattah.

A venerable old servant of the Bishop, who stooped

much, and wore a queue of the longitude of Louis the Fifteenth's time, was left to take care of the establishment. When he wanted a little game on a jour de fête, he was accustomed to visit the pond, with a branch of a willow for a fishing-rod, and a piece of a thread and a crooked pin for hook and line; a petal or two of a pink or carnation serving for a fly. When he bobbed this simple bait over the heads of the frogs, some hungry fellow would rise at it like a trout, and be pitched out on the bank; but very often the old maitre d'hôtel would have his work to do over again after all, for the pin having no barb, Mr. Frog would very generally extricate himself and hop away,—the more vivaciously for the prick in the jaw he had just received. Very often I have enjoyed a hearty laugh, when sitting in a neighbouring summer-house, and witnessing the antics of Messire Jean and a fugitive frog. "S——é!" he would exclaim, when it got off, "S——é bête!" and then deliberately taking off his spectacles, and laying down his fishing-rod, he would address himself to the race. If his game hopped towards the water, escape was easy, but if the reptile was bothered as to the locale, and took a course into the interior, its hind quarters would infallibly be roasting on a skewer, or simmering in a fricassée in a quarter of an hour.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARCH DOWN THE VALE OF THE GARONNE.—PARTING OF THE PORTUGUESE AND ENGLISH TROOPS.—GREAT HOSPITALITY AND KINDNESS OF THE INHABITANTS ON THIS MARCH.—GLUT OF HORSEFLESH IN THE BORDEAUX MARKET ON THE EMBARKATION OF THE ARMY.—WORRYING OF A FRENCH GENTLEMAN BY A SAVAGE HORSE BELONGING TO THE AUTHOR.—HIS TREATMENT BY A SPANISH CAPITRAZ.

"Good classic Lewis, is it, can'st thou say,
Desirable to be the Désiré?
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much better to be scourged than school'd?"

BYRON.

We left our pleasant quarters near Thoulouse on the 3rd of June to march to Bordeaux, there to embark for England. Our route lay down the left bank of the Garonne, one of the most rich and lovely tracts in all France. The marches were short, the inhabitants overwhelmingly civil, and we had a ball every night.

The Portuguese Oporto Brigade, composed of three fine Regiments that had long formed a part of our Second Division, and with which it had maintained invariable friendly relations, and side by side had stood in many a well-contested field, accompanied us part of the way. When we arrived at the town of Bezace, where the road turned off to Bayonne, the

Officers of Byng's Brigade gave a parting entertainment to the Portuguese Officers, which was marked by a remarkable display of cordiality and affection between the companions in arms. British airs were called for by our friends, and we gave them Portuguese in turn; whilst suitable toasts were cheered in flowing bumpers, until it was time to go to the ball-room. These Regiments had secured the esteem and respect of the British soldiers by their gallantry in the field and general good conduct. Next morning we marched early, and when we came to the cross roads where we were to separate, the old fellow-campaigners, officers and men, embraced and exchanged affectionate adieus; and as we moved in different directions, loud and prolonged cheers answered each other in peals and echoes, until they melted away in the distance.

And there, too, faithful and excellent Antonio, there didst thou separate from thy master, and wend thy way to thy native Coimbra, to astonish the untravelled simpletons of the Mondego by the relation of thy various adventures. Honestly and diligently didst thou always serve me; and though in a moment of weakness thou didst once err, and wast oblivious in the matter of bespitting the turkey, this solitary fault was lost in thy general virtue,—it was a spot in the sun. I do believe, my poor knave, that thou didst not soon forget thy master, for of this, the tear that fell upon my hand when thou wert kissing it at parting, was a pledge!

We reached Bordeaux on the 18th of June, and encamped with the Light Division soon after, on a large heath, four leagues from the city, waiting for ships of war to take us home. Three weeks more of gaiety and enjoyment were passed here. We were in

long arrears of pay, which were discharged at Bordeaux, at about the rate of two months per week; consequently we had plenty of money to spend, and there were not wanting tempting objects in that fine city to beguile us of it. Indeed, our superfluous cash was especially relished by the Bordelais at that time, when, from the stagnation of trade and general commercial distress in France, their beautiful quays were mantling over with grass, and the richest vintages remaining unsold in their cellars.

We had then a snug mess of eight at a château in the neighbourhood of the camp, occupied by our Commanding Officer, my former patient, Lieutenant Colonel Dodgin. Here I regret to have to tell, that from the unfortunate abundance of claret and cash, the life we led was less characterized by strict temperance than by several other virtues. Half of the mess used to go every three or four days to Bordeaux, stay a night, and return from "the smoke and noise of Rome" to the cool shades of our château garden, letting the remainder have their turn the next day.

Once, when a party had been in town to see Mademoiselle Georges, a tragedy beauty of fourteen stone, playing Ophelia in the French Hamlet, and had returned as far as the commencement of our avenue, we saw two odd-looking figures in white, moving about the garden, spouting and gesticulating, which we were much puzzled to make out. On a nearer approach, they turned out to be two of our Officers, who, under the influence of wine the night before, had shaved each other's heads; and made a mutual vow to walk about the garden in white sheets until we arrived, under a heavy pecuniary penalty from the defaulter. They had perambulated thus half the night, and all the morning and forenoon;

and lucky was it for these madcaps that there was good shade, and that we did not defer our return till the next day, else the small remains of their hot brains would have evaporated altogether.

At this time we witnessed another triumphal entry of the Duc D'Angoulême, at Bordeaux, which was even more brilliant than at Thoulouse: but there was an unfortunate accident which damped the joy. A British Brig of War, moored near the quay, killed one of the crowd with the wadding of a gun in firing a salute. I was standing on the balcony of the American Hotel, facing the river, when the misfortune happened close to the house. I then heard several cries from the alarmed multitude—"C'est exprès; c'est exprès!"

I suppose that in the memory of man—at least since the useful invention of money, horses and mules and asses were never so cheap in Bordeaux as in the memorable month of June 1814. All the chargers of all the field officers, the horses and hacks of the other officers, the mules of every body, and the donkeys of the soldiers' wives, were in the market at once. All were sellers, and there were but few buyers; particularly as the supply increased towards the end of the month. The Bordelais had plenty of wine, but little money. By the exercise of a very small proportion of foresight, I perceived that horse-flesh would soon be quite unsaleable, and the very day after we arrived, I sent two horses and a mule to the Bordeaux market.

I had a black, savage horse, named Barbary, which was sold to me by Lieutenant Strenowitz, a very gallant German officer, honourably mentioned in Napier's History. His crimes and misdemeanors had been manifold; but he was a shewy animal, of

a glossy black, and a strong, active, and perfect horse, in the fullest sense of the word. Yet on more than one occasion had he so ungenerously behaved, that the order to slay him was on the point of being issued. Once, when I visited his stall, and put my hand on his neck to caress him, he seized me by the breast with his teeth; and if I had not made a desperate struggle to escape, and pommelled him well with my fists about the eyes, but especially if my vest and shirt had not given way, he would in all probability have dragged me under his forefeet, and killed me outright. I had the marks of his broad teeth on my breast-bone for three weeks.

When my servant was shewing off this amiable animal in the Horse Market, an elderly French gentleman was struck with his appearance, and asked his age and price. He then moved round him, scanning his points critically; and afterwards made the man walk, trot, and canter him. This ordeal being passed satisfactorily, the buyer examined the joints, feet, and eyes; and after a long meditative pinch from his snuff-box, proceeded to inspect his mouth. Barbary had hitherto undergone these liberties with forbearance and equanimity; but when this last freedom was taken with his person he uttered a fierce yell, seized the poor man by the shoulder, and proceeded to worry him as a terrier would a rat. The crowd ran to the rescue, sticks and stones rained on Barbary, and he was obliged to drop his prey before he had committed actual homicide. Of course, all chance of sale for that day was over, the wounded gentleman talked of getting him shot by the authority of the Mayor; but Jonathan Wild jumped on his back, the crowd opened right and left, and he soon was in his own stable, four leagues off.

I sold this man-eater to a Spanish Capitraz of Muleteers for two doubloons, though he was worth ten or twelve. He soon commenced his tricks with his new master, but he met with his equal in the biting department. These hardy fellows are accustomed to ferocity as well as stubbornness in their mules, and know well how to subdue them. The last time I saw Mr. Barbary, he appeared in considerable distress, but I had no pity to bestow upon him. His new master was clinging to one of his ears with his teeth, whilst a muleteer with a long cudgel was belabouring his ribs on the other side, as hard as he could strike. Under this pleasant treatment he was leaving Bordeaux, on the road to Spain; and for aught I know to the contrary, the discipline might have been kept up half the way to the Pyrenees.

We sailed in the Rodney of 74 guns to Cove, and proceeded soon after in the Chatham, 74, to Spithead, landed at Gosport, and then marched to Bristol.

CHAPTER XX.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.—RETURN TO THE REGIMENT AND EMBARKATION FOR BENGAL.—ASTOUNDING NEWS OF THE LANDING OF NAPOLEON IN FRANCE.—BET AS TO HIS SUCCESS.—VOYAGE, WITH ITS VARIETIES.—CAPTURE OF SHARKS.—PASSING THE SURF AT MADRAS.

"My native land, good night."—BYRON.

As soon as I could obtain leave of absence, I proceeded to my native vale in the north of Ireland, where the three months soon passed away amidst the hospitalities of a circle of friends. "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum—" every body had not travelled in those days; and a campaigning traveller was then thought an acquisition to society. Before I went abroad I had a very humble opinion of my own merits, but I now rose in self esteem marvellously; and it may well be believed that I told all my Peninsular stories to the best advantage, described the battles I had been in to the Militia Officers; re-amputated shoulders for the doctors; detailed the dresses of the Spanish ladies, and expatiated on their floating movements and pretty lisp, for the edification of my fair acquaintances, and descanted on the respective merits of the vineyards of the claret country, for the wine-bibbers. In short, when my leave was nearly up, I found myself the centre of a considerable knot, and already expanding into some importance.

My favourite stream was as clear, as cheerful, and as populous as ever; and its banks were equally verdant, though towards the close of Summer. In the course of my rambles, angle in hand, it was agreeable to discover that I had not been forgotten by the good yeomanry of the Eske Valley, nor the dear woman-kind: although a leetle matter of selfishness might occasionally be developed in the reminiscences of the latter. Thus, I was frequently coaxed out of a flying advice, when there happened to be any sickness in the family, by the flattering exordium, which I beg the reader will believe I blush exceedingly in mentioning: "Ogh! shure he's the clever young Doctor that used to be fishing hereabout, and playing with the childher; Lord bless him, he's jist come from the wars, and it's himself can tell us what we are to do with Judy's futt." After this it was impossible to refuse.

A renewal of leave was asked and refused. I therefore lost no time in joining the Regiment at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. Soon after, a detachment of eight officers and a hundred men was ordered to march to Chatham, and embark to join the First Battalion of the 66th in Bengal: I was directed to accompany it. We embarked on board the Lord Melville, Indiaman, in February, but were baffled by contrary winds and calms all the month of March, and lay tumbling about in the Downs until the 3rd of April.

Few things can be more annoying than remaining weather-bound in port, with every arrangement for the voyage completed. But about the middle of March, an event occurred, which dispelled for a time the monotony of our life at the stupid anchorage, and electrified us, in common with all Europe—Buonaparte

was again in France! When we heard he had landed, most persons on board thought the attempt was madness, and that he would be instantly apprehended and shot. When, however, news arrived that the garrison of Grenoble had joined him, matters looked a little more serious; still the general opinion on board our ship was, that the daring invader would be stopped at Lyons, whither the Compte d'Artois and Marshall Macdonald had repaired to organize a loyal force: only one person dissented—my humble self. Well, he reached Lyons, and the troops cheered and joined, instead of shooting him; but there was still Ney, with his iron cage ready, and pledged to pack him up and send him to the Thuilleries.

In this state of suspense we left England, and many and various were the arguments, pro and con, respecting the result of this astounding expedition—success or failure; the Imperial sceptre once more, or a traitor's grave. During the early part of the voyage, our conversation in the cuddy turned almost exclusively on this absorbing topic; at last, every thing connected with the subject having been pretty well exhausted, it was abandoned by common consent, about the time we reached the Line; after Captain Crabbe had made a bet with me, of a Champagne dinner when we reached Calcutta, respecting the issue of Buonaparte's invasion. He betted that Napoleon would not be in Paris, except as a prisoner, on the 15th of April. The dinner was to include all the cabin passengers.*

* The Quarterly Review for March 1841, did the First Edition of this insignificant book the honour of a favourable notice; indeed more favourable than it deserved; for which the Author feels much obliged, as he had never aspired even to the distinction of being cut up by this gigantic critic. In noticing the above bet, however,

We sailed in a fleet of five Indiamen, our captain being commodore. The Princess Charlotte, the fastest sailor, was employed as a look-out frigate, to reconnoitre any suspicious strangers; as we were not quite sure that we might not fall in with an American frigate in our course, ignorant, most probably of the Treaty of Ghent that had recently been concluded. We had beautiful weather the whole way, and so fair was the wind, that we had not occasion to wear or tack during the whole voyage, from the Downs to Madras. We bounded across the Bay of Biscay in fine style, and on the 18th of April were off Madeira, but did not stop, for the commodore would not run any risk of parting with his favourable breeze; so we only got a peep through a glass at Funchal, which, perhaps was quite enough. As we moved Southward, the sun made us doff our woollens very quickly. We passed our time most agreeably, Captain Crabbe had a respectable library, and he civilly invited us all to enjoy ourselves with a book in his commodious cabin when we pleased. Gazing, strolling on deck, reading, and chess, occupied the forenoon; and we generally had Whist in the evening.

There was but one draw-back to our comfort on board; the irregular conduct of Lieutenant L—b—t of our Corps. This was a talented young man, and most agreeable when sober, but half mad when excited by wine. One night when passing Madeira, L——t came out of the cuddy, tipsy, knocked down

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the Reviewer has made a mistake, which appears somewhat extraordinary. He says the Author lost his dinner; whereas, as is plainly enough mentioned in the text, he won it. Moreover, he ate it too, and a very good dinner it was.

the seaman at the wheel, and took his place. The captain was inside; but finding the ship make a wide yaw out of her course, he ran out to see what was the matter; when the new quarter-master explained that he had seized the wheel, because he had seen the lubber who was at it going six points out of his true course. This prank was forgiven, and the man got hush-money; but on a similar outrage again occurring, the offender was put in close arrest.

This young man was clever and well read; and it appears had been first spoiled by the sensual sophistries of the Diderôt and Voltaire school; but chiefly by the pestilent eloquence of Rousseau. He considered the Heloise the quintescence of exquisite composition; and this mischievous romance and Lord Byron's Corsair generally lay under his pillow. Numerous were the scrapes in which he had involved himself during the Peninsular War by his intemperance; and manifold were the dangers he ran of losing his commission with disgrace. As some persons can sleep at will, L——t possessed the power of sobering himself on a great emergency; so that he always managed to avoid any fatal display of incapacity to do his duty. When once on an outlying picket in front of Bayonne, the night after the Second Division crossed the Nive, he found a barrel of cyder in the house, got drunk, and fell asleep. Immediately after poor Clitherow, who was killed at Garris, arrived at the post, with an order for the officer of the picket to patrole in a particular direction in front. I happened to be in the house at the time; the night was dark and wet, and L——t so wrapped in drunken sleep that he could not be wakened, and I thought he was lost. All this time Captain Clitherow was waiting at the door, on horseback, to give him his instructions.

After several fruitless attempts, I roused him at last, by plunging a large pin up to its head, in the calf of his leg, as he lay snoring on the bed; when he started up with a "d—— the bug!" rubbed his eyes and his leg, went out and received the Aide-de-camp's orders, took his patrol in the proper direction, returned as sober as a judge, and made a satisfactory report.

Before we left Chatham L——t sallied out of the Mitre Inn one evening after dinner, with a white hot poker of large size in his hand. It was Saturday night, and very wet, yet many people were in the streets: and as he proceeded upsetting every body he met, cursing his formidable weapon, fizzing with the rain, over his head, and cursing in the loudest and most guttural German, he looked like a demon, wreathed in fire and smoke.

As we approached the Line, we met with the usual number of porpoises, flying-fish, and sharks. The last being a fish I had not yet enjoyed the pleasure of catching, I baited a hook with a piece of pork, attached this to a chain, a foot and a half long, fastened to a strong cord, and promised a shilling for the first intimation when one of these voracious rascals made his appearance; which was generally in the ship's wake, and very early in the morning.

Two mornings after these arrangements, a sailor shook my cot a little after day-light to announce the arrival of the enemy, when I started up and ascended the poop, and there, plain enough, was a good sized shark visible, about three or four feet below the surface, and four or five yards astern. Over went my bait immediately, and I was delighted to perceive that it was not long unnoticed; the shark came up to the pork, reconnoitered it a little with some attention,

poked it with his snout, and then, being satisfied that it was sweet, he turned himself half round, opened his huge mouth and sucked it in. I kindly permitted him to indulge in one squeeze of the luscious morsel, and then just as he was getting into his former sailing order, I gave the rope no gentle pull, and chuck went the barb into his jaws.

At first he did not appear to comprehend clearly the meaning of this prick, perhaps supposing it was nothing more than a sharp bit of bone in the pork; but when he found the hook piercing deeper and deeper, and the "iron entering his soul," down he plunged desperately, but in the mean time the sailors had attached the cord to a coil of rope, and I let him run out as much as he pleased, and then played him like a salmon. By this time half the passengers were up witnessing the sport. When the shark was fairly tired I brought him near the surface, a sailor cast a noose adroitly round his body below the pectoral fins, a loud yo—he—oh! was sung out by the captors, and we hoisted the gentleman on deck. He there made great play about our legs, but his tail was soon nicked with an axe; the sailors dragged him forward to the cooking galley, and there cut him up and ate him.

In the warm latitudes we caught a number of bonitos from the bowsprit, with a piece of rag, like a flying-fish, on which they fed. The bonito, notwithstanding its name, is a clumsy ugly fish, and the Portuguese who first named it must have had either small acquaintance with ichthyology, or very poor taste. Nor do its edible qualities make up for its unpromising exterior, for its flesh is very coarse, and only eatable when dressed with some rich sauce, or stewed in wine.

Of course Neptune did not fail to visit us in crossing the Line, and we had the usual ducking, and rough shaving, and tarring of the equinoctial saturnalia. We basked and gasped four or five days, becalmed in his dominions, and I know few things so utterly intolerable as to be thus roasted in this burning zone, without the power of leaving it; the pitch starting from the seams of the deck, the perspiration dissolving everything soluble about our clothes, and our very eyeballs straining their moorings. At last, one day, when

> "'twas sad as sad could be,
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of the sea;
>
> "All in a hot and copper sky,
> The bloody sun at noon
> Right up above the mast did stand,
> No bigger than the moon:"

some sharp-sighted person perceived at a great distance a small ripple, technically called a cat's paw, on the surface of the mirror-like ocean. All glasses were immediately pointed at it, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing it ruffling and expanding beneath a gentle air, which became a respectable breeze. Every inch of canvass was instantly spread, and every mouth opened to inhale the grateful coolness. Soon the gallant ship felt its influence; the white foam was dashed aside from the prow, and we proceeded merrily south.

We had our usual fine weather and a very smooth sea going round the Cape and through the Mozambique Channel. When abreast of the island of Johanna, we saw one morning a number of canoes waiting to board us, full of the most grotesquely dressed black figures, apparently arrayed in cast-off English

naval and military uniforms, shouting to us to lay-to and throw them a rope; but the Commodore was deaf to their entreaties, the wind being too fair to lose time, even for a levée of Admirals and Generals; and thus the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, and Billy Pitt, and Lord Nelson—all hard-working Arab washermen—lost a good job.

Beautiful at this time was the sky above and the sea below; the one glorious with southern constellations new to our eyes, the other radiant at night in our wake, like a river of fire. Philosophers, I humbly think, in their attempts to explain this phenomenon, overlook one simple, obvious, and sufficient cause, namely, the violent collision of particles of briny fluid against each other, charged highly with the phosphoric salts in these warm latitudes; and more saline in every respect from the powerful and constant evaporation. This would at once explain the brilliant wake of a ship by night in tropical regions, contrasted with its duller appearance in higher latitudes,—the bright course of a fish and his invisible path under like circumstances,—and the fact that a bucket of water when drawn up at night near the Line, is luminous at first from its agitation, ceases to be bright when becoming calm, and is again luminous when disturbed.

The usual way of explaining this nocturnal brightness of the sea within the Tropics, is to refer it to the phosphorescence of molluscar animalculæ. This has always appeared to me unsatisfactory; and unless these minute creatures are—numerous as—not merely the drops, but the ultimate atoms of water, their agency would appear inadequate to produce the effect we witness. Besides, why should they be more visible in disturbed than in calm water?

On the 2nd of July, we got amongst a large covey of flying-fish chased by innumerable dolphins and bonitos, some of which poor unfortunates jumped into the chains, and even on deck, where they were soon secured. We found them very delicate eating, much like whiting. This day I caught a very large shark, —being the thirteenth since we left England—twelve feet long, and weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. This monster afforded us an hour's play, and having given him a great length of line, standing on the taffrail, whilst a sailor held by my skirts. I found my hands all blistered afterward, from the running out and hauling in of the rope, though quite unconscious of hurt at the time.

Whilst rapidly traversing the Indian Ocean, many and various were our conjectures on board concerning the res gestæ in Europe; for here there was full scope for speculation, and we were now drawing near Madras, where we might expect that news to a later time than when we left England would have arrived overland. Sailing just as Napoleon reached Lyons, yet when the indomitable Ney, "the bravest of the brave," was pledged to destroy him, and at the head of a superior force, it was hard to say what the event would be. For my own part, I entertained little doubt of the general defection of the Army from the White Flag, knowing well their strong attachment to their old master, and the electric effect of the first example; and under this impression had betted the dinner, which in expensive Calcutta would probably cost a hundred pounds.

On the 17th of July we saw Ceylon on our larboard bow, and soon perceived the peculiar odour of land, which, notwithstanding the accounts I had read of the spicy exhalations from that island of fragrance,

was more warm and earthy than aromatic. On the 22nd, we anchored in Madras roads. All the ships of our fleet were instantly surrounded by canoes and Mussoolah boats, laden with great variety of fruit and vegetables, for which there is always a ready sale after the voyage from Europe. Around the Lord Melville we had, in a quarter of an hour, about a hundred of these craft in tiers four or five deep, whilst the owners were handing in their plaintains, mangoes, and pines to the soldiers through the ports, and selling them at about a hundred per cent. above the ordinary price. In the midst of all this noise and confusion, each vender puffing his goods, and soldiers, sailors, and natives jabbering away in broken English, Hindosthanee, and Malabar; it was now time for the Commodore's ship to salute Fort St. George. Bang! went a gun from the foremost starboard port; bang! followed a second from the larboard, not two feet clear of the turbaned heads in the canoes below. Then ensued a scene of the most laughable nature; the more courageous ducked low in the boats, the timid jumped overboard, whilst half the cargoes were tumbled into the water, and the sea all around the ship was covered with cocoa-nuts and pine-apples. It was a full hour before the consequent squabbles as to proprietorship could be settled, and trade had resumed its course.

And now all was intense anxiety to learn the news from Europe. Soon after dropping anchor, we saw a Mussoolah boat approach with a white face in it, and before the Master Attendant of the Port had time to board us, he was hailed from the gangway, "Any Europe news?" "Great news," was the reply; but he proceeded leisurely up the ladder, and stepped on the quarter deck, before he would satisfy our curiosity.

At length, after shaking hands with Captain Crabbe, he exclaimed, "Buonaparte is reigning in the Thuilleries!"

On the 24th of July we disembarked, and had the novel excitement, previously, of passing through the Madras surf. Our course was amidst three successive tiers of foaming and thundering breakers, often looking down upon us as we sat in the bottom of the deep and elastic Mussoolah boat, the line of the bottom of which, as we ascended and descended the steep and awful hills of surf, was as nearly perpendicular as possible, and exactly like being poised on one end. We were flanked on both sides by a little fleet of Catamarans, the inmates of which had various shining medals about their necks, as rewards for saving poor fellows like us from the sharks. "Allah! Illah! Allah!" vociferated the boatmen, as the deep and vibrating boat rode over the foaming ridges; "Allah! Illah!" shouted with equal fear and fervency. At last the flood of the third surf shot us up the beach; when a hundred Orientals seizing the boat, for fear of the reflux, dragged us up the sandy shore out of the reach of the wave, and we jumped on the soil of Hindostan.

CHAPTER XXI.

MADRAS.—POONAMALEE.—CALCUTTA.—MISCHIEVOUS TRICKS ON ADJUTANTS.—AN ADJUTANT'S LUNCH.—RENARD AU NATUREL.—VOYAGE UP THE GANGES TO DINAPORE.—RENCONTRE WITH A BUFFALO BULL.

"Man is the only growth that dwindles here."
GOLDSMITH.

"the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime."
BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

HERE then were we fairly landed in this "Clime of the Sun." My brother officers and myself were immediately assailed by an army of black, and yellow, and straw-coloured, and mud-coloured, and many-coloured natives, in large white turbans, fine moustaches, long flowing muslin garments, and naked feet, presenting numerous credentials and certificates with low and graceful salaams, and requesting to have the high honour of being the humblest of our slaves. With some difficulty we made our way through the crowd, but not before choosing one or two each from this importunate multitude; we then got into palanquins, and went to the principal hotel.

Next morning we marched to Poonamalee, a military station fifteen miles from Madras, the appearance and agremens of which did not prepossess us much in favour of the new country. The barracks were built on a flat, exposed to the heat of a powerful sun, with little shade or ventilation; the flies

could scarcely have been worse with Pharaoh, and a sandy plain in front of a detached Barrack appropriated to the 64th Detachment, was inhabited by cobras de capello, the most venomous snake in the East. These creatures remained in their holes all day, contrary to the usages of their brethren, but as soon as it was dark, they sallied out to take a snap at any body's heels that passed. When obliged to go over this plain during my night visits to the hospital, I was at first very apprehensive of a bite; but I took good care to fortify everything below the knees with as many pairs of boots as I could move in, and thus defied the snakes, although of a dark night I sometimes fancied I felt the villains tugging at the leather.

After a fortnight at Poonamalee, we were ordered to re-imbark in the same ship for Calcutta. We marched at two o'clock in the morning to avoid the heat, enjoyed several delicious drinks of toddy (the cool juice of the cocoa-nut palm) on the road, launched out into the surf attended by the Catamaran people, once more cheated the sharks, and found ourselves the same day comfortably established in our good ship the Lord Melville. After a pleasant voyage, we reached Calcutta on the 23rd of August, and were all invited by Captain Crabbe to eat the Buonaparte dinner at his house in Chouringhee that day week.

This Metropolis of the East has a grand and imposing aspect; and the beauty of the fine houses—at the western extremity in particular—surrounded by their ornamented and luxurious grounds and gardens, is very striking. The mansions are on a large scale, compared with English dwellings at home; and their deep balconies and verandahs with the white marmorean stucco, called Chunam, with which the walls are

covered, give them an air of considerable splendour and magnificence.

But to a griffin, as they hieroglyphically call strangers in India, perhaps the greatest novelty in Calcutta is that huge, grave, long-beaked bird called the Adjutant, but which should rather be named Dominie Sampson; for his air is decidedly more abstracted and pedagoguish than military, and his costume has nothing garish or gay about it. The young Johnny Newcome stares with no slight wonder when he first sees this enormous bird stalking slowly, and as if in deep thought, through the streets, flying round a corner within a yard of his person, with his monstrous bill projecting formidably, and threatening him with impalement; gobbling up large bones of beef, or a four pound loaf, or any other trifle that is pitched out to him; and when he has made a satisfactory meal, standing on one leg, like a mutilated statue, on the highest pinnacle he can find, to digest it.

The Adjutant, as is well known, is a harmless and useful bird, that performs the duty of a scavenger in India, devouring offal and punishing snakes, of which he is very fond. His valuable services are so fully appreciated, that the Company have taken him into their charge, and placed the whole fraternity under their protection; punishing with a heavy fine the murder of one of these birds. Yet such is the ingratitude of mankind, that the poor inoffensive Adjutant is persecuted by the most annoying and cruel tricks. Shank bones of mutton are cleaned out and stuffed with gunpowder, with a slow match applied; then the meat is thrown out and swallowed, and when the poor wretch is chuckling over its savoury morsel it explodes and blows him to atoms.

A more venial trick, and not unamusing, I confess, is to tie two legs of mutton together with a piece of whipcord, leaving an interval of three or four yards; the gigôts are then tossed out amongst the birds, and soon find their way into the stomachs of a couple of the most active. As long as they keep together it is all very well; but as soon as the cord tightens both become alarmed and take wing, mutually astonished at the phenomenon, no doubt. A laughable tugging match then ensues in the air, each Adjutant striving to mount higher than the other, till at last they attain a great elevation. When at length the weaker bird is forced to disgorge his mutton, a new power comes into play—the force of gravity—and the pendulum leg of mutton, after some ridiculous oscillations, brings the conqueror down to the earth a great deal faster than he wishes.

These creatures have prodigious powers of deglutition and digestion. It is a very common thing for one of them to seize an impertinent crow, who is troublesome when the Adjutant wants to eat his breakfast in quiet, and after turning him right about face with a skilful coup de bec, to send him cawing down his capacious throat. I recollect at Dinapore, when we shook a bag fox, and had an hour's run one morning, some silly servant brought the dead animal home and tossed him into the barrack square amongst the Adjutants, who all came flocking about the poor defunct. One ravenous fellow would seize him by the brush, another by the leg, a third by the back; still it would not do—none could manage to gulp him down. At last a wise old bird set about the business scientifically, beginning at the right end: he took the fox's head in his mouth, and bolted it after considerable straining; then, with a great effort,

he swallowed the body, till nothing remained but a bit of the tail sticking out of one side of his beak. At this the others began, rather hopelessly, to peck, till at length the gormandizer, becoming annoyed at their teazing, flew off with his delicate lunch, to digest it at his leisure.

As I feared at the time that this fact—every circumstance of which I had witnessed in bright sunshine, at a distance of about thirty yards—would not be credited at home, I called out two of my brother officers from their breakfasts to be corroborating evidence. Still it must rest on my single testimony, as those two worthy fellows, Lieutenants Harvey and L'Estrange are no longer in the land of the living. The story, notwithstanding, is true to the minutest circumstance; and I believe nobody acquainted with the habits of Adjutants will doubt it.

On reaching Calcutta, we found that our Regiment had left the Presidency for Dinapore about a fortnight before our arrival. We obtained quarters in Fort William, but arrived at an unfortunate time; the Governor, Lord Hastings, was absent, and every body was complaining of the dulness of the place. The weather, too, was insufferably close and hot. We were therefore very glad to leave the Indian metropolis, after passing three weeks in its magnificent citadel, Fort William.

In the middle of September we embarked on the Hoogly, the westernmost and deepest branch of the Ganges, for Dinapore. Lieutenant D——y and myself engaged a Budgerow of sixteen dandies, as they call a covered and gaily painted barge of sixteen boatmen in Bengal; and two other 66th Officers and ourselves formed a mess, and took a native Purveyor with us, who engaged to provide us food on the

voyage at a very reasonable rate. Three or four large detachments for different Indian Regiments accompanied us, and I was placed in medical charge of the whole. In those Saturnian days John Company paid his doctors well, and I received so many annas each per diem for the individuals under my charge, including myself; and was thus furnished with an additional reason, value about sixpence a day, for preserving my own health.

Our voyage up the Ganges was quite a pleasure trip: when the wind was fair we sailed gallantly against the current, but otherwise we were pulled along the shore by the dandies, who moved in the water like amphibious animals, totally fearless as to the alligators. At these times I was generally out with my gun, ranging a little into the interior, with a couple of servants and a skiff, to observe and follow my movements. In the middle of the day I was always on board attending to the sick. We generally anchored and halted for the night at some pleasant spot on the bank, ordinarily near some tope or mango grove. Innumerable were the mallard, teal, widgeon, black and common partridge, quail, &c. that I shot on this voyage; and whenever there were marshes we were sure to find both common and painted snipe in the greatest abundance.

But the resplendent wild peacock, with his two yards of tail, flying over your head, his brilliant plumage dazzling you blind. What a noble sight! And what a sensation when you bring him down! I shot only a few of these unrivalled birds, for they are getting scarce in the neighbourhood of the river, and there is an ugly association with them, which has some tendency to spoil the enjoyment of any but a very keen sportsman—the peacocks are shy birds,

and seldom leave the more secluded and remote jungles, which are also the day-haunts of tigers.

The jackals used to annoy us much in ascending the Ganges by their doleful howling at night: indeed these animals appear to take an odd pleasure in continually disturbing people's repose, for no other reason that I could ever make out than the mere malice of the thing. There, by moonlight, when I got up, and could no longer bear the noise, would I see a pack of them on the bank, baying away at the boats with all their might, until a couple of barrels raining shot among them dispersed the rascals with some cause for howling. They are harmless creatures, however, and when tamed early are capable of strong canine attachment, to my own knowledge.

On my little shooting expeditions it was amusing to observe the absurd fear the Indian domestic cattle shew of a white man, snorting at his approach, throwing up their noses, tossing their tails over their backs, and running out of his way with all speed. One day when in quest of black partridges, I happened to jump into a lane, and there confronted a Hindu riding on one of his gods, a Brahminee bull, who carried besides two bags of rice. On perceiving my white face, the animal bolted to the right about so suddenly that he unshipped his Indian master, bags of paddy and all, and ran snorting up the lane in a state of great alarm. The Indian, after pulling his bags out of the dirt, ran to catch his deity, whom he abused in the grossest manner his very gross and copious language would permit.

I must however except the tame Indian buffalo, especially the male, from participating in this fear. He is disturbed by the near approach of a white man also; but being naturally and irreclaimably ferocious,

the feeling becomes hate instead of fear, and he will attack, whilst the common black cattle will run away. During one of my rambles on this voyage, I passed a buffalo bull in a field; but observing something peculiarly treacherous in his whole appearance, I cocked both barrels, and prepared for mischief; and well it was that I had critically noticed the expression of his savage eye, for I had not advanced from him thirty paces when he charged me with a roar. I stood firm, and when he came so near that missing him was impossible, he had the benefit of a barrel in each eye. The pain maddened the blinded brute; and, ferocious monster as he was, I could scarcely help feeling pity when I saw him roaring with agony and revolving in a bloody circle; and though his infamous conduct scarcely deserved the act of mercy, I put a ball in each barrel and killed him. My two native servants had scampered off very valiantly when they saw the beast attacking me; but when they returned and found him lying dead, there was no end to their compliments to Saahib on the occasion.

We continued our voyage prosperously and pleasantly. The troops were healthy, notwithstanding the horrid habits of intemperance which the ardent climate and cheap spirits engender. We reached Dinapore on the 2nd of November, and I delivered my charge all safe and sound, no casualty having occured in the detachment since we left the Isle of Wight.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE AUTHOR'S DOMESTIC ESTABLISHMENT IN SPAIN AND BENGAL.—HIS EMOTION ON SEEING THE DESPATCH OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—SHOOTING MARCH FROM DINAPORE TO THE SKIRTS OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.—TIGER HUNT.—FLIRTATION WITH A FEMALE ELEPHANT.—PREPARATIONS FOR INVADING THE VALLEY OF NEPAUL.

"Evening comes on; arising from the stream
Homeward the tall Flamingo wings his flight,
And where he sails athwart the setting beam
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light."—SOUTHEY.

THE 66th Regiment marched from Dinapore, in the direction of the Nepaul Hills, the very day we arrived. These hills are long roots of the stupendous Himâlayan chain, whose white tops we could clearly see from Dinapore, a distance of two hundred miles, at a considerable elevation above the horizon, looking like stationary clouds. The intervening valleys were inhabited by the quiet Nepaulese, but these peaceful husbandmen had been conquered by the warlike Goorkah tribes since the beginning of the present century; and collisions had often occurred between these lawless mountaineers and the Company's government. At length, provoked by some wanton attacks on our posts in the Terraie, as the belt of low land along their hills is called, we had made war on them the year before; penetrated into their country, and forced the Goorkah minister to sign a treaty of Peace. This the Rajah of Nepaul had hesitated to

ratify, and affairs were beginning again to look warlike; a force was about to be assembled within our territory but close to the frontier, to coerce him, and a camp, had been traced out near a village called Bulwee. On our arrival we found that the sick, the women and children, and heavy baggage had been left here; the detachment was ordered to follow the regiment, I was directed to remain in charge of the hospital till further orders, and a hint was given to prepare for a campaign.

Thus far into the bowels of the land I had come prosperously, and now was about to contrast Indian with European warfare, and exchange the pretty valleys of the Pyrenees for the stupendous sublimities and profound ravines of the Himâlaya Mountains. My domestic establishment had expanded something in the same ratio. I had my Sirdaar-bearer, supposed to be honest, par excellence, and bound by every honourable consideration to let nobody cheat me but himself; nine common bearers for my Palkee, or Palanquin; two Chohkedars, or watchmen, to go their rounds about my dwelling or tent by night; my Dhoby, or water-carrier; my Dhurjee, or tailor; my Khetmugar, alias, Maitre d'Hotel; my Mnausalgee, my Syce and his assistant, to take care of my horse; three Guywallers, to look after the bullocks; my Mather to do all kinds of inferior jobs in the dish-washing and boot-cleaning departments; besides some others whose duties I forget; and finally, the incomparable moslem Bhastee Rhamm, with resplendently curled and jet black moustachios, to superintend my Hookah.

O Antonio! my faithful valet, and thou, hard-fisted Jonathan Wild, my trusty groom! how often did I regret you when groaning in the splendid bondage of

being lord over twenty and nine bedizened, and be-muslined, and sashed and slashed, and slippered and turbaned attendants.

It is the custom in India for strangers to call on the residents on their first arrival; the visit is soon returned, and an invitation follows, for in that part of the world the exercise of hospitality is more a luxury than a virtue; and breaking the monotony of one's isolation in a remote part of the country, and staying a day or two, is in fact a favour conferred on the host. About a week after my arrival I went to dine with the collector of the district, who lived at Patna; I was rather early, and nobody was in the drawing-room when I entered. During our voyage from Madras to Calcutta, our residence in the latter city, and voyage up the Ganges, we had been quite in the dark as to European news: by the last accounts enormous preparations were making both by Napoleon and the allies; the Duke of Wellington had gone to Flanders, and Blucher was assembling the Prussians. I well knew that these illustrious men would do all that skill and energy could accomplish; but then, on the other hand, the flower of the British Regiments not yet returned from America, the short time, the second battalions, the young soldiers, the doubtful Belgians, contrasted with the unity of Buonaparte's operations, the composition of his veteran army, and the bravery of desperation to be certainly expected from his officers and soldiers. These gloomy ideas had been passing through my mind in driving to Patna, and they recurred when the servant left me alone in the drawing-room. To divert them I turned mechanically to a table covered with prints, and became momentarily engaged with some clever London caricatures. In taking up one large sheet, I saw a

Calcutta Newspaper of a late date underneath, containing the Duke of Wellington's Despatch from Waterloo!

I believe that throughout my whole life I have not felt on any occasion one tenth part the joy of that moment. Joy is too feeble a word, it was rapture, taking instant possession of every faculty of heart and mind. We dined, but I may say with truth that I was absent, and could think of nothing but the defence of Hougomont, and the glorious and invincible squares, and the repulsed charges of the Cuirassiers, and the death of Picton and Ponsonby, and humbler names of men whom I had known in the Peninsular, and the crash of the Household Brigade through the French Cavalry, the last charge of the English line, the meeting of Wellington and Blucher, and the final and irrecoverable rout! The good host and his amiable wife saw, but pardoned my rudeness and absence of mind; for, I think it was not until the second or third revolution of the decanters that I recovered perfect identity and local consciousness.

Lieutenant G——n of the Regiment and myself marched from Dinapore on the 9th of December, to join the Army in camp at Bulwee. We received a discretionary rout, limited, however, by a maximum time of ten days, which would be very comfortable travelling, considering that the distance was only a hundred miles. As it was the finest season of the year, the weather clear and cool, the latitude thirty degrees north; the road good, and the country abounding in game, we resolved to turn our march into a sporting expedition; to breakfast early, send on our tents and baggage to some pleasant spot for halting, retain a couple of horses and some attendants, and shoot right and left along the road.

We crossed the Ganges, four miles from Dinapore, and immediately got into a rich and cultivated country, artificially irrigated, and abounding in small embanked ponds and little patches of marsh around, that were full of mallard, teal, widgeon, and snipe. We here set to work the first afternoon, continued our sport the next day, and by mid-day on the third, we had accumulated such a quantity of game of all kinds, that we were embarrassed with our feathered spoils, notwithstanding that we had regaled on the elite of them on the march, more like ploughmen than sportsmen. In this dilemma we fortunately fell in with three Company's officers, whom we begged to assist us; our cook set to work, and having bruised the heads of fifty or sixty couple of snipe, they were put into a large soup kettle, with a few brace of partridges, and as many ortolans as would fill up the chinks. I don't know the correct name of this soupe aux mille bécassines, in the preparation of which a Parisian traiteur would have been horrified at the waste of material, but it was exquisitely good. The rest of our dinner was in harmony.

The next day we had again good sport, slaying innumerable water-fowl in the ponds and small lakes. In the evening we found our tents pitched in a Mango Tope, with turf as smooth as velvet, by the side of a considerable lake. It was near sunset, and we were about to dress for dinner, when I saw a wild peacock emerging from the jungle, fifty yards from the water, and running down to drink on the opposite side of the lake. I snatched up my gun, went down the pond a little way, got across in an old canoe, and then commenced the delicate operation of turning his flank, diving into the jungle and getting into his rear, so as to cut him off from his cover. This was accom-

plished at the expense of some scratches; I then advanced till within thirty yards, whilst the vain bird, after satisfying his thirst, appeared inclined to pick a quarrel with his image in the clear water. The peacock received one barrel before he took flight, without much apparent injury, for these strong birds are so mailed by their thick feathers that they require large shot at a short distance, to kill them: and I could hear my charge rattling on his quills, without preventing his getting up vigorously. The reserve barrel, however, brought him down with a broken wing; and even then he nearly escaped into the jungle before I caught him, when he made a desperate fight. This bird was presented to the mess the day of our arrival in camp, it was buried in moist earth five days, after which the flesh was tender and of fine flavour.

We found a large encampment near the hamlet of Bulwee, consisting of three British Regiments, the 24th, the 66th, and the 87th, with thirteen Battalions of Seapoys and artillery; the whole commanded by Major General Sir David Ochterlony. Our camp enjoyed a splendid view of the mountains, and though we had approached them a hundred miles nearer, there was not much difference between the appearance of their dazzling summits from hence, and from Dinapore. Our position was only six miles from a belt of jungle, at the foot of the first range of hills, that was full of wild animals.

To one just arrived, after campaigning in Europe, the novelty and luxury of an Indian camp were extremely pleasing and amusing. There was a large and heterogeneous host of followers, about ten or twelve for every soldier, consisting of the Bazaar people, Coolies, Bangywallas, Jugglers, Nautcht-girls,

Doud-walliers, Officers' and soldiers' servants, tent-people, and attendants on the numerous public elephants, camels, and bullocks. We had a good bazaar and plenty of provisions, and as one proof of the goodness of our fare, I may mention that at the mess we had green peas in abundance that had been carried in baskets on men's shoulders all the way from Dinapore.

Here we remained six weeks, whilst negociations were going on with the Ghoorkahs. Our last campaign against these hardy fellows had not been very successful on the whole, and some failures in attempts on their forts, and other untoward affairs had given them confidence. We were now under arms at daylight every morning, but after this parade we had the day to ourselves; and as this was a rich and new country for the sportsmen, we had plenty of amusement in the way of shooting and hunting. We found large quantities of snipe, both of the common kind, and of a large gaily plumed species called painted snipe; and hunted foxes and jackals, whilst those officers who had greyhounds exercised themselves in coursing hares. We could occasionally indulge in sport of a nobler kind too, for a tiger would sometimes leave his lair in the adjacent belt of jungle, to pay a visit to the purlieus of our camp; and one large fellow had been seen lately skulking away when the troops were getting under arms in the morning. Dr. Richardson of the Company's service, a celebrated tiger-hunter, having heard of this, determined to go in quest of him, and being informed that I was anxious for an opportunity of getting a shot, he kindly offered me a seat on his elephant.

We started at 8 A. M. on a clear and calm morning, directing our course towards a small ravine, four or

five miles from camp, into which the brute had been recently tracked. We were mounted on a steady and well trained male elephant, of large size, reported to be very courageous and docile, and possessing a pair of enormous tusks, fit to transfix any tiger in the forest. The Mohaut, or governor, was an intelligent and determined looking man, seated on the joint of the head and neck, with his naked toes in contact with the animal's huge ears, and a short steel goad in his hand.

Behold me then, peaceful son of Æsculapius though I was, at last arrived at the very height of my ambition in the sporting way, with every nerve and muscle high strung, and every mental and bodily power screwed to the utmost tension for the approaching collision.

We were not long in discovering the enemy's retreat; but he slunk away before we could get a shot within proper distance, and we beat about the whole day without success. The same bad luck also attended us on our second expedition; but we were determined to try once more, and a third time skirted the jungle to a great distance—penetrating where we could—and looking into every likely place, without seeing any thing larger than an antelope or a black partridge. As we were returning, a little out of humour at our bad luck, in passing through a low brake, two miles from camp, the elephant became excited, threw up his trunk, and made a dead point; whilst the Mohaut partook of the noble beast's emotion, pulled up his legs, clenched his hands, and, I really believe, erected his whiskers, exclaiming, "Bawg, Bawg, Sahib!" In five minutes the magnificent quarry we were seeking gave an angry growl as he emerged from a bush not ten yards in front of

us, and slowly got out of our way. We were both cool, for all our energies had been exerted to preserve presence of mind, so that we fired with steadiness and certain aim, and in four seconds as many balls struck the tiger. He roared horribly, lashed his sides, glared at us with the most frightful malignity, and attempted to spring, but could not, for a fore-leg had been broken near the shoulder. Three more balls despatched him. After reloading every barrel of our four guns, and pausing until we saw all motion cease, we alighted, cautiously approached, and stood over our fallen enemy.

There are bright but, alas, evanescent periods in our lives, when we feel the blood circulating in our veins as if it was charged with electricity, giving to each pulse tenfold vitality and power. At such times we seem to spurn the clog of clay which encumbers our spirit, and perceive so vividly the presence of our immaterial nature, that we conceive for the moment we can triumph over all gross mundane obstacles, and carry every volition into instant execution. Something like this proud consciousness of power animated us when we saw this tremendous tyrant of the forest lying extended at our feet, yet grim and dreadful even in death.

We entered the camp with our glorious prize, a royal male tiger of the largest size, ten feet four inches from nose to tail. I measured his right fore-leg near the shoulder, with my pocket handkerchief, and found it exactly the circumference of my own body under the arms, which is somewhat above medium size. Every muscle of the limb was as hard and as defined as a rod of iron.

The elephants and camels of our little army were picketted near the part of the camp occupied by the

66th Regiment. One refractory brute amongst the former beginning to shew dangerous symptoms of ferocity, called for suitable treatment; and severe enough was the discipline he received. They chained him by the fore-legs to a tree, which even his power could do little more than shake, and by the others to strong stakes driven into the ground, half starved him for a week, and every morning he was pricked with half a dozen long bamboo poles, armed with sharp spikes, about the neck and roots of the ears, when the animal's exertions would make the blood spout out frightfully. By this gentle treatment they brought the gentleman to his senses in about ten days.

And here it may be observed in passing, for the special benefit of menagerie keepers, that some modification of this treatment may occasionally save a valuable elephant from the miserable fate of Mr. Cross's Chuny—a butchery most disgraceful and unnecessary. I well recollect taking two young ladies to Exeter 'Change, to see the wild beasts, a week or two before poor Chuny got into mhust; a temporary ferocity occurring at certain seasons, which soon subsides when the patient is bled and kept low. On the above occasion Mr. Cross's elephant looked wild, and made a snatch with his trunk at one of the ladies' bonnets; when I cautioned the keeper to strengthen his cage immediatelv, and get him bled and treated after the Indian fashion. But it seemed that Mr. Cross, perceiving that the animal did not eat his food, had already decided on a line of practice, very Hamiltonian certainly, but, as it turned out, very unsuccessful. The keeper put me in possession of the last prescription which had been ordered for Chuny, namely,

℞ Calomel, four ounces (avoirdupois), mix in a sugar bolus of four pounds, and give at bed-time.

℞ Epsom salts, twenty-eight pounds, disguise in a tub of treacle, and administer at getting out of bed in the morning.

There chanced to be a female elephant and her calf stationed not far from my tent. I carried the young one a large basin of sweet tea after breakfast one morning, into which he dipped his trunk, and drained the contents in an instant; and perceiving his mamma looking on wistfully, I procured her one also, which she drank with much gusto. Soon after this introduction we became great friends, and the mother and her son were regular pensioners of my tea-pot; the lady permitting me to take many liberties with her person, such as toying with her delicate ear, scratching her neck, or brushing away with a green bough the flies that annoyed her, and giving me now and then a hug about the waist with her trunk, which in no instance exceeded the reasonable warmth of a friendly embrace. One morning when she was particularly affectionate, I took a fancy to feel her pulse; and when handling her ear I groped for an artery at the base, and noted the number of pulsations in a minute. This was twenty-four—and I need scarcely add that there was nothing feeble in its stroke.

By the end of January, 1816, matters began to assume a very hostile aspect to the Ghoorkahs in our camp. Preparations were begun for an immediate invasion of their sequestered valleys—reinforcements of troops and heavy artillery joined the army—the sick were sent to the rear—and our whole force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, was formed into

four divisions. One of these bodies, consisting of the 66th Regiment, nine hundred strong, and four Sepoy Battalions, was placed under the command of Colonel Nicol, and was destined to penetrate into the Nepaul valley by the Bhicknee, or most western Pass; whilst the other columns were to pierce the formidable frontier of mountain and forest by three other goat-paths, dignified with the name of Passes, simultaneously with ourselves.

On the 4th of February we broke up our camp, and marched westward, skirting the mountain, to Rhamnahghur, the residence of a Rajah. All the terraie in this neighbourhood appeared well cultivated, and the soil good; whilst the vicinity of the huge snowy mountains maintained a freshness and coolness of climate which was very agreeable. Our mornings were sometimes cold, the Fahrenheit thermometer standing at 36°, and at midday it would mount to 80°. But the whole of this country is dreadfully unhealthy in the hot weather.

On the 14th of February we arrived opposite the entrance of the Bhicknee Pass, where, on a strong isolated hill, stood a Hindoo Temple, of great sanctity and antiquity, named Maahurr a Jaggra, which was covered with the usual emblems of the worship of the Lingam. The view of the mountain defile we were to enter, from the top of this temple, was stupendously grand, and dwarfed all scenery of the kind which I had before beheld into insignificance. Two days were spent in fortifying this post, as a point of importance in preserving our communications with the rear; and three hundred Sepoys and two guns were left as a garrison. These arrangements being made, and our Commissariat Stores well up,

we prepared for a dash through the belt of forest, and an invasion of the Nepaul territory. We had seen no person; the spies could give us no certain intelligence. Except the scream of the parroquet all was silent in the deep forest in our front; and this ominous calm, whilst it impressed the weaker spirits with an undefined dread of something terrible, cheered the bolder with the confidence of certain success.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INVASION OF THE VALLEY OF RAPTE BY COLONEL NICOL'S COLUMN.—TREATMENT OF A DANGEROUS PATIENT.—ENGAGEMENT ON THE HEIGHTS OF MUCKAWNPORE.—SUPERB ORDER OF THE 66TH REGIMENT.—DISAPPOINTMENT.—PEACE.

> "Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
> Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,
> Or to the far horizon wide diffused;
> A boundless, deep, immensity of shade."
>
> THOMSON.

On the 17th of February the column of Colonel Nicol first entered the enemy's territory. After penetrating through five miles of thick jungle, containing numbers of deer, we came to the mouth of the Pass, which we found commencing in the dry bed of a river, about a hundred and fifty yards wide, with very high steep banks, covered with enormous saahl and teak trees, and thick underwood; altogether exceedingly strong and defensible. We of course expected opposition here, but saw not a creature except deer and monkeys; the latter were of a large size, numerous and noisy, running along the tops of the trees on the high banks, parallel with our advance, scolding and gesticulating, and occasionally pelting us with nuts. Like true patriots, they opposed our invasion with all their might.

When we had proceeded five or six miles up the Nullah, it became all at once very narrow, and the day being well advanced, it was deemed prudent to

halt and look about us. Accordingly, the baggage soon came up, for in our present position we could not safely leave it far behind the column, and we pitched our tents as well as we could in the confined water-course, where all was stone, with not as much earth in a league as would hold a peg. Then, having carefully posted treble cordons of picquets in all directions, we proceeded to make our toilet and prepare for dinner.

There was great desertion amongst the followers of our camp, chiefly the bazaar people, on this first day's march in an enemy's country, from apprehension of the Ghoorkah mountaineers, who had acquired a high warlike name amongst the effeminate Asiatics: our personal servants, however, continued staunch during the whole campaign. The mess marquee-tent was soon up, and the servants commenced arrangements for dinner forthwith. And, certes, it was no small comfort and enjoyment to sit down in those wild solitudes, not merely to a good dinner, but a luxurious one; having our wine cooled artificially, in a literal "wilderness of monkeys," chattering on the teak trees high above our heads, and surrounded by beasts of prey. But as this is a world of balanced arrangements and wise compensations, the sight of a dark cloud in our limited horizon was calculated to shade our pleasant position, in more ways than one, as we were liable to be washed off en masse by any accidental thunderstorm in the mountains; for the river that now lent us its dry bed for a couch, and was kind enough to trickle between the large stones in a stream scarcely perceptible, but still sufficient to water man and beast, might in an hour or two, under the above circumstances, save the Ghoorkahs a world of trouble.

Next day our Nullah fairly ended in a cul de sac, and after exploring in all directions, the Assistant Quarter Master General could find nothing but a faint and doubtful sheep-track; yet this was all the high road the country afforded, and it became necessary to enlarge it for the passage of the Artillery. The bearings of our route being known, the pioneers and fatigue parties began to hew and burn, clearing their way through the primeval forest, guided only by the compass and the sun. And now the scene became truly grand; the fire and the axe opening us a path into the enemy's country, and glorious trees, a hundred and fifty feet high, were seen spouting out into huge pyramids of flame before us, the beacons of our advance; whilst a touch of the grotesque was added to the sublime by the utter alarm and consternation of the great white-faced baboons with which they were peopled.

Still we saw not a human being, and our Light Companies that threaded the forest along the heights on our flanks, met with no opposition but the thick and tangled jungle through which they were slowly penetrating. This was strange, considering the nature of the defile we were passing through; and many began to entertain fears that a still stronger pass yet awaited us, and that the Ghoorkah chieftains were preparing certain Caudine forks for Brigadier Nicol and his column, although we could not suppose them deeply read in Roman story.

For four days we proceeded thus through forest and Nullah, cutting a rough carriage road as we went on, and feeling our way cautiously, but no enemy appeared. The chief inconvenience we experienced was from the badness of the road, and the round stones in the dry water-courses, which got between

the clefts of the hoof, and lamed the bullocks. Our elephants stood this better; their elastic and thick-soled boots bearing their weight over pebbles nearly as well as anything else, and only requiring a slower rate of going. On the march, I sometimes passed my female friend and her son with a load of the regimental tents; and although the eye of these animals is deep-seated and inexpressive, I fancied I could notice a twinkle of recognition in the old one's physiognomy, conveying a hint that a dip of her proboscis in the tea-pot would be very grateful under present circumstances.

At length it appeared probable that the monotony of our lumbering advance would soon be relieved by a little fighting, pour nous désennuyer, as positive information was received that a strong stockade had been prepared a little way in our front, which the enemy were determined to defend with a large force. Preparations were instantly made to attack it; flanking detachments were ordered right and left to turn the position, while the Artillery got ready to batter it in front, and a strong column was directed to storm.

It was pleasing to witness the tone of satisfaction this news diffused through the whole of the column, native as well as European. Our men prepared their arms, sharpened the points of their bayonets, and examined their flints with great glee; whilst the Sepoys did the same, exulting in the support of so fine and strong a corps, and especially in the batteries of Artillery that accompanied us, in which the Indian troops place a superstitious confidence. But all this fine enthusiasm was thrown away, for when the troops moved to the attack, we found that the enemy had decamped precipitately; and from this and other circumstances it was conjectured that there

had been fighting on our right, and the more central Passes had been forced, consequently, our immediate antagonists had retired, for fear of being cut off from the road to Khatmandoo, their capital.

As soon as we found that the stockade before us had been abandoned, we pushed on and crossed the highest point of the first range of mountains on the 23rd of February, after passing through one of the strongest defiles I ever saw, which had been carefully stockaded, and covered with abbatis and rude field works in different places. From the summit we descried a pretty cultivated valley, through which flowed the river Rapté, a clear winding stream, on the banks of which we noticed the village of Accoah, and a small mud fort. Here we were obliged to halt two days to rest the cattle.

The Rapté is an auriferous stream, and we picked up some particles of gold as big as small shot. The water was very clear, and abounded in fish, somewhat resembling dace, but of an unknown genus. The first evening after our arrival, I caught a couple of dozen as large as herrings, with small trout flies, which were firm and sweet in eating, and afforded a little treat to the mess.

The morning after entering this valley, I happened to go into the tent of my eccentric friend, L——t, who had annoyed us so much on the voyage out. He was sitting up in bed, with his writing-desk on his knees, hard at work; his face much flushed, his eyes blood-shot, and his appearance altogether very wild, with two pistols lying on a camp-table beside him. At the first glance I saw that mischief was impending, but only said "Good morning," and sat down. He continued writing for a quarter of an hour, and then addressed me, "Doctor, I am making my will; I

have left you my books and my sabre as mementoes of friendship. Look at those pistols, examine them, you see they are loaded; one is destined to kill Colonel Nicol, a ball from the other will then finish my own career. Say not a word; every remonstrance will be useless; my purpose is irrevocable."

It was necessary to temporize; so I listened quietly, and pretended to sympathize with him, and enter into the story of his griefs, in describing which he was very eloquent. The origin of the matter was this: At the battle of Vittoria, when General Byng's brigade was ordered to lie down behind a small hill, to secure themselves from a heavy cannonade, at the beginning of the action, L——t sillily jumped up and ran to the top, posting himself on a conspicuous point, and thus drawing fire on himself and those in the rear. When Colonel Nicol observed this, he cried out, "Come down, sir, instantly; this needless exposure is an act of madness, not a proof of courage." These words had rankled in his mind ever since, and now, in his drunken delirium, he was preparing to take a fatal revenge for the insult.

It was of course necessary to take some decided step, but not so easy to fix on what was to be done; indeed it is not agreeable to prescribe for a mad patient with two loaded pistols before him. After a short pause, I said, "My dear fellow, you will bungle the business this morning; your hand shakes so much, and your eyes are so much inflamed that you could not hit a church at ten paces. Your head must ache confoundedly after such late hours and that rascally wine. Why you really look very ill; let me feel your pulse; brain fever, by all that's good; hah! your tongue foul—fever, by Jove, ardent, brain fever! loss of mind soon, perhaps to-night. Come,

come, this will never do—Ko-he-hye? Bearer, a basin instantly—your master must be bled."

From various circumstances not necessary to mention, I had acquired much influence over L——t, and I needed it all now, for he was very refractory; but the point was at last carried. The servant brought in a wash-hand basin,—a practical hint of his opinion as to the quantity of the vital fluid to be drawn. I tied up his arm, opened a vein, and had it spouting, pleno rivo, as we say, in a minute. I was a veritable Sangrado on this occasion, and not very particular as to the number of ounces, within a dozen or so; but when the basin was more than half full, my object was accomplished, and the patient fainted. His pistols, sword, razors, and penknife were then secured, and himself placed under close watch for three or four days, until the frenzy was over.

On the 25th of February we moved up the valley of the Rapté, not having yet seen a human being; but on this march, we at last met three or four natives, broad-faced, hardy-looking Tartars. They told us there had been fighting on the right, and that one of the central Passes had been stormed. This day a dispatch from Sir David Ochterlony was received by Colonel Nicol, urging him to move with all speed to join him, as the enemy were in strong force on a mountain in his front. We pushed on as fast as the difficult route would permit, fording the Rapté a dozen times during the first day's march. At length, on the 2nd of March, Colonel Nicol's Division joined Sir David and the main body of the Army, encamped on a plain at the foot of the mountain of Muckawnpore.

We were much concerned to find that we had arrived too late to share in a sharp affair on the western

end of the mountain three days before, in which the Ghoorkahs had fought well, but had been beaten with great loss. The enemy had several wooden guns in the action, bound with iron hoops, and throwing beat-iron balls of very unspherical shape; one of which, notwithstanding, had managed to kill the Hurkaru, or messenger of the Commander of the Forces as he stood beside him. The Light Company of the 87th had the principal fighting, and behaved with great gallantry. One of our men had gone up the hill attached to the 87th, and had done his duty so well as to cause the Commanding Officer of that Corps to give him a written certificate of most excellent conduct in the action. I heard him say, when he presented this document to Colonel Nicol, "I was the only 66th man in the field, sir; so, sir, I thinks I must fight my best. I peppered three of them, any how, to a sartainty." It was on this hill that John Shipp of the 87th had his celebrated duel with a Ghoorkah Chief.

It was clear that Sir David Ochterlony was well pleased at our arrival, for before he had only one British Regiment at Head Quarters, and the enemy had shewed much resolution and a formidable force; and still held the highest and strongest part of the mountain range, where they had built some formidable stockades.

The day after our arrival, fresh operations began. The whole of our Regiment and a Grenadier Battalion of Sepoys, with four guns on elephants, were ordered up the hill, with directions to push on cautiously along the ridge, and establish ourselves on a commanding eminence. I accompanied this Brigade. The road up the mountain was only a narrow foot-path, extremely steep; and the Mahouts had great

difficulty in forcing on their elephants, that moaned and groaned indignantly at the unwonted labour of the toilsome ascent. When our whole force was collected, we advanced boldly a couple of miles to the eastward, until within about eight hundred yards of the enemy's nearest stockade, when we halted and intrenched ourselves for the night. Picquets were then placed in advance, and on the flanks of our position; and in a temporary redoubt on the crest of it eight guns were mounted.

My gallant hookebadar, Bhastee Rhamm, a fine tall soldier-looking man, who was a discharged Grenadier Sepoy, stuck close to my side going up the mountain, wearing his tulwarr, or short sword, and having a couple of my Hookah snakes folded circularly, hanging on his back, which at a little distance looked exactly like a shield. We had a cold dinner brought up to us from the mess establishment, in camp on the plain; and afterwards every officer produced his private stock of brandy in his flask, and smoked his cheroot or çigar. But the incomparable Bhastee Rhamm was determined that his master should now have a specimen of his powers of overcoming all difficulties in the discharge of his vocation. Accordingly, he had by some means carried the Hookah to the top of the position, and in a trice the fragrant tube was prepared, the charcoal balls ignited, the silver mouth-piece, wreathed with folds of snowy muslin, was put in my hand, with the usual graceful salaam, the spicy tobacco of Chunar exhaled its aromatic breath, the cool water bubbled, and I enjoyed as perfect a chillum on this wild mountain as in the mess room at Dinapore.

The evening was clear, and we could see the Ghoorkah Chieftains reconnoitering us, or walking about

under huge chattahs, or umbrellas, borne by their attendants, although the declination of the sun at that late hour of the day rendered protection from his beams quite unnecessary. Some of our people, who had good eyes, asserted that they could with glasses perceive marks of apprehension in their countenances; but I suppose even Lavater could not distinguish expression of any kind at a mile's distance. As night fell, our 66th soldiers lined the ditch of the redoubt with fixed bayonets, and the whole force remained under arms until daylight.

And here I hope that a slight allusion to the beautiful condition of the 66th Regiment on this occasion, and to its uniform good conduct in the field and in quarters, may not be deemed unsuitable nor ungraceful, as a small return for eight-and-twenty happy years passed in it. From the time of entering the enemy's country not even a solitary act of misbehaviour had occurred in the Corps; there was absolutely nothing to find fault with: all pressed on with alacrity, obeying all orders and performing all duties with equal cheerfulness. Thus indeed it has almost always been the case with the British Army and Navy in the face of danger; and it is a national trait to be proud of, that the same appalling circumstances on flood or field, that paralyse feebler natures, only serve to screw up their manliness to the highest pitch.

But to resume my slight panegyric—when the order came to mount the hill of Muckawnpore, and take the honourable position of leading regiment in the advance—prepared to storm the enemy's stockades in succession—I never saw men in such fine fighting order before or since. Even the eight sick in the Hospital tent on the plain, sharing the feelings of

their comrades, managed to get their clothes and arms, and under the influence of martial excitement, which extinguished illness, left the sick tent in a body, unknown to the Surgeon, and joined the Regiment on the hill. This, as far as I have heard or read, was never done before. It was the only irregularity during the campaign. The Surgeon was angry, and complained of it to the Commanding Officer, but Colonel Nicol only laughed at him.

It was then, sitting in the redoubt, on the topmost point of the mountain of Muckawnpore, surrounded by nine hundred of these noble fellows, with fixed bayonets, that I moralized over my Hookah; whilst my brother officers moved about in animated conversation, respecting the scene of blood which the morning might witness. There stood the frowning stockade in front, over which the rising moon was slowly climbing, that we were to storm at dawn. And here gleamed around us, irradiated by the same yellow orb, the array of British bayonets by which the fortress was to be won.

After smoking two or three chillums amidst such superb associations, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, lay down upon the turf, and fell asleep.

Whilst I was comfortably enjoying my repose, dreaming, most probably, of amputated arms and legs, or spouting arteries; and when waking visions of glory in the fore ground, and a perspective of prize-money at Khatmandhoo were flitting before the fancies of my brother officers in the intrenchments, an event occurred that spoiled all our speculations. The Ghoorkah Rajah, frightened at our successful advance, accepted the terms of peace proposed to him, and signed the treaty; and a Vakeel, or ambassador, bearing the ratified instrument, came in during the

night under a flag of truce, passed through our post and went down to camp. In his way the substance of the important news he bore was communicated to our officers; whilst his attendants repeated in Hindustanee the one ominous word "Peace!" which the native servants soon brought to our ears. Immediately all was consternation and dismay; intelligence soon came up from camp that the war was at an end, and in the morning we received orders to abandon our strong hill, and join the Army on the plain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARCH TO QUARTERS. — POISONED ELEPHANTS. — HOT WINDS.—PROFESSIONAL DUTIES.—DIFFICULTY OF GETTING THROUGH A HOT DAY IN INDIA.—THE AUTHOR FALLETH IN LOVE, AND IS DUCKED IN A THUNDER-STORM.

"Thy sword within thy scabbard keep
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep
Than kept alive by thee.
The fools are only thinner
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were." DRYDEN.

THUS, then, were dissipated into thin air all our anticipations of a glorious campaign, the capture of the enemy's capital, and the division amongst the army of some crores of rupees. When the news became generally known, I never witnessed such a change, nor mortification and disappointment more vividly painted in human countenances than on the hardy visages of our men. The high tension of feature, the self-confiding look, the beaming of ardent eyes—those presages and pledges of success—had disappeared, and been replaced by a somewhat sullen and reckless indifference.

My own hopes of prize money had been but faint from the beginning; as I could not perceive any satisfactory data to reason from, in the calculation of treasure or valuable property to be met with. It was a poor and mountainous country, and without trade; the stockades only contained wooden guns; and if

we approached Khatmandoo, the Ghoorkahs would probably carry off the little treasure they possessed and hide it in the mountains. From these considerations, when we were talking over the subject one day at the mess, and most of the officers appeared very sanguine in their expectations, I offered to sell my share of prize-money for a small sum—fifty rupees. An officer took me at my word, and sent me the money the same evening; and thus, if I may be pardoned for mentioning the thing at all, a very humble person was the only officer of Sir David Ochterlony's army who received any prize-money, though he was jeered at the time as if he had sold his birthright.

On the 8th of March we began to retrace our steps; and on the first day's march through the central Pass, we saw the huge carcasses of five elephants that had been poisoned on the advance. The Ghoorkahs had infused a plant, resembling the Belladonna, in a fine spring, at the top of the pass; and the poor animals, thirsty and fatigued after the steep ascent, up which each had carried a gun, had drunk freely. Here their characteristic sagacity was at fault; but these noble creatures could not suspect such villany in the lords of the creation. I was told by an officer who witnessed their death, that when the poison began to take effect, their groans and agonies were frightful; but danger being apprehended from the madness that pain might cause, it became necessary to destroy them, and they were shot.

We halted at Bettiah, the residence of a Rajah, where we found a Christian Mission from Goa, which had been established about fifty years. The Priest, whose odd name was Father Julius Cæsar, was a good looking and venerable man, a Portuguese, apparently learned, and speaking several languages with

facility. I found him in the chapel, catechizing the native Christian children, who appeared numerous, for his congregation amounted to three hundred adults. The station is admirably situated for spreading Christianity into the valleys of Nepaul—perhaps to Tartary and China ultimately—and may in process of time become a Missionary position of great importance.

The hot winds set in on our march, which was thus made very disagreeable; as we were involved in clouds of dust nearly the whole way, impelled by a strong gale. We reached Dinapore on the 28th of March.

Here the 66th remained three months. The weather was dreadfully hot, and although we reduced the temperature full twenty degrees, by artificial evaporation from the fragrant grass mats with which our dwellings were surrounded, we could never bring Fahrenheit's thermometer lower than eighty-eight or ninety degrees. Men were constantly employed in sprinkling water, from the skinful they carried, on the mats; and the first gush of cooled air passing through them into the doors and windows, and carrying with it the freshness and sweet odour of the grass, was very delightful. But the cuscuss required continual wetting, and the bheesties were apt to be negligent, and then the temperature would become insupportable. There was no moving out of the house, except for an hour in the morning and evening; and all day within existence was little better than a succession of gasps and gapes.

Our professional duties were performed very early in the morning, and we were invariably at the Hospital by sunrise, and remained there busy enough all the cool time, whilst the other officers were taking their

invigorating ride. For, now that the excitement and tension of the last short campaign had been followed by languor and relaxation, mental and corporeal, the sick list increased marvellously. Thus our only chance of getting a morning ride occasionally was for the Surgeon or Assistant to do the other's duty; and this, at a sickly time, is heavy work—a matter which I very humbly hope the Right Honourable the Secretary at War for the time being will be pleased to take into consideration previous to the next boon to the Medical Department.

Perhaps one's breakfast is the only meal eaten in India; all the rest are sad piddling work, and merely a form. When I returned from my professional duty at eight o'clock, there was, Primo, my shave; and I take some credit for virtuously resisting all temptations to sloth in this matter, where temptation was so powerful, for I was always my own barber. Secundo, my refreshing shower bath; after which I felt so agile and invigorated, with such a glow of heat in the skin and hunger in the stomach, that the toilet was soon made, and the cool and light habiliments of the east indued in a very brief space, to admit of enjoying, Tertio, a breakfast of the first order of merit; and, Quarto, my hookah. For, ever watchful at his post, behind my arm-chair, stood Bhastee Rhamm, waiting for the close of the meal to hand "Doctor Saahib" his incomparable chillum, and to retire with the usual low salaam to a reverential distance at the door of the apartment, until the nod of approbation from his master should make him happy. Then were the slippered feet thrown carelessly upon the table, the odorous smoke was slowly inhaled, and the ample bowl of Mandarin tea, its morning accompaniment, sipped voluptuously.

After an hour or two spent thus, the rest of the day, it must be confessed, was heavy in hand. There was no reading attentively without head-ache, writing involved perspiration to a dissolving extent. Playing backgammon, in addition to the necessity of dry linen every three hits, burst the tympanum. Playing chess burst the brain. Playing billiards was a labour of Hercules. Thus there were great difficulties in finding any rational mode of passing the day, and for want of a better, I thought I might as well fall in love.

There was an English family at Dinapore, with whom I became acquainted. The gentleman commanded a distinguished Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, that had behaved most gallantly in one of the early attacks on Bhurtpore under Lord Lake: the lady was one of the most pleasing and accomplished women I ever knew. There were two young ladies, one her sister, the other his; the latter, whose name was S——, was the fair object of my affection.

On an impartial retrospect, and after the passion of early years has subsided, and cool judgment has given its verdict respecting the object of it, I am still of the same opinion I was then, that S—— M—— was a very loveable and delightful girl; it is certain I became very fond of her. I by no means wonder, that this said extraordinary and inexplicable matter, love, has been so much and so universally lauded in all ages and nations. If it were for no nobler reason, than the entire exemption from feeling the little ills and inconveniences of life, which a true passion confers, and the gilding which it sheds upon the homely landscapes around us, it would be deserving of all laudation. Truly, as Wordsworth expresses it—

"There is a comfort in the strength of love,
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain."———

When I fell in love I suddenly found myself proof against all the desagremens of hot winds, mosquetoes, blue devils, and all that was diabolical in Dinapore. My passion was a conductor, through which all atmospherical annoyances and disturbances passed without molestation or injury after it was once set up. Independent of this subordinate and somewhat selfish consideration, there is no small delight in making yourself agreeable to a pleasing young woman, and in discerning daily new chords and harmonies of feeling, and sentiment, and opinion, between her and yourself, and seeing with your own eyes the growing expansion of little buds of amiability into lovely flowers: not to mention the thought that the sweet bouquet they will make is to communicate to you its earliest fragrance when worn in your own bosom.

My friend Major M—— was a cultivated and gentlemanly, as well as most gallant soldier. He had a very select collection of books, and maintained a handsome establishment. Having been of some professional assistance to one of the family, I gradually became intimate, and at last spent half my time in the house.

Our Regiment gave two or three balls on a grand scale at Dinapore, and on the last occasion we covered a large space of the green square, opposite the mess house, with large marquee-tents, and laid out a very handsome supper-table there, with a long and tasteful avenue, brilliantly lighted, connecting it with the ball-room. When the ball was over, which was about sunrise, I escorted my fair friend's palanquin home, like a trusty Paladin, after one of those

noctis Deorum, only assigned now and then by fortune to ardent lovers.

The day after our party was the hottest I ever felt, and quite calm, so that we derived little benefit from our fragrant cuscuss envelopes, which hung uselessly at our doors and windows without a breath of air to rob them of their moisture. After passing a couple of hours at the M——s' I went to the mess to dinner, which was, as usual, a very good one; but no dish was touched except the mullagatawny soup, of which one or two partook. I came home early and went to bed, but the house was too hot for any repose, even after the exercise of the night before. The evening was as calm as the day had been, thinking therefore, that my only chance of a nap was in the open air, I made the servants carry out my bed into the square in front of the door, and wrap me round carefully with the mosqueto curtains. In this position I soon fell fast asleep.

Dreams are immaterial miracles, still, like other common prodigies passing constantly around us, they cause no wonder; yet if we were to dream but half a dozen times in our lives, we would take good care like Sultan Tippoo of Mysore, duly to record our visions. How can they be satisfactorily explained? We know that the spiritual part acts with surprising energy; but whence is it that one faculty only works, and that the rest are as powerless and torpid as the body they inhabit? By what strange emancipation are the fetters in which judgment holds imagination shaken off and that fantastic sprite allowed to wing her way into worlds of her own, and to revel amidst the brilliant imagery with which they are furnished? Or, when involving herself in these novel scenes, amidst dangers and difficulties, and calling lustily

for assistance, she awakens fear from his nod, what enables this cautious logician to calculate correctly the extent of the fancied danger and reason with accuracy, yet to be unconscious that all the while he is deducing conclusions from an ideal and erroneous postulate?

I had been indulging in a very delightful dream. The graceful form of S—— was painted in my sleeping fancy dressed in bridal white, and her fair countenance radiant with smiles. She presented me a letter, with a myrtle leaf for the device of the seal, and the words "Je ne change qu'en mourant" impressed upon the wax. In her other hand was a nosegay of orange flowers, whilst her sister beckoned to me to haste and open the letter, which appeared to have some mysterious connection with my fate. I moved, but reluctantly, for I felt a strange dread of the contents. As I proceeded to break the seal, a grim figure, dressed in black, suddenly made his appearance, and in a hollow sepulchral voice uttered three times the single word "Forbear!" Awed by this solemn warning I hesitated, but my two friends continuing to encourage me with smiles and gestures, I opened the letter notwithstanding the frowns of the gentleman in black. Then, awful sound, a loud clap of thunder awoke me at the instant, not unreal and visionary, but substantial, pealing, atmospheric thunder, accompanied by the most vivid and incessant lightning, and a deluge of rain which soon dispelled the beautiful illusion, and sent me into the house wet to the skin.

Unfortunately, this hot night, in which I had chosen to sleep al fresco, and to dream all manner of delightful things, was the breaking up of the monsoon, which is always terminated by a terrific storm. The

elements continued to roar away without intermission for four or five hours; and the resplendent lightning, as it illuminated the big drops of rain with the brightest prismatic colours, appeared as playful and innocent as if it was the most harmless and powerless thing in nature.

The change in the aspect of the vegetable world next morning was most striking. The foul mouths' dust had been washed off the face of the earth, the grass had already begun to shew its tender green, the air was cool, clear, and balmy, and the frame felt refreshed as the lungs gulped in the invigorating fluid. The animal spirits, long depressed by heat, dust, and other discomforts, speedily recovered their elasticity and cheerfulness.

I breakfasted with the M——s, but S—— did not make her appearance, at which I was a little concerned, as I wanted to give her a laugh at my expense by relating my adventure of the night before. There appeared an odd gêné air about the host and hostess, with a significant look at each other now and then that struck me. After breakfast M—— requested me to walk into the library, and thus addressed me: "My dear fellow, I perceive there has been a sad mistake. We all esteem you highly, and wish for the continuance of your friendship; but—but S—— has been for some months engaged to be married to a gentleman in Calcutta."

When one cannot adequately express exalted feelings on any important subject, it is wise to be silent, a line of conduct sanctioned by the best examples, and convenient on the present occasion.

Crabbe's graphic pen has described the different appearance of external nature under opposite moods of mind, in the case of a lover visiting his mistress,

and returning from the interview. I cannot approach within a thousand leagues of his inimitable touches, but I can tell in my own homely way how miserable I felt that day. As I returned to my quarters, the air so deliciously pure and cool in the morning, felt muggy and unrespirable; the heat was intolerable, the mosquitoes were atrociously numerous and sanguinary: nothing was as it ought, and every thing as it ought not to be. The palanquin bearers jerked and shook me, as if on purpose; and at my evening visit to the hospital, several patients were worse that should have been better, and had evidently retrograded on purpose to spite me. At dinner the Punkahs did not move properly over our heads; the mullagatawny was cold, and the wine hot. O—— was more prosy than usual in his stories, and told one stupid yarn about a refractory Jack-Donkey, that we had all heard a dozen times before. Even Bhastee Rhamm, the nonpareil of hookabadars, failed to please. At last I went to bed thoroughly disgusted, but even there misfortune continued her persecutions; for two or three vagrant mosquitoes had slipped in when the servant was closing the gauze around me, and it was slap—slap—buzz, buzz, buzz, all night.

CHAPTER XXV.

VOYAGE FROM DINAPORE TO CAWNPORE.—FAAKEER.—ADVENTURE IN CROSSING A BROOK WITH A LADY.—SUTTEE.—REFLECTIONS ON THIS HORRIBLE CUSTOM.

> "Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,
> Beheld them with averted eye."
> SOUTHEY.

In June the Regiment received orders to prepare for a move to Cawnpore, and in the beginning of July we embarked on the Ganges, now full to the brim.

If any person wishes to luxuriate amongst roses, let him repair to Ghazepore, where the whole country, for some hundred or two of square leagues, is thickly covered with them. Rose-water, and the exquisite attar of roses are consequently cheaper here than in any other part of India; though the latter, when genuine, must always be a most expensive article from the enormous consumption of roses used in its preparation. It takes a prodigious quantity of the petals to make an ounce of attar; and to produce a quart bottle full, would, I believe, require a heap as big as St. Paul's.

We reached the far-famed Benares on the 8th of July, and anchored at the opposite side of the river; it is a large and populous city, containing between five and six hundred thousand inhabitants. The streets are extremely narrow; in fact, nothing more than lanes about six feet broad generally. The Brah-

minee bulls appeared to lead the happiest lives of any creatures in this holy city; roaming through the streets as they pleased, gentle, and sleek, and fat, the domestic gods of the Hindoos. We observed them poking their noses into every confectioner's shop they passed, and always getting a handful of sweets, which they licked up with great apparent enjoyment. We saw three disgusting naked Faakeers perambulating the town, attended by a train of devotees and followers, many of whom were women; such fellows would be good subjects for the discipline of the treadmill.

One of those extraordinary ascetics resided in a hut not far from the place where our fleet lagowed, or made fast to the bank. I went to visit him, and found a miserable object, scarcely human in appearance, lying on a bed of sharp spikes, with one hand closed, which, ten or twelve years before, he had made a solemn vow never to open. Consequently, the nails had pierced through the hand, and stuck out of the back of it, eight or nine inches long, curved and sharp, and round, like a cock's spur, and altogether, the most frightful talons imaginable. On entering the hut, I questioned him as to the nature of the crime that had required such terrible expiation; but he made no answer, and when the question was repeated, he scowled forbiddingly, and continued silent. I left him gazing listlessly on the Ganges, of which his bed of torture commanded a good view. There are hundreds of these self-torturing hermits in Hindostan; and how they can preserve reason in their painful uniformity of posture and frightful solitude, is to me a mystery. It is said the wild beasts respect them; and this adds to the fame of their sanctity among their adherents, who attribute the

exemption from such danger to a special interposition of Veeshnoo, the Preserver, in their favour; whereas, if it be the case, the reason probably is, that the tigers and hyænas do not consider such miserable skeletons worth eating.

The Mosque of Aurungzebe, with its lofty and delicate minarets, is one of the most pleasing and prominent objects in Benares; but its history is disgraceful to its tyrannical and cruel founder. The view from the top is one of the finest in India. The ghauts, or steps leading to the river, are remarkable for their vastness and solidity, to say nothing of their usefulness; the Shewallah ghaut is particularly superb. They are always covered with immense crowds of people, going to or returning from their devotions and ablutions; whilst the finely shaped and graceful Hindoo females, bearing their vasiform pitchers of water on their heads, thread the mazes of this moving mass of life with great dexterity, and give a classic air to the whole scene.

As on my former voyage up the Ganges, whenever we mounted the stream slowly, I explored the marshes and jungles with my gun, and had good sport among the snipes, partridges, and water-fowl.

But there is one sad drawback on the pleasure of voyaging on this noble stream; there is one disgusting spectacle which is constantly meeting the eye,—human corpses, made buoyant by decomposition, floating down the river, with the odious vultures tearing and disembowelling them, and scarcely quitting their prey as the current slowly bears them past your boat! I know nothing more painful than this sad and humiliating sight. When we consider that the valley of the Ganges contains more than thirty millions of souls, and that the dead are for the most part com-

ed to the sacred river; taking also into consideration the great heat of the climate, we may form some opinion of the immense number of bodies that rise to the surface, and the enormous mass of putrefaction that is borne on the face, and imbedded in the depths of the stream. Is it wonderful that cholera and other pestilential diseases should abound in this beautiful but foul region? and is it not impossible to shut our eyes to the plain proof everywhere present, that the idolatrous adoration of their river visits with terrible retributive punishment on the deluded natives? The goddess Ganesa, under the authority of the true Deity, outraged by Hindoo crime, casts upon her shores the bodies superstitiously committed to her keeping, charged with pestilence and death. This abominable custom ought, must be forbidden under severe penalities, for it is a teeming source of a legion of mortal diseases. The glorious Ganges must no longer be desecrated by the corpses of dead bodies, and cease to be the common receptacle of the accumulated putridity of Bengal.

These weighty considerations, however natural to a reflecting spectator, are fitter themes for legislators and philosophers, than to be descanted on in a light book. I may mention, however, that in numerous instances when on the Ganges I avenged humanity by destroying these odious vultures. I had three barrels charged with large shot always ready, and never failed to punish them when I could. I made open war also on the alligators, whose mail was not so easily pierced, and they are only vulnerable about the eyes. But the young ones were not so protected, and I often shot them as they sleep beside the dam on the small sandy islets of the river.

A certain officer accompanied the Regiment on this voyage, whose education had been not a little neglected; and who was a constant source of amusement from the verbal blunders and malapropisms he sported on all occasions. When he heard a new word, especially a long one, he was sure to repeat it, mutilated of a syllable or so, or with some ridiculous commutation. During a severe thunder-storm, I happened to observe that the lightning was particularly "vivid;" next day L—— wished to show off the word, and on the same cause recurring, remarked "what flivid lightning." Some of the officers made a list of the innocent murders he thus committed, which was of great length; he metamorphosed "electric bolt," that somebody pronounced as if written "hellecrtic boulder;" a "laburnum" into an "Hibernian;" and even the common military word "defaulter," was shamefully put to death in his mouth, and became "defunct." "Pray," inquired Lady Lowe at St. Helena, "how do you manage to have so nice a garden at your barracks? Do you employ the Chinese labourers?" "No," was the answer, "no, my Lady, we employ nobody, but our defuncts." "Your defuncts! well, that is extraordinary. Certainly they should know something of the soil."

This gentleman often asked me to his Bungalow during this voyage. There were two unmarried sisters on board, relations of the family; and when we anchored at some pleasant spot on the bank, it was not unusual for some of the officers and L—— and his family in exploring the neighbouring walks and shades in the neighbourhood.

One calm and clear evening, when the fleet lagowed for the night at a rich Mango

ooth velvet turf underfoot, the sisters, L——
self, strolled along the beautiful bank, the
his arm, and the younger on mine. The
owever, soon separated, and my companion
untered along, following a path through the
ntil sunset; we then discovered that we were
les from the boats, and the short twilight of
t soon began to darken apace. Hastening
e left the circuitous path we had pursued,
l a near cut through a field; but here an un-
obstacle interposed. A rivulet, which, higher
ad crossed by a rustic bridge of a log thrown
had become wider and deeper as it approached
ges, and now required a good running leap.
dilemma, I proposed to go round by the
, but the young lady would not hear of it:
ave no idea how active I am; leap you first,
et you a pair of gloves I'll follow." Then,
nother remonstrance, and the expression of a
s delicately as such an idea could be embodied
ds, that her under garments were sufficiently
us, I jumped over. Angela, as I shall

"beneath well sounding Greek
Thus slur a name a poet must not speak;"

then took a running leap, following the leader;
s! the petticoats of those days were very cir-
ibed; the envious muslin clung round and
red the active limbs of the unfortunate young
who, arrested in mid career, uttered a piercing
and plumped into the middle of the torrent.
half ashamed to acknowledge, that at first
d not help a slight laugh; but I soon per-
it was no laughing matter, as the stream was
seven feet deep, and running with great rapi-

dity, and I knew not well what to do. Throwing myself in, however gallant and chivalrous, would be useless, as I should also be borne away by the strong current. So telling Angela there was no danger, I ran down the bank parallel with the floating and screaming beauty, devoutly wishing for a salmon gaff, and waiting for a favourable opportunity of making a snatch with my hand. After one or two failures, I caught her bonnet, but the ribbands under the chin gave way, and down the torrent she went with her loosened hair streaming behind her in the water like a mermaid's. At last, when she had carried down a hundred yards, I succeeded in grasping a handful of her humid tresses, and brought her safe to land.

Poor lady, she was sadly frightened, and clung to me more affectionately than was quite comfortable—I must ungallantly say—considering the state of her clothes; I heard such honied expressions as "guardian angel," "preserver of my life," "debt of everlasting gratitude," uttered softly, which, no doubt, were the expressions of her gratitude to some actual angel or superior being; but ought to have been sacred apostrophes that I had no right to hear. I may be wrong, but I think the time and place being inconvenient—she postponed them, for a until we reached the boat; but then we had plenty in abundance. Whilst, when she recovered, I was not a barbarian as to retire to my Budgerow and enjoy an unrestrained laugh in the odorous society of my hookah.

Allahabad, a fortified town at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, is a very sacred place with the Hindoos, as most points of confluence of rivers tributaries are. When we passed, we saw many

sands of the natives busy in their penitentiary and ial ablutions; which, the Brahmins teach, not tone for past sin, but purchase uninterrupted f happiness.

ees, or the voluntary immolation of widows by gether with the corpses of their husbands, were uncommon occurrence at this time in India. I sed one during this voyage, on the opposite f the river, and not far from Allahabad.

s cruel scene took place close to the water's near a huge banyan tree, whose branches, ing far and wide, were supported by the vigo- hoots they had sent down into the earth—now into strong pillars. It was about ten o'clock ght, and I suppose two hundred people were nt. The victim was very young, not more than teen; and though looking a little wild, yet she buted the flowers and sweat-meats to her friends relations with a certain degree of composure; hen mounted the pyre with a firm step, kissed husband's lips, and lay down beside him. Before time several fruitless attempts had been made by f my brother officers and myself to dissuade her this terrible self-sacrifice. No—No—was ever exclamation, in answer to our entreaties to give er design. No—No—for if she lived she would n utter disgrace—she would lose her Brahminical e—be condemned to perform the meanest offices, henceforward be contemned and despised by all relations and friends. Thus artfully have the doo priests intertwined their sanguinary rites human pride and vanity, and made these cogent ciples subservient to their ambitious, sensual, and icious purposes.

As soon as this unfortunate woman h
self beside her husband, a kind of
bamboos was put over them, smeared
buffalo-butter, to make it more combu
horrible din of tom-toms, gongs, and
was set up, evidently for the purpose
poor creature's cries. A quantity of dry
and straw surrounded the funeral pile, w
set fire to, and blazed up fiercely at o
all probability, to save farther suffering
the victim in a few seconds. In a s
whole was one glowing flame, which,
to one side by the wind, gave the specta
of the two blackened objects in the
most abominable apathy pervaded th
scarcely a muscle in any face moved;
middle of the bodies was consumed, the
relations pushed the bones of the two
legs into the fiercest part of the fire with
poles. It was altogether a dreadful a
sight—an infernal sacrifice, at which d
rejoice!

Yet there were not wanting wise men
danger to the stability of our Indian
putting an end at once to this hideous
scarcely a whisper has been heard in
the mandate of Lord William Bentinc
the practice for ever. Thus, also, with
custom of committing dead bodies to t
so loathsome and so widely pestilentia
doubt that it requires nothing more th
edict, with the publication of the reason
ment, and the penalties for its infractio
that noble stream from perpetual polluti

witness all these horrors in Heathen
carcely possible for the most thoughtless
flecting on the infinite obligations our
rter of the globe is under to Christianity,
generally in all places pervaded by its
Christian women, too, have been placed
debt of gratitude to this benign religion.
ounder raised them to an equality with
ex, by his countenance and gracious
he lived on earth, and by the ennobling
his doctrines ever since, and the tone of
they have shed over human relations.
hs of Christianity in favour of the weaker
tuous sex are now passing daily before
mongst which the recent abolition of
icide and widow-burnings in the East
strong relief. In the Polynesian Archi-
witness the progressive instruction,
and elevation of the female savage in
ale; or, rather, we see the elements of
d, where all was dark, dismal, and
rism before.

and zealously, and affectionately has
her tribute of good works for the bene-
as received from Christianity, from the
its first promulgation till the present
its propagation, under a superintending
as much dependant on the ministry of
heir powerful suasion with the rougher
nd; and amidst multiplied instances of
and other bad conduct of men, when
ntrepid Paul lament "all men forsook
only one solitary case of female unwor-
gst the Apostolic converts; and she,

Sapphira, plainly acted in obedience to her covet[ous] husband. No woman ever slighted, or neglected, or despised, or blasphemed the Author of Christian[ity], or any of his Apostles. No—No.

> "She ne'er with treacherous kiss her Saviour stung—
> She ne'er denied him with unholy tongue:
> She, when Apostles shrank, could danger brave—
> Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAWNPORE.—EXTENSIVE AND FATAL SICKNESS IN THE REGIMENT.—INDIAN JUGGLERS' TRICKS.—IMPOSITION IN CATCHING SNAKES.—MISTAKES AS TO THEIR SUPPOSED LOVE FOR MUSIC.—REGIMENT RECEIVES THE ROUTE FOR ST. HELENA.

"Heliborum frustra, cum jam cutis ægra tumebit
Pallescens videas; venienti occurrite morbo."

PERSIUS.

On the 7th of August we came in sight of Cawnpore, a picturesque military cantonment, extending five miles along a fine high bank of the Ganges. No barracks being vacant for our reception, we were most unwisely left in our boats at the opposite side of the river, in a low, marshy neighbourhood, about three miles off. The Ganges having some time before attained its highest elevation, the waters were now subsiding rapidly, and large tracts of the shore were exposed to the powerful sun, covered with animal and vegetable putrescence, and exhaling almost visible death. This was represented by the Surgeons at the time, but encamping the Regiment on a dry plain near the cantonment was recommended to the military authorities, but without effect. The men were kept in their boats, shifting daily into deeper water as the stream fell, the very focus of malaria; and the consequence of our humble advice was the loss of one hundred and fifty men, the victims of the virulent fever immediately consequent; to

say nothing of reducing the Regiment to a con
of total inefficiency for some time afterwards.

During this distressing time the duties of the
cal officers were no sinecure. Each of us had c
of a large Hospital, and there was one besides f
sick women; which, I may observe, was alto
supported by the munificence of Colonel Nicol.
generally had upwards of two hundred cases of
daily, and one week close on three hundred.
weather became cooler in October, the viole
the disease subsided a little, but it did not ceas
gether till January, and then the soldiers were
the shadows of what they had been: every ma
cept about half a dozen, having had an at
fever, and some two or three times over. It w
melancholy and painful to see the state to
those noble fellows were reduced by mismanage
who had so recently mustered nine hundred
and in the most glowing vigour of health,
heights of Muckawnpore.

In these desultory pages it would be out
racter to enter into professional theories or
details; though when the subject naturally
of it, throwing in a hint now and then may
doned. I shall confine myself here to the obse
that as we found in Bengal a strong prejudice
against Dr. Sangrado and his system of deple
at first hesitated as to general bleeding to any
in our fever cases. Finding, however, that t
died fast, when treated on the authorized p
abandoned it, prescribed for our patients as
land, and with striking benefit for the change
merly we had lost nearly twenty-five per cen
the deaths were not more than five or six.

Most of our officers occupied comfortab

gardens at Cawnpore ; I lived in a good
a large garden, and kept a gardener and
xen, with a cow to give me milk. The
s of the oxen was to enjoy themselves
manly idleness, to eat, and drink, and
d as an amusement to put their shoulders
for half an hour a day, to raise water
l to irrigate the garden. On my first
nd several illegal occupiers of my pre-
a large colony of musk-rats, who had
rranean city under one of my best beds.
etches used to come out of their burrows
make predatory incursions into the
and carrying off what they could, and
eir odious and indelible taint every thing
Incredible as it may appear, it is a
strong odour is communicated to wine
sealed bottles, by these creatures merely
them ; and I had both liquors spoiled
pore, though I could never satisfactorily
odus operandi.
e being at last worn out, by multiplied
rom these unsavoury animals, of which
g my veteran cognac was the climax, it
ed that by one grand coup the whole
destroyed. Accordingly, I sent to the
collected all the curs that could be
precincts, amounting to three or four
e extensive battuë that was projected.
x preliminary fights amongst this motley
due administration of the whip, to put
decent order, we proceeded to the hunt.
eesties or water-carriers, with their pig-
water, were ordered to beat the coverts.
muzzle of a pipe attached to the fore-foot

of the pig's hide, in one of the central hole[illegible] principal burrow, the Bheestie played away vi[illegible] until he had emptied his skin, when he was [illegible] by the other; and as the garden well was n[illegible] the bullocks hard at work, water was abund[illegible] the stream ran uninterruptedly into the subt[illegible] caves of the rats. The tenacious little anima[illegible] the inundation with great courage; which [illegible] must have been nearly as formidable as the [illegible] bursting into the Tunnel amongst Mr. [illegible] workmen. At last, when the water spread [illegible] wide, and there was no possibility of remain[illegible] longer, they crept out of their holes, half d[illegible] and were all destroyed by the dogs.

There were two or three fine Peepuhl tree[illegible] garden, the objects of special admiration. [illegible] awoke one morning, soon after taking posse[illegible] heard the most horrid noise and screaming [illegible] my window, and on questioning the Sirdaar [illegible] who always slept at the threshold, he said it w[illegible] the parrots, and he would soon drive them [illegible] Next morning the uproar was repeated, wh[illegible] up and saw about a thousand parroquets, acti[illegible] cals, and very gaily and richly plumaged in go[illegible] green, with red beaks and long tails, demolishi[illegible] buds and blossoms, and eating and screaming [illegible] their might. The trees were actually loade[illegible] them, and the branches bent almost to the g[illegible] Notwithstanding my bearer's repugnance to d[illegible] animal life, I made him bring my gun, and s[illegible] contents of the two barrels amongst the mara[illegible] which killed fifty or sixty of them. I kno[illegible] whether this noisy tribe have ever been deem[illegible] any value except for their feathers, and in the [illegible] rical departm ent; but feeling some of those [illegible]

plump and fat they were cooked for breakfast, and made a very good curry.

I presume that every body has heard of the feats of Indian jugglers, and many persons have seen a celebrated magician in London, named Rhaamoh Saamhe, whose beautiful performance with the brass balls, before the glass curtain of the Coburg Theatre, was much admired. In 1822 I saw him keep nine of these balls in motion at the same time; which is I believe the maximum as to numbers, and a very striking spectacle it was, for the duplication of the bright little globes in the gigantic mirror, enhanced much the grace and effect of the performance.

When our detachment was quartered at Poonamalee, on our first arrival from England, a far famed Madras juggler paid us a visit to astonish the griffins, and put a few of our rupees into his girdle. This clever fellow begin by swallowing a sword, the point of which I felt in his stomach, then he ate fire, turned cards into chickens, and chickens into full grown crowing cocks, and sent eight brass balls tinkling on their travels round his body, moving simultaneously and harmoniously in their different orbits, infallible as the planets, with many other astonishing things.

As the soldiers were staring at him he caught the eye of one man in whose countenance there was an air of peculiar surprise. He addressed him immediately "What for you wonder? I do one ting more wonderer, I make you lay one egg here," putting his hand on the soldier's forehead. The man stared and blushed, but at length exclaimed, "I'se d—— if you can though." The officers being desirous to find out how this trick was done, both juggler and soldier

were stripped naked and brought into an empty room in which there was a full light from a strong sun. The magician then made the man sit down on the floor in the middle of the room; and an ingenious Yorkshire lad he was, who looked up at the yellow juggler with a good natured grin, and a strong expression of incredulity. The performer then proceeded to fix his eye, and to walk round him slowly and deliberately seven times, repeating some unintelligible gibberish. He then quickened his pace for seven more gyrations, and still increased it for seven additional circles, fascinating his eye, gesticulating and uttering strange sounds as before. At the end of the third series he slapped the man on the forehead with the open palm, when lo! out started a fine fresh egg! The soldier was so astonished, that he ran out of the room naked as he was, swearing that the juggler was the devil.

Now, although five of us watched the whole proceeding with minute attention, in a full light, and were besides sharpened in our observations by the idea of some treachery, none could discover where or how the egg was concealed. That it was genuine there could be no doubt, for we boiled it, and I ate some of it myself, but we could not persuade the frightened fellow that laid the egg to taste it.

One morning at Cawnpore a native asked permission to speak to Saahib and was admitted. After a profusion of the most reverential salaams, he assured me that from certain indications, he was sure there were snakes in Saahib's garden, which he would engage to catch if Saahib would direct him, being a professed snake-charmer. I closed with his offer immediately, and promised him a douceur on certain

conditions, and he said he would come the next morning.

Punctual to his appointment he made his appearance, armed with a long pipe, on which when he entered the garden he began to play violently, using various grotesque gesticulations. After keeping up this solo for a quarter of an hour, he stopped suddenly before a low bush near an old tree, played two or three bars fortissimo, and then plunging his hand into the bush, pulled out a large cobra de capello, or hooded snake, of the most deadly kind, and put it into a basket slung to his neck. He proceeded in this way for some time, exploring different parts of the garden, and ended by catching two more snakes of the same kind; then after a little more music, the charmer said there were no more in Saahib's garden, and claimed the stipulated reward. This I promised to pay him immediately, if he permitted me to destroy the reptiles, which I knew very well he would not allow. I then examined them, and after some trouble ascertained that the poison fangs had been extracted from each, and that the animals were half tamed snakes, which in all probability had been placed in the very spot where they were found the same morning, by collusion with some of the servants. The magician and his basket were then very unceremoniously expelled the premises, the native servants opening on him in a pack of choice Hindostanee Billingsgate; and asking him from what father of asses he was descended, who could presumptuously attempt to deceive the wise and sagacious Saahib, who was more learned than the great Suleyman. And the best of the joke was, that some of these very foul-mouthed rascals had received a few pice from the

conjuror, for conniving at his attempt on Saahib's sagacity.

I met cobras on several occasions when out shooting, and twice narrowly enough escaped being bit. They are fond of burrowing in a loose sandy soil, particularly about the roots of shrubs and bushes, because they find the diverging roots and radicals convenient as so many rafters to support the roofs of their houses. One day when intent on some partridges, I stepped over a Palma Christi plant, and placed my foot almost on the head of a large cobra just coming out of his hole. This trespass he naturally enough resented by erecting his hood, coiling himself up, looking fierce, and preparing for a spring. But, poor fellow, notwithstanding the protection of his own tribe, as the classic symbol of my profession, and the special ægis of the medicinal plant over his domicile, I was obliged to shoot him in self-defence. He was large of his kind being seven feet long.

The Psilloi of antiquity appear to have used the same means to make these creatures dance to music as the modern snake-charmers of India; and these, I believe, effect their object in a way and from motives on the part of the snake, that appear to me to be imperfectly understood. And notwithstanding popular belief as old as the times of Alexander the Great, and deemed worthy of notice amongst the wonders of India, by Arrian the historian, I suspect that snakes have "no music in their souls," and are not to be charmed by "concord of sweet sounds." On a careful analysis, I fear the poetry of the matter is reducible to very unromantic and simple element The snake previously deprived of his poison fangs, is kept coiled up in a basket, with two or three others equally harmless; and when one is wanted for an ex-

hibition, the juggler seizes him by the neck, hauls him out of the basket, and throws him rudely on the ground. This raises the reptile's choler, which is not a very difficult matter I imagine; it hisses, bristles out its hood, and erects its head. The charmer playing away on his noisy pipe, confronts the enraged creature as if about to tread on it, but adroitly moves about beyond the reach of its spring. Thus fixing and fascinating the animal's eye, he keeps describing a half-circle, perpetually in motion, menacing the snake, and obliging it to move as he moves, in momentary expectation that its persecutor will come within reach, and prepared to dart on him if he does, which never happens. This quick oscillation of the creature in pure anger and self-defence, perhaps in disgust at the barbarous music, is called dancing, and is attributed by the spectators to its fondness for the very sounds that are teasing it to madness, and which it must cordially hate. People go away from the exhibition delighted with the marvellous effect of the magician's pipe, all manner of quotations relating to the power of music are made, and perhaps some fond parent returns home idolizing the science, and resolved to get the best masters for his leaden-eared daughter Clementina, who will never distinguish one note from another.

Cawnpore is supposed by some antiquarians to have been the site of Palibothra, of the era of Alexander the Great. In more modern times, the immense city of Kanouge stood on the bank, part of which is now occupied by British barracks. This place is said to have contained twenty thousand betel-shops alone, yet one pagoda is now the solitary vestige of so vast a city. There is an extensive Mohammedan burying ground in the neighbourhood,

containing many fine tombs, and is much frequented, like all Moslem cemetries, by the relations of the deceased. But in this climate, which rusts and ruins everything except the scythe of time, the most solid and magnificent buildings soon fall to decay.

In the beginning of January 1817, we received the unexpected and unwelcome news, that the 66th was soon to proceed to Calcutta, to embark there for St. Helena, where Napoleon was detained a prisoner of war by the English government. As at this time the Marquis of Hastings was making arrangements for a grand campaign against the Phindarrie hordes, and stirring times were approaching, we were not at all pleased with the prospect of leaving the country. Besides the idea of changing our luxurious Indian living, and the extensive plains of this rich country, for the mackarel and yams of that barren islet, and the constraint and vigilance to which we should be subject, was far from agreeable. Sed sic visum superis—the Horse Guards had said the word, and there was no remedy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RENEWAL OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—VISIT TO ALLAHABAD—VOYAGE DOWN THE GANGES.—CHARACTERISTIC DEATH OF LIEUTENANT L—B—T OF THE 66TH.—EMBARKATION FOR ST. HELENA.—AMUSEMENTS ON BOARD SHIP.—VISIT TO THE ISLE OF FRANCE.—ARRIVAL AT ST. HELENA.

"There is a fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garden of the heart:
Its root lieth deep; it is delicate yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of Autumn:
Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;
Memory and absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south:
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of Hope,
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side."—TUPPER.

THE relations of mutual friendship between Major M—— and myself had not been broken off by the vanishing of any prospect of nearer connexion, and we had corresponded regularly since the regiment left Dinapore. He now resided in Allahabad, and was commandant of that fortress. As soon as he learned that we were coming down the river, he sent me a warm invitation to stay a week or ten days with him in passing; which I accepted, and started a fortnight before the regiment.

I found this amiable family well, but what was my astonishment, when a few minutes after entering the drawing-room, S—— walked in! I had heard, that two months before, she had gone to Calcutta to be

married; and was looking out for her marriage in the papers, and for the slice of cake she would surely send me. Here now she was in propria persona, but whether bride or spinster was the puzzle. It was true her dress was simpler than young married ladies usually wear in the first pride of the honey-moon, but her taste had always been characterised by simple and chaste elegance. She did not look happy, and her cheek was pale, the former of these was a decidedly anti-matrimonial symptom—the latter doubtful. So, not being willing to show my ignorance, by making any enquiries, or hazarding a congratulation, I was obliged to suspend my curiosity, but I cast many an anxious glance at her left hand, which a glove yet concealed. I was received with affectionate cordiality by every member of the family.

The secret was soon found out. S—— had not gone to Calcutta, and was now unhappy, and in considerable distress; for some unfavourable disclosures had been made, and had reached the family, respecting the character of her lover, whose honour was suspected in certain gambling transactions at Calcutta. Besides all this, he was now in bad health, cruising in a pilot-schooner off the Sunderbunds, by medical advice, after a dangerous illness. Here was food for meditation half way to madness.

Young men ought not to be placed in such dilemmas, it is morally, and socially, and religiously, and ought to be legally wrong. Lovely affianced girls should not be permitted to move about in society for any considerable time, breaking people's hearts hopelessly, and spreading distress and envy, and all kinds of bad feelings and sensations around. They ought to be made to marry within a month of the acceptance of a proposal by act of Parliament.

Here, for instance, was myself brought once more within the circle of a very delightful young lady's charms; and under circumstances, too, that did not altogether preclude hope. Yet, though well aware of the danger of my position, I had neither the power nor the wish to fly from the dangerous fascination. Even the confiding freedom of her manner, reposing trust in my sense of propriety, and the easy unreserve of our intercourse, whilst they showed the unaffected ingenuousness of her nature, excited distressing repinings at perceiving the full value of the prize allotted to another.

Thus delicately circumstanced, I spent a fortnight at Allahabad, a truly golden time. The whole family, from some over-estimate they had formed of certain professional services I had rendered one of them, considered themselves under obligations, when in truth I was the obliged party. They therefore, one and all, exerted themselves to crowd into this final visit, before we should part for a long separation, every agrément and pleasure possible; morning and evening drives on beautiful roads, dinners, dances, music, Waverley Novels then in full blow, brought from Calcutta by dawk or post. In short, whatever of agreeableness and enjoyment the kindest solicitude of refined minds could suggest and ample means afford was concentrated in that exquisite visit.

I told them of the Suttee I had witnessed in the neighbourhood, and learned that three more of these horrid sacrifices had occurred near the town lately. In fact human life seemed of small value there, for instances of voluntary drowning as an atonement for sin were common enough; particularly at the precise point of junction of the rivers, which was eminently sacred. Old bed-ridden people were constantly

brought to the shore of the Ganges, their mouths were stuffed with the river mud, and there they were left to perish. At one of the Suttees the ladies and commandant had attended, and the former had used all the means of persuasion in their power to prevent the consummation of the sacrifice, but all in vain. The victim was affected by their tears and affectionate intreaties, but persisted in her resolution; and her last act before she mounted the fatal pyre was to throw a handful of delicate comfits amongst them.

The reader will probably smile, when he is told that this picture was vividly impressed upon my mind the whole of that evening and great part of the night. During a short sleep distorted images of piles of fire, and fierce Brahmins, and long white garments, and imploring females, and blackened corpses, filled my imagination. As soon as day-light appeared I left my bed, obtained writing materials, and scribbled the following lines, which were produced at breakfast. O benevole Lector! would that thou wert as lenient a critic as the fair beings there assembled!

DEATH SONG OF THE HINDOO WIDOW.

Lord of my life! within thy arms
I lay me down to rest;
I quit the earth and all its charms,
To die upon thy breast.

I come in willing sacrifice
Thy dews of death to sip,
Freely as when my loving kiss
Dwelt on thy living lip.

O cease thee, Frangisthanee dame!
Thou comest from icy lands,
And fear'st the atoning flame
Which Indra's law demands.

E'en like a moth thy love decays
Within the lamp's faint light;
Mine, like the fire-grass in the blaze,
Becomes more pure and bright.

Thou livest while the yellow worm
Within its slimy cell
Preys loathfully upon the form
Thy bosom loved so well.

But I, when thus my husband's frame
Within my arms I twine,
Can mock corruption! Gunga's stream
Our ashes will enshrine.

Ah! know'st thou not high Brahma's power
Shields those who thus expire?
Ah! know'st thou not great Camdeo's flower
Uninjured meets the fire?

Wreathed with its petals, flames in vain
To harm me may arise;
I scorn their power,—I smile at pain,—
We mount into the skies!

There warm, this silent heart will beat
Responsive to my own;
Those lips resume their accents sweet,
But for a moment flown.

We go in endless love to dwell,
To bask in Brahma's smile:
Kindred and friends, farewell! farewell!
Now haste and fire the pile!

During of my intercourse with the Major, I saw and learned a good deal of the character of the Indian Sepoy, but chiefly of the native soldier of Bengal: it is altogether a fine one. The Bengal Sepoy is distinguished for temperance, docility, inviolable respect and fidelity to his officers, and a large share of personal courage. The corps which my friend commanded had fought most bravely at the storm of Seringapore, and rivalled the King's Regiments in their desperate attempts to overcome insurmountable obstacles on that fatal occasion. He and two of his Grenadiers had succeeded, after a murderous struggle, in reaching nearly the top of the breach, when one of

the brave fellows was shot, and the Major was knocked down by a stone dropped on his head, and rolled to the bottom. There he lay insensible, exposed to a heavy fire, and must have been soon dispatched, but for the other grenadier, who watched over him, and bore him out of the ditch in his arms, receiving a severe wound from a matchlock ball as he carried him off. This noble fellow was most deservedly made an Havildar or Serjeant on his recovery; and following up this good conduct, had been promoted to the rank of Jemimdar, equivalent to Lieutenant. He was pointed out to me when I was at Allahabad, and I never saw a finer looking man. My gallant friend assured me that he felt as certain of the attachment and devotion of his regiment as of his own family.

In corps like his, whose recruiting had been carefully conducted, and into which, low-caste Hindoos and Mussulmans were refused admittance, there exists a high sense of honour, or esprit de corps. Nor do the high-caste Moslems and Hindoos quarrel in the same regiments; for it is a point of importance to mix them; but they conduct themselves much the same as Protestants and Roman Catholics in the British Army. They have separate messes, and respect each other's particular customs, and thus very generally go on harmoniously together, under the salutary restraint of strict discipline; confiding implicitly in their officers, and in the Company's Government.

The day before my departure, my friend drove me to see an enormous Banyan tree, that covered nearly three acres of ground; the age nobody could tell, but it was supposed to be a thousand years old. Very probably its age was underrated, for what are they antæus of the vegetable world, like this, is once set

a-going, as long as there is soil and surface enough, I can see no limits to its progress; on it goes, multiplying its own existence, yet not perishing after conferring life. But, like some aged patriarch cherished and supported by the piety of his children, it continues to throw out its huge horizontal arms through a long succession of ages, and to derive support and fresh nourishment from the thousand columnar props and suckers that connect them with the earth.

A great change had taken place in the Ganges since we sailed on it in July last year; the water had fallen about thirty feet, and large tracts over which our boats had passed were now covered with luxuriant crops of rice and other grain. The high banks along which we coasted, when the wind was contrary, being composed of loose alluvial materials, used often to come tumbling about our ears rather alarmingly, often threatening to swamp our boat; indeed, accidents of this kind frequently happen in the dry season.

At Benares, I paid a visit to the Faakeer of the taloned hand, and found him exactly as before, in the same attitude, wrapped in pride, sulky and silent, and gazing on the sun and the river. I spoke to him in his own language, but he would not condescend to answer.

At Dinapore, on this voyage, the career of my eccentric friend, L—b—t, was brought to a tragic end. It appears that on our first arrival, he had contracted some heavy debts in Calcutta, which yet remained unpaid. This preyed on his mind, and he unfortunately adopted the fatal plan of drowning his cares and apprehensions in habitual intemperance. On the evening of our arrival at this station, we were all invited to a ball by the officers of the 24th Regiment.

Instead of accompanying us, L—b—t sat down to his Hookah, ordered his servant to put a bottle of brandy on the table, and leave the cabin. He then commenced drinking and smoking, and singing German war-songs; and having finished his brandy, he drew his sword, sallied out of his cabin, and attacked the servants and boatmen, whom he soon drove ashore. Having cleared the boat, he waved the weapon several times over his head, spouted something to the moon, which was shining brightly at the time, and then jumped into the river. The stream there was deep and rapid, and the body could not be found.

Head Quarters of the regiment, with three hundred men embarked at Calcutta, on the 2nd of April, 1817, in the ship Dorah, for St. Helena. Colonel Nicol made everything as agreeable as possible during the voyage, which was sufficiently pleasant, though diversified by one or two incidents that we might have spared. Whilst at breakfast on the 20th of April, we had a sudden alarm of fire, and a thick smoke was seen ascending near the forecastle, whilst the awful word, fire! fire! rang through the ship. The Captain made a spring over the table, clearing everything like a hunter, without touching a tea-cup, and ran forward; whilst the Colonel in two minutes had a line of soldiers formed from each gangway, with buckets in their hands. There was no confusion; and thus with coolness and promptitude a great calamity was averted, and the fire was speedily extinguished.

To vary our amusements, we established a newspaper on board, called the Dorah Gazette, of which I had the honour to be appointed Editor. As certain little coolnesses, and even a few downright quarrels, had occurred among the regimental ladies since we

sailed, there was a tempting opportunity for indulging in a little scandal and satire at their expense; and very numerous were the communications of this sort that Mr. Editor received. But he exercised a salutary discretion in the matter, and suppressed them all; perhaps not altogether so much from high principle, with reference to abusing the liberty of the press, as out of due regard to his own ears.

We had the regimental band on board our ship, which played every fine evening, and then a little dance on the quarter-deck would follow. Whatever dancing may be on land, where it is abused into late hours and supper-eating, it is a most salutary exercise on board ship, where exercise and cheerfulness are so much needed; and here, at least, Petrarch's crusty aphorism can scarcely hold good, "Choræa circulus cujus centrum Diabolus." On board the good ship Dorah we turned out the gentleman in black, and put the blooming Hygeia in his place.

Having run short of water from the leaking of our casks, we put into the Isle of France for a supply. Here we found Port Lewis, the capital, slowly recovering from a dreadful fire that had half destroyed it the year before; but Sir Robert Farquhar, the Governor, was exerting himself to promote the rebuilding of the place; still, everything about the town shewed the severity of the calamity, and the great distress that had been the result. The appearance of the island on approaching the shore is very pleasing; the mountains in the centre rise boldly, and are crowned by fantastic and picturesque pinnacles, whilst the extent of verdure and wood surrounding the neat looking villas and farm-houses, is agreeable to the eye, and gives promise of competence and comfort.

They told us that when the Isle of France came

into our hands in 1811, the state of society was deplorable; nothing was thought of but smuggling and privateering; agricultural pursuits were quite neglected, morality was at a low ebb amongst the colonists, marriage was universally considered a silly restraint, and divorces were to be had for a song. The atheistical catechisms of the French Revolution were still to be found in the few schools; the most Jacobin principles prevailed, and with all these anti-social tenets and practices, was found the usual accompaniment, a cordial hatred of Great Britain. A great improvement in every respect was represented to have taken place.

Two or three days after our arrival, a party was formed to visit the tomb of Paul and Virginia. I acknowledge that I was then simple enough to believe in the actual existence of this charming couple; and it was therefore with pain I learned that the narrow base of fact on which one of the incidents rested, was not sufficient to redeem the interesting tale from the character of fiction. We drove to the farm, where a small obelisk had been erected by the proprietor as a good speculation; and were received with great politeness and civility,—paying for the same.

The race of slaves here were large and muscular, and some amongst them of Herculean proportions. They were chiefly from Madagascar; many of them were most active in the water, and admirable divers. One morning in going ashore, we found a party of blacks employed by the Harbour-Master in weighing a large anchor, from which some ship had recently parted in a gale; and as we approached, one enormous negro, with a rope in his hand, dived with a spring from the edge of the Harbour-Master's boat: I timed his performance. A minute passed and all was quiet;

another, still he did not appear, and we began to fear the poor fellow was drowned, and begged the rope might be pulled, and the man hauled up. But the officer only laughed at our apprehensions, and in twenty seconds more up came Mr. Blacky, puffing and blowing like a grampus.

Having completed our watering, we left the Isle of France with a fair breeze, coasted the Isle of Bourbon, with its pretty looking capital St. Denis; its white trellised houses, beautiful foliage, and terrific surf, and for the next fortnight dashed through the Indian Ocean at a famous rate. At night the river of fire that flowed away astern was signally brilliant, as we ploughed through the illuminated sea. Anon, a bright streak like lightning would shoot rapidly athwart our course, shewing the track of some large fish reconnoitering the ship; or a shoal of porpoises would overtake us, puffing, and grunting, and blowing, and tumbling over each other, as if playing at leap-frog.

I felt often a strange enjoyment in watching the ship's course through the water from one of the quarter-boats when every body but the watch was asleep; and sometimes have sat there, occupied in all imaginable reveries half the night. When tired of gazing at the bright sheathing of the vessel, gliding hissingly through the phosphorescent brine, I turned my fatigued eyes to the sky, and beheld multitudes of strange stars, soon to sink in the south, and which I should probably never see again, it was natural to indulge in speculations on the illimitable vastness of the universe, the surpassing glories of the heavens, the unimaginable power and wisdom of the great Creator, and in humiliating contrast, the insignificance of man. And truly, it is in a ship by night, in

the midst of the wide ocean, that we can best appreciate our own littleness, compared with the stupendous grandeur of Creation. Happy are those who turn such humiliating ideas to a salutary account, and instead of drawing thence the illogical and absurd conclusion, that man is an atom too small to be regarded by the Deity, amongst the immensity of the universe, deduce the proper inference, that He who pervadeth all space, seeth into the secrets of the heart he hath fashioned, and the mind to which he hath communicated a spark of his own intelligence, and is well pleased when he there perceives a reverential disposition to love, obey, and adore Him!

We now drew near the Cape. On the 17th of June long. 24° 18″ E., lat. 35° 20″ S., we sounded, and found bottom at seventy fathoms; the water being perceptibly discoloured, and multitudes of Pintado birds and Mother Carey's chickens, with a few albatrosses in our wake, we passed the Table Mountain with a fresh and fair breeze, got into the south-east trade, and rolled down before it to St. Helena.

The run from the Cape to St. Helena is generally twelve or thirteen days, and the wind as fair as it can blow; in fact, being right aft, it is too fair for comfort, and makes the ship roll very much. However, our berths and trunks had been well secured, and the cuddy table so intersected and reticulated with green puddings to retain the dishes and plates in their places, that it looked like a map. In this way they were kept in tolerable order, although when some awful roll bobbed the ends of the top-stud'n sail booms in the water, on the starboard side, a soup turreen would impend fearfully as if intent on mischief to myself the vice-president. One night as we approached our destination, and were all assembled

at tea, we felt a smart shock as if we had struck the bottom, which jingled the teacups, and caused a small scream or two amongst the ladies. This was accounted for immediately after, for a whale emerged close to the side of the ship, and began to blow hurriedly and violently as if in great alarm. We had seen half a dozen near us in the course of the evening, and it appeared that the vessel had come right against one individual, probably enjoying his first sleep, and roused him from his soft slumbers by a rough nudge in the ribs. We did not stop to set his bones to rights, but proceeding on our course made St. Helena by day-light on the 5th of July, and anchored off James's Town at eight o'clock in the morning.

END OF VOL. I.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

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